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FIELD-MARSHAL H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

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No. 1

✓ EARLY DAYS AT YORK FACTORY.

BY BECKLES WILLSON.

NOTE.—In the year 1682 the Honourable Company of Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay decided to establish a second factory, to be situated on the western side of the Bay, in the vicinity of Fort Nelson. For this purpose John Bridgar was appointed resident Governor and despatched in the *Prince Rupert*, his arrival in those regions taking place some days subsequent to that of two French-Canadian fur-traders, formerly in the service of the Company, named Radisson and Groseilliers. This pair had set their hearts on defeating the purpose of the English in effecting a settlement in the locality; and probably, if they had had to deal with the Company's forces alone, might not have been compelled to resort to quite so much labour and strategy as is related in the narrative. But, in addition to the Company's ship and crew, there arrived on the scene an unauthorized interloper named the *Nusan*, hailing from Boston, in New England. To complicate matters, the *Susan* was commanded by Benjamin Gillam, the son of the captain of the Company's ship, the *Prince Rupert*. Neither Bridgar, the Governor, nor Captain Gillam knew of the presence of the interloper, who, by the laws of the period and the charter of the Company, could be treated as a pirate, and her commander and crew either shot or carried in chains to England. Radisson does not recognize the monopoly of the English Company, which is less surprising when one considers that it was he and his brother-in-law who pioneered all their early undertakings. He lays claim to all the country and trade for his master, King Louis XIV. Not being a match for the two parties of English together he resolves to capture and disarm them separately. One interesting point deserves to be noted: the energy and intrepidity displayed by the Frenchmen, who seem thoroughly at home in the wilderness, and the timidity and helplessness of the English servants. Indeed, had it not been for the subsequent treachery of the two brothers-in-law, in retiring to the Company's service and yielding up their establishment to the English, the Company would probably have found it impossible to maintain themselves in this quarter of the Bay. Fort Bourbon, which was the high-sounding title Groseilliers and Radisson gave to their structure of logs, became, later, York Factory. The following narrative forms a chapter in the History of the Hudson's Bay Company which will shortly be published in two volumes.

MORE than fifteen years had elapsed since Medard Chouart des Groseilliers had first fired Prince Rupert with his project of founding a great fur-traffic in the unknown and unexplored regions of the New World. The prince had lived to see that project succeed even beyond his most sanguine expectations. Now, at his death, the Company owned four ships; and after all the cost of its plant, its ships and its expenses had been paid, it was returning a profit of three hundred per cent. on its capital. The extent to which this profit might have been increased had a

more energetic policy been adopted may be deduced from the circumstance that at the time of Rupert's death the Company did not possess more than a single fort or trading post. It was well known that his Highness favoured greater activity, and one of his last acts had been to sign the commission of John Bridgar as Governor of the new settlement at Fort Nelson. It appeared as if the Adventurers had only waited for the advent of the new regime to pursue a more vigorous and enterprising plan of commerce.

Under date of April 27th, 1683, 1

find the following instructions addressed to Henry Sargent, regarding trade with the interior: "You are to choose out from amongst our servants such as are best qualified with strength of body and the country language to travel and to penetrate into the country, and to draw down the Indians by fair and gentle means to trade with us."

But the Company was to learn that the parsimony which then characterized its policy was not calculated to foster the success of its aims. The majority of the men it sent out from England could not be classified under the head of adventurous spirits, ready to dare all for mere excitement and the prospect of gain. They were for the most part young men gifted with no more aptitude for the work in the wilderness than a disinclination to pursue their callings at home. No small number were dissatisfied apprentices; one William Evans had been a drawer at the Rainbow Inn; Mr. Portman himself had sent his scullion.

Even at that early day the staffs employed on the plantations were recruited from amongst the very class least competent to exploit those regions. The majority of the applicants for employment in the Company's service in the seventeenth century were not men of character and vigour, or even of robust physique, but rather hare-brained artisans of the mild, dare-devil type, whose parents and friends foresaw, if London or Bristol formed the sphere of their talents, a legal and violent rather than a natural termination of their respective careers.

Sargeant's response to the foregoing injunction certainly served to enlighten his superiors. "I shall not be neglectful," he wrote, "as soon as I can find any man capable and willing to send up into the country with the Indians, to endeavour to penetrate into what the country will and may produce, and to effect their utmost in bringing down the Indians to our factory; but your Honours should give good encouragement to those who undertake such extraordinary service; or else I fear that there will be but few

that will embrace such employment."

The rebuke was just; but it seems to have given offence to some of the more pompous members of the Company; and Sargeant was desired not to cast any further reflection on his employers in his communications to them. Nevertheless, the Company was soon to learn the value of a less niggardly policy.

At the new settlement on Nelson River events were happening, which were to decide, temporarily at least, the sovereignty of that part of the Bay.

For ten days the two ex-employees, Radisson and Groseilliers gave no further evidence to the English of their presence. But on the tenth day their curiosity and uneasiness regarding the conduct of the English Governor, Bridgar, and the other servants of the Company, had reached such a pitch that it was decided without further consideration that Radisson should start off at once to reconnoitre their behaviour. The actual distance between Fort Bourbon, on the Hays River, and the Company's factory on Nelson River was not above fifty miles; but owing to the dangerous character of the river, and the necessity for delay before an attempt could be made to cross it, Radisson and his party consumed fourteen days on the journey.

On their arrival on the 3rd of February one of the first objects to attract their attention was the *Prince Rupert*, stuck fast in the ice and mud about a mile from where the factory was being erected. At the same time they met the Governor, who was out on a hunting expedition with the chief mate of the vessel. Satisfying himself that no treachery was intended Radisson accepted Bridgar's invitation to enter the log-house which he had caused to be built for his own occupancy. Radisson introduced one of the Frenchmen who accompanied him as the captain of an imaginary ship, which he averred had arrived from France in his behalf. "Mr. B. believed it and anything else I chose to tell him," remarks Radisson naively, "I aiming al-

ways to prevent him from having any knowledge of the English interloper." While engaged in the pleasing diversion of drinking each other's healths, a number of musket shots were fired. The crew of the vessel not taking any notice of this, the bushranger concluded that those on board were not on their guard and might readily be surprised.

With this condition uppermost in his mind, the Frenchman quitted Bridgar, having first allayed any suspicion which might have naturally arisen as to the intention of the party. The latter went boldly on board the ship, and no hindrance being offered their leader had a colloquy with Captain Gillam. This worthy, who while he received the visit civilly enough, yet found occasion to let Radisson know that he was far from entirely trusting him. When his visitor suggested that he was running a great risk in allowing the *Prince Rupert* to remain grounded, Gillam bluntly requested Radisson to mind his own business, adding that he knew perfectly well what he was doing—a boast which, as the sequel showed, was certainly not well founded. Radisson was determined not to be put out of temper, and so, run risk of spoiling his plans.

Winter, even in all its rigour, seems to have had no terrors for our indomitable bushranger. For the next two months, as we shall relate, he continued to scour backwards and forwards through this country, inspiring his followers and urging them onward to the prosecution of a plan which was obvious to them all. Parting from Gillam the elder, who had not the faintest suspicion that his son was in the locality, Radisson at once started to parley with Gillam, the younger.

When he had gained the island where he had left he was instantly made aware that the New Englanders had been considerably less idle than the Company's servants; having completed a very creditable fort and mounted it with six pieces of cannon. With Benjamin Gillam, our bushranger passed off the same subterfuge with

which he had hoodwinked Zachary. He spoke fluently of his newly arrived ship and her cargo and crew, and to cap his narrative proceeded to introduce her captain, who was none other than the old pilot, Pierre Allemand, who, from the description I have of his appearance, looked every inch the bold, fierce and uncompromising mariner. He had a great deal to tell Benjamin likewise of the Company's post near by, which he said contained forty soldiers.

"Let them be forty devils," exclaimed Gillam, junior, "we have built a good fort and are afraid of nothing."

Whereupon Radisson gently reminded him that according to his agreement he was to have built no fort whatever. In reply to this Benjamin begged his visitor not to take umbrage at such a matter, as he never intended to dispute the rights of the French in the region, and that the fort was merely intended as a defence against the Indians.

As the evening wore on, a manoeuvre suggested itself to Radisson. He resolved to bring father and son together. No sooner had he formed this amiable resolve than he revealed to Benjamin Gillam the proximity of the *Prince Rupert* and her commander, and described the means by which an encounter might be effected without eliciting the suspicions of Governor Bridgar or any of the Company's servants. It consisted briefly in young Benjamin's disguising himself as a Frenchman and a bushranger. The scheme met with the young man's hearty approbation and the details were settled as Radisson had designed.

On the following day the party set out through the snow. Arriving at the point on land opposite to which the Company's ship lay, Radisson posted two of his best men in the woods on the path which led to the factory. He instructed them to allow the Governor to pass should he come that way, but that if he returned from the ship unaccompanied or prior to their own departure they were to seize and overpower him on the spot. With such precautions

as these Radisson felt himself safe and went on board the *Prince Rupert* accompanied by Gillam. He introduced his two companions into the captain's room without any notice on the part of Gillam the elder, and the mate and another man he had with him. Leaning across the table, upon which was deposited a bulky bottle of rum, Radisson whispered to the honest captain that he had a secret of the highest importance to communicate if he would but dismiss the others. Gillam readily sent away the mate, but would not dismiss his second attendant until Radisson, again in a whisper, informed him that the black-bearded man in the strange head-gear was his son.

After communicating this intelligence the pair had their own way. The next few moments were devoted to embraces and to an interchange of news, for Captain Gillam and Benjamin had not met for two years. The sire could not refrain from imparting to his son that he was running a great risk; he declared it would be ruinous to him if it got to the Governor's ears that there was any collusion between them. Radisson again professed his friendship, but added that in his opinion neither of the parties had any right to be where they were, he having taken possession for the King of France. "This territory is all His Most Christian Majesty's," he said. "The fort we have built yonder we call Fort Bourbon, and none have any right here but such as own allegiance to Louis XIV." He observed that nothing would cause a rupture of the friendly relations now subsisting between French and English but that trade in peltries, trade which he had too great reason to fear they hoped to initiate with the Indians in the spring.

Thereupon the elder Gillam coolly responded that the ship he commanded, and the spot on which they were then assembled, belonged not to himself, but to the Hudson's Bay Company.

"With regard to the trade, gentlemen," said he, "you have nothing to fear from me. Even though I don't carry a solitary beaver back to the

Thames, I shall not trouble myself, being sure of my wages."

This interview was prolonged. The healths of the Kings of France and England, Prince Rupert and M. Colbert (quite in ignorance of the deaths of the two last named) were drunk with zeal and enthusiasm. In the midst of all this, that which Radisson had anticipated, occurred. Governor Bridgar, notified of Radisson's return, came to the ship in hot haste. On his joining the group he remarked meaningly that the fort the French had constructed must be nearer than he had been given to think, since its commandant could effect so speedy a return. He evinced himself very uneasy in mind concerning the Frenchman's intentions. Before their departure, young Gillam came very near being betrayed. He was partially recognized by one of the traders who accompanied the Governor. But the matter passed off without serious consequences.

None too soon did the party return to young Gillam's fort on the island, for a tremendous blizzard ensued, sweeping the whole country, and forcing Radisson to remain for some days within doors. As soon as the storm had subsided, however, Radisson started off, declining Gillam's offer of his second mate to accompany him back to the French settlement.

"I managed to dissuade him," he writes, "having my reasons for wishing to conceal the road we should take. On leaving we went up from the fort to the upper part of the river, but in the evening we retraced our steps and next morning found ourselves in sight of the sea into which it was necessary to enter in order to pass the point and reach the river in which was our habitation. But everything was so covered with ice that there was no apparent way of passing further. We found ourselves, indeed, so entangled in the ice that we could neither retreat nor advance towards the shore to make a landing. It was necessary, however, that we should pass through the ice or perish. We remained in this condition for four hours without being able to advance or

retire and in great danger of our lives. Our clothes were frozen on us and we could only move with difficulty, but at last we made so strong an attempt that we arrived at the shore, our canoe being all broken up. Each of us took our baggage and arms and marched in the direction of our habitation, without finding anything to eat for three days except crows and birds of prey, which are the last to leave these countries."

Fort Bourbon was reached at length. After reporting to his brother-in-law all that had passed, Groseilliers was not long in counselling what was best to be done. In his opinion the first thing necessary was to secure possession of young Gillam's ship. Time pressed and the spring would soon be upon them bringing with it the Indians. He argued that delay might prove fatal, inasmuch as Bridgar might at any moment learn of the presence of the New England interlopers; and in that event he would probably make an effort to capture their fort and add their forces to his own. If this were done, the success of the French in overpowering the English traders would be slight and their voyage would have been undertaken for nothing.

It was therefore agreed that Groseilliers should remain in charge of the fort, while his kinsman should immediately return to Nelson River. In a few days they parted once more, Radisson setting out with a fresh party and thoroughly resolved upon action. The first discovery he made, on arriving at the scene of his proposed operations, was that the Company's ship, the *Prince Rupert*, was frozen fast in the ice, and must inevitably perish when the spring floods came. He also speedily ascertained that the Governor, by no means relishing his presence in the vicinity, was already planning measures to thwart, if not to capture, his rivals, for he had sent out two sailors charged with the task of discovering the exact whereabouts of the French and the extent of their strength and equipment.

These two spies Radisson promptly captured—no difficult task indeed, for they had lost their way and were half-

frozen and almost famished. The anticipated fate of the *Prince Rupert* was not long delayed. The tidings shortly reached Radisson that she was a total wreck, and with it came also the news of the loss of her captain, the mate and four sailors. A subsequent report, however, declared that Gillman had escaped with his life.

Receiving this intelligence, Radisson presented himself before the Governor to see how he was affected by such a calamity.

He found Bridgar drinking heavily, but resolved to keep up appearances and to withhold from the French any knowledge of what had happened. He affected to believe the ship safe, merely observing that she had shifted her position a few leagues down the river. Radisson asserts that at this time the Company's factory was short of provisions. It is impossible that this could have been the case. The assertion was probably made to cover his own depredations on the stores of the Company.

Parting from the Governor, Radisson presented himself before Gillam the younger, to whom he did not as yet choose to say anything concerning his father and the loss of his ship. Under various pretences he induced Gillam to pay him a visit at Fort Bourbon. The latter does not seem at this time to have been aware of the intention of the French towards him. But he was soon to be undeceived.

"I remained quiet for a month," says Radisson, in the course of his extraordinary narrative, "treating young Gillam, my new guest, well and with all sorts of civilities, which he abused on several occasions. For having apparently perceived that we had not the strength I told him, he took the liberty of speaking of me in threatening terms behind my back, treating me as a pirate and saying that, in spite of me, he would trade in spring with the Indians. He had even the hardihood to strike one of my men which I pretended not to notice; but, having the insolence later when we were discussing the privileges of New England

to speak against the respect due the best of kings, I treated him as a worthless dog for speaking in that way and told him that, having had the honour to eat bread in his service, I would pray to God all my life for His Majesty. He left me, threatening that he would return to his fort and that when he was there I would not dare to speak to him as I had done. I could not expect to have a better opportunity to begin what I had resolved to do. I told this young brute then that I had brought him from his fort, that I would take him back myself when I pleased, not when he wished. He answered impertinently several times, which obliged me to threaten that I would put him in a place of safety if he was not wiser. He asked me then if he was a prisoner. I said I would consider it and that I would secure my trade since he had threatened to interrupt it. I then withdrew to give him time to be informed by the Englishmen how his father's loss was lost with the Company's ship and the bad situation of Mr. Bridgar. I left in their company a Frenchman who understood English unknown to them. When I had left young Gillam urged the Englishman to fly and to go to his master and assure him that he would give him six barrels of powder and other supplies if he would undertake to deliver him out of my hands. The Englishman made no answer, but he did not inform me of the proposition that had been made him (I had learned that from the Frenchman who had learned everything and thought it was time to act for my security.)"

In the evening Radisson said nothing of what he knew of the plot. He asked those in his train if the muskets were in their places which he had put around to act as guarantee against surprise. At the word *musket* young Gillam, who did not know what was meant, grew alarmed and, according to Radisson, wished to fly, believing that it was intended to kill him. But his flight was arrested by his captor who took occasion to free him from

his apprehension. The next morning, however, the bushranger's plans were openly divulged. He told Gillam that he was about to take his fort and ship.

"He answered haughtily that even if I had a hundred men I could not succeed and that his people would have killed more than forty before they could reach the palisades. This boldness did not astonish me, being very sure that I would succeed in my design."

Having secured Gillam the younger, it was now necessary to secure the fort of which he was master. The intrepid Frenchman started for Hayes Island with nine men, and, gaining an entrance by strategy, he cast off the mask of friendship and boldly demanded the keys of the fort and the whole stock of arms and powder. He added that in the event of their refusal to yield he would raze the fort to the ground. No resistance seems to have been attempted, and Radisson took formal possession of the place in the name of the King of France. This ceremony being concluded, he ordered Jenkins, the mate, to conduct him to the ship, and here formal possession was taken in the same fashion, without any forcible objection on the part of the crew. Some explanation of this extraordinary complaisance, if Radisson's story of the number of men he took with him be true, may be found in the commander's unpopularity, he having recently killed his supercargo in a quarrel.

Nevertheless Benjamin Gillam was not to be altogether without friends.

A certain Scotchman, perchance the first of his race in those regions, which were afterwards to be forever associated with Scottish zeal and labours, wishing to show his fidelity to his chief, escaped and eluding the efforts of Radisson's fleetest bushrangers to catch him, arrived at Fort Nelson and told his tale. The Governor's astonishment may be imagined. He had hitherto no inkling of the presence of the New England interlopers, and although his captain and fellow-servant was not equally ignorant Gillam had

kept his counsel well. The Governor decided at once to head a party of relief, in which he was seconded by Gillam père, who was at the moment only just recovering from an illness caused by exposure during the shipwreck. The *Susan* was their first point of attack. Under the cover of night they made a determined effort to recapture her for the Company—an attempt which might have succeeded had not Radisson, suspecting the move, despatched his entire available force at the same time and completely overpowered the Governor's men. He thought at first sight that Bridgar himself was among his prisoners, but the Governor was not to be caught in that fashion; he had not himself boarded the ship. The Scotchman who accompanied him, however, was not so fortunate; he fell into Radisson's hands and suffered for his zeal. He was tied to a post and informed that his execution would take place without ceremony on the morrow. The sentence was never carried out. Radisson, after exposing his prisoner to the cold all night in an uncomfortable position, seems to have thought better of his threat, and after numerous vicissitudes the Scot at length regained his liberty.

Reinforcements for the French now arrived from Groseilliers. Believing himself now strong enough to beard the lion in his lair, Radisson de-

cided to lose no more time in rounding off his schemes. First, however, he saw fit to address a letter to the Governor asking him if he "approved the action of the Company's people whom he held prisoners, who had broken two doors and the storeroom of his ship, in order to carry off the powder."

Bridgar's reply was that he owed no explanation to a renegade employé of the Company. Radisson had not been sincere in his professions, and he had dealt basely and deceitfully with him in preserving silence on the subject of the interlopers. "As I had proper instructions," concluded Bridgar, in a more conciliatory strain, "on setting sail from London to seize all ships coming to this quarter, I would willingly have joined hands with you in capturing this vessel. If you wish me to regard you as sincere you will not keep this prize for your own use."

The other's response was rapid and masterly. He marched upon Fort Nelson with twelve men, and by the following nightfall was master of the English establishment. This feat nearly drove the unhappy Governor to despair, and he sought solace by applying himself to the rum cask with even greater assiduity. In this frame of mind John Bridgar, the first Governor of Port Nelson was carried off a prisoner to Fort Bourbon.

To be Continued.

ALONG THE TRAIL.

FOREVER in the veiled to-morrow lies
The land of Hope, secure from mortal eyes;
While in the new-made grave of yesterday
Some dear delusion reverently we lay.

Bradford K. Daniels.

THE STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS OF CURRENT BOOKS.

"The faithful delineation of human feelings, in all their strength and weakness, will serve as a mirror to every mind capable of self-examination."—CARLYLE.

TO a certain extent it is true that the current novel finds its support chiefly among that class of the public which has received no training in the higher branches of literature. Those who have, at one time or another during a university course or a long period of private but thorough study, made an examination of the masters of ancient and modern literature and come to have some idea of the value of thought and of style, find their greatest pleasure in the older novelists or in the great historians and essayists.

An illustration of this was provided for me recently. Six men of education and culture were taking dinner in a private room in a city restaurant. The conversation turned on to the current novel and its value. Finally, some one suggested that each person write the names of his five favourite English authors on a slip of paper and hand it to one of the men for examination. The Bible and Shakespeare were barred. When the result was summed up the vote stood as follows : Scott, 4 votes; Carlyle, Dickens and Kipling, 3 each; Macaulay, Parkman, Thackeray and Ruskin, 2 each; Eliot, Pope, Leckie, Stevenson, Browning, Tennyson, Goldsmith and Arnold one each. There were thirty votes cast, and sixteen authors mentioned.

There are several thousand new books printed each year in the English language which may be expected to be of interest to the general reader. Here was a body of six men with a full knowledge of all the more important of the books published during the last five years, who calmly stated that none of the current books except those of Kipling and Stevenson have proved themselves worthy of their admiration. No mention was made of Anthony

Hope, Marion Crawford, Gilbert Parker, Robert Barr, Richard Harding Davis, Frank R. Stockton, Justin McCarthy, J. M. Barrie, Hall Caine, William Black, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Francis Hodgson Burnett, James Lane Allen, Harold Frederic, Conan Doyle, Stanley J. Weyman, Thomas Hardy, George Du Maurier, William Dean Howells, or the score of other familiar names of the last few years—only Kipling and Stevenson. Yet of all these persons who were ignored by these six self-appointed critics, most have at one time or another shown signs of genius. Why should these critics treat them only as favourites for an hour?

Perhaps an explanation may be found in the character of the men themselves. The educated Canadian is conservative. Before acknowledging anything to be pure gold, he must have seen it tried in the fire. He prefers the book which has weathered the criticisms of half a century to that which is new and untested. Yet this rule applied absolutely would have barred Kipling and Stevenson, for they are modern writers.

Another explanation may be offered. The modern publisher publishes a certain number of books each year, the number determined by his capital and the means of sale at his disposal. When a clever writer makes his mark, the publisher rushes him for another manuscript and another, and another. The managers of magazines deluge him with offers for articles and essays and short stories. These men hang bags of gold before the budding author's eyes and cry : "Write; write; write." Human nature is weak; the man stops thinking and devotes his whole energy to writing. Verily, we throttle our geniuses in their childhood.

If this latter explanation be the true one, and it seems plausible, wherein lies the value of current criticism? There is a great deal of criticism, and why does it allow the modern novelist or general writer to foist weak "stuff" upon the public? In the first place, the critic cannot reach the public. The publisher advertises to the public and makes it listen: the publisher gives only the rosy side, and is the only guide which the average reader has. The critic speaks in literary papers, and the higher-class periodicals. The average reader never sees these criticisms. Only those, of whom these six men mentioned are representatives, who thoroughly analyze the books they read, consult these criticisms. The critic has some influence then, but it is limited to a small part of the great body of book-buyers.

But the critic is still further limited. He writes for literary papers whose existence depends on the advertisements of the publishers. He is "cabin'd cribb'd, confin'd." He cannot always speak his mind. Were he to condemn everything that a publisher issues, what would be the benefit to the publishers of an advertisement in the journal in which the criticisms appear? The critic may be capable and he may be honest, but he must make a living. Further, he must be a man of great strength of mind and extraordinary steadfastness of purpose, who will stand up and say of ninety per cent. of the modern pieces of general literature that they are crude, hasty and amateurish. Even if he did say this, there would be many who would doubt.

Further, the critics seem to have formed cliques. In New York there is a certain circle, to get into which means success, so far as the critics can assure it. The same is true of London, if all the independent evidence offered may be relied upon.

The conditions surrounding modern criticism are, therefore, prejudicial to the fullest and freest discussion for three reasons (to sum up): first, be-

cause the critic cannot reach but a small part of the public; secondly, because he is at the mercy of powerful printing and publishing interests; and thirdly, because he himself is not always thoroughly reliable.

But to return to the main point under consideration, it may safely be said that in spite of the verdict of the six aforesaid gentlemen, in spite of the selfishness and cupidity of the publisher, and in spite of the human weaknesses of the author and the critic, the average current book is of considerable value and the discriminating reader is not wholly wasting his time. The novels of Parker and Roberts have stimulated many Canadians to read Canadian history, and to observe and study the curiosities of our civilization. Barr's stories have amused and pleased a great many persons, and that is something in these worrying days. So it may be said of the other modern writers, that each has done some small part in elevating the Anglo-Saxon race. A person may read new books and be benefited if, as has been intimated, he selects his authors with some discrimination.

If, as some authorities claim, all pure literature is the revelation of a personality, we must go on reading what modern litterateurs produce if we wish to appreciate their respective personal qualities. If we had read Archibald Lampman's poetry anonymously we should have had much less pleasure than was afforded us by reading it bit by bit over his name. In the latter case, what we had previously read, what we already knew of the man, his environment and his aims, helped us to understand his work. A knowledge of his personality added something to what we saw on the printed page, gave more strength to his imagery, and shed a stronger light on the thoughts which were so magnificently expressed. In the introduction of his book on Shelley, Professor Alexander points out that "to an even greater degree than usual, some knowledge of the man is neces-

sary for the understanding of his writings."

But Matthew Arnold cuts deeper than this in his analysis. He admits that Shakespeare's greatness was due to his personality. Then he goes farther, and declares that Shakespeare "lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative power," and that the society in which he moved was "permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive." Environment, in its broadest sense, must certainly have much influence upon the men who write, and by a study of the writings of the moderns we learn something of the age in which we live. Surely, here is justification.

Current literature puts down in black and white the manners and customs of to-day, and holds up the mirror to ourselves. Scott, Dickens and Thackeray studied the generations that have just gone; new writers have arisen to perform a similar duty for the present generations; there will be other novelists for future generations. If it be admitted that Scott and Dickens and Thackeray were right in describing the life of their day, it must also be admitted that it is proper to have modern authors describing the life of our day. Gilbert Parker, William Kirby and William McLennan have brought out many of the striking qualities of the romance which Parkman had previously shown to be embodied in the early days of French Canada. Similarly Charles G. D. Roberts followed Longfellow, and, choosing prose as his medium, has shown us the "glory and gleam" of the romantic days of the French occupation of Acadia. Gilbert Parker also caught and embodied the characteristics of the early days in north-western Canada; he is being followed by W. A. Fraser, Bleasdel Cameron and others. It is said that Robert Barr's next story will picture an early period in the history of Ontario, as his first novel pictured the days that were filled with the fears of a Fenian inva-

sion. Dr. Drummond has mirrored in verse the simple tastes and habits of the French Canadian habitant, and a writer may yet arise who will find something worthy of record in the modern life of English Canada.

The United States people would not so thoroughly appreciate and understand themselves were it not that they had J. Fenimore Cooper, Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Harriet Beecher Stowe, William Dean Howells and the numerous other writers who have dealt with the varying phases of their three hundred years of development.

The histories, biographies and books of travel which are being produced to-day could not have been written a hundred years ago. The world has been enlarged by the steam-driven ocean-carriage, and we are learning the full extent of the world's complex population. New lands and new peoples have been revealed, and all these additions to our knowledge are making for a broader basis upon which to erect our thought and action.

The modern book is as much a necessity to the modern man as the book of the eighteenth century was to the man who lived then. The modern has this advantage: he possesses the accumulated books of the centuries in addition to the works of his contemporaries.

The variety of tastes demands a variety of books. The cultured student of English may prefer the graceful ease and perfect style of Stevenson to the "sermonic application of incident" which has gained so many readers for Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The youths of the present generation were fed on W. H. G. Kingston, G. A. Henty; the girls started with "Pansy" and Annie S. Swan; but as men and women, these same persons demand something better, higher, more artistic. Whether they ever reach the height where they demand the purely artistic representation, free from all moral analysis or

discussion, depends to a great extent on the thoroughness of their literary education. But every reader of books passes from class to class and at each step finds interest in a different kind of book. This variety in men and women demands a variety in books, which the publisher of to-day supplies—with perhaps a little unnecessary prodigality.

With these thoughts in mind, even current Canadian books of the better

grades must have an additional value. First, they please and refine by their artistic qualities; then they stimulate and interest by their expositions of nature and humanity; and lastly they broaden our view of Canada and of Canadian civilization by describing to us the Canadians who are and who have been. And he will be the greatest Canadian who recognizes most thoroughly the developing genius of the Canadian people.

John A. Cooper.

THE COMMISSION'S WORK—COUNTER INFLUENCES.

BY JOHN CHARLTON, M.P.

THE work assigned by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States to the Anglo-American Joint High Commission is one of great magnitude. Several of the questions referred to this diplomatic body would singly have furnished subjects of consideration for weeks, or indeed, for months, judged by the progress usually made in diplomatic affairs. Nearly all of the questions are of great international consequence. Enumerated in the order of their importance, they are: the question of Trade Relations, the Alaskan Boundary, the North-eastern Fisheries question, the Pelagic Sealing question, the Bonding Privilege, the Transit Privilege, Reciprocity in Mining Rights, Building of War Vessels upon the Great Lakes, Alien Labour Law, and the Regulations of the Inland Fisheries.

That the Commission should be expected to settle all these questions in the course of a few weeks is unreasonable; and that careful, painstaking, and even devoted attention to their labours has been given by all the members of this diplomatic body need not be doubted. The devotion of Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his colleagues to the promotion and conserving of the interests of Canada is asserted without the slightest hesitation, and it may be said with

equal assurance that up to the present moment no mistake has been made in the management of the negotiations by the British Commissioners.

It is unfortunate that an agreement could not have been reached upon the Alaskan Boundary question. It is only necessary to say in reference to the matter that the fault does not lie with the British Commissioners. It is perhaps not visionary to expect that an impartial Court of Arbitration will give an award even more favourable to Canadian interests than a settlement upon the terms the British Commissioners were prepared to accept would have been.

It does not follow from this failure to agree to terms of settlement upon one of the points of reference, that a treaty in the main satisfactory will not be finally negotiated. The public are not in a position to criticize the acts of the Commission, the nature of its conferences, or the line of arguments adopted by the British Commissioners, for the simple reason that the information is not available upon which an intelligent opinion relating to these matters can be founded.

The adjournment of the Commission to meet in August next, was beyond question a prudent and advisable act. At the time the adjournment was de-

cided upon, but a few days would elapse before the adjournment of the United States Senate on March 4th. No possibility of securing a treaty in time for reference to that body, existed. Its next meeting would take place, unless an extra Session of Congress was called, in December, 1899. A pressing necessity existed for calling the Dominion Parliament together. The lapse of time had been working in favour of the Canadian contentions, and it was reasonable to believe would continue to do so. The re-assembling of the Commission will take place at a period when ample time will be afforded for reaching a decision upon all questions before the meeting of Congress or of Parliament, for it must be remembered that these questions have all been fully discussed, and it will be no breach of confidence to assert that upon many of them tentative agreements have been arrived at, the fulfilment of which is contingent, of course, upon the satisfactory settlement of all the questions that the Commission has to pass upon.

Under all these circumstances, the attitude of certain classes and parties in Canada in reference to the work of the Commission is not only unreasonable, but mischievous. A Jingo sentiment seems to be rampant in certain quarters, which is diametrically opposed in spirit and act to the sentiment of cordiality and good-will each for the other which prevails in the United States and Great Britain. The parties entertaining these sentiments do not seem to realize the resistless march of events that lead, under the direction of a higher hand, to Anglo-Saxon entity and community of action. While weighty events are transpiring, and a great epoch of the world's history is evolving its mighty results under our very eyes, these agitators and growlers are oblivious to all that stands outside of their own limited range of selfish interests and circumscribed vision.

One who wishes well for the future of the world, and who appreciates the importance of the mission of the English-speaking race, cannot but be pain-

ed at widely-uttered expressions of satisfaction that the Commission has adjourned without making a treaty, and the avowal of hopes that no treaty will ever be made. These expressions often come from men who ought to know better, and who might be supposed to possess intelligence and capability that would lead to a more reasonable and creditable expression of opinion and desire.

The existence of this sentiment, so far as it is a factor exercising influence upon the case, is mischievous and prejudicial to the interests of the work which all friends of humanity most certainly desire that the Joint High Commission should satisfactorily accomplish. If the influence of this sentiment had been confined merely to expressions of opinion, it might have been passed over as not of sufficient importance to require notice, but it has manifested its character and purpose in concrete acts. It is the parent of the embarrassing alien labour law of British Columbia, and of the unjust and ill-advised log export embargo law of the Province of the Ontario; and it is constantly agitating for legislative action of a character that will certainly imperil friendly relations and create disagreeable and dangerous complications.

The prohibition of the export of a merchantable commodity, whether raw material or manufactured article, is scarcely in accordance with the friendly comity that should exist between civilized states, except the act is adopted in relation to articles that are declared to be contraband of war; but this Jingo element in the Dominion has secured the passage of the two laws alluded to, one being practically a prohibition of export, the other an application of an unfriendly policy with which the Commission is dealing, and the adjustment of which is a subject of negotiation whose successful issue is made more difficult by this action. This element further demands the prohibition of the export of pulp wood, an export duty upon nickel ore, and an export duty upon lead ores, and would be guilty of any conceivable fiscal vagary that in

the estimation of its leaders would be likely to coerce the United States or injure rival interests.

The Ontario log export embargo law is calculated to prove a very serious obstacle to the adjustment on a satisfactory basis of the lumber duty question. The law arouses much indignation in the United States. It is considered practically an act of confiscation as to sales made prior to its enactment, and where its provisions were not made a condition of sale. It is severely condemned by the United States Commissioners, and its natural influence upon negotiations can not fail to be to render the party from whom concessions are asked reluctant to give them because of irritation and of fear that the concessions might be attributed to the pressure of this absurd law. It has also unfortunately inflicted a serious blow upon Canadian interests, and has, in the estimation of United States investors, sullied the business and political reputation of Canada.

As a consequence of this law millions of dollars of American capital have been deterred from investment in Canadian business enterprises, such as mining and lumbering. The parties who otherwise would have been disposed to make such investment were nervous lest legislation of a corresponding character should, after their investments were made, render them incapable of making use without restraint of the products of the investments in such a manner as their interests required and legitimate business consideration rendered necessary. Nelson Dingley publicly stated at the time of the last meeting of the Joint High Commission in Quebec that to his personal knowledge up to that time ten million dollars of American capital had been diverted from proposed investments in Canada in consequence of the Ontario log export embargo law.

An examination into the circumstances preceding the enactment of this law, which was an act practically forced upon the Ontario Government by the clamour of selfish interests, backed by a sentimental, popular de-

mand not founded upon proper knowledge of the situation or just appreciation of the character of the measure, will be sufficient to convince the candid mind that it is wrong. The United States mill owners in Michigan, having exhausted the available supply of timber in that State, found upon their hands idle mills and salt blocks, which of course they were anxious to keep in operation. For the purpose of doing so, large purchases of timber were made in Ontario, situated at points where it could be conveyed to these mills in rafts. These investments were made at the invitation of the Ontario Government, by whom notices of sale and descriptions of limits offered were sent to United States lumber firms. They were made with the full knowledge of the Ontario Government that the purposes of the purchasers were to take the logs to their mills. The prices paid for these limits for this purpose were very large, the business of exporting the logs was permitted to continue for a term of years, lasting from the time of purchase till 1898 without hindrance on the part of the Ontario Government. The right to export these logs had been recognized by the Ontario Government in one of its public sales of a comparatively recent date. When the first limit offered was put up, subject to the condition of manufacture in Ontario, bidding was languid and unsatisfactory prices were received; and in consequence that condition was removed in subsequent sales; and then, in the case of the limit sold subject to the condition of manufacture in Ontario, the condition was removed for a comparatively insignificant consideration. The right to make the sweeping changes embodied in the law under consideration, practically amounting to confiscation, were assumed to be warranted by the power reserved by the Government to make regulations when issuing licenses. The power thus reserved unquestionably referred to such matters as fire protection, reservation of timber below a certain minimum size, ground rent, Crown dues, and other matters directly per-

taining to proper care of the Government's interest in stumpage. It is absurd to suppose that it was ever contemplated that the power to regulate the management of Crown timber limits could be held to permit the Government to practically confiscate the interest of the holder as an incident of management, or to prevent the purchaser from making use of a limit after he had paid for it, according to the ordinary methods of business, and for his own advantage.

The exportation of logs has been one of the most profitable branches of Canadian lumbering, and the Algoma district, where this business has centred, has been the most prosperous section of the lumbering areas of Canada. Many Canadian firms have engaged in this business because it offered to them the chance to make a more profitable disposition of their timber than could be secured in any other way. Among these Canadian firms may be mentioned Mr. John Bertram, representing the Collins Bay Inlet Company; Hale & Booth, of Ottawa; A. Barnett & Son, Carswell & Francis, Cutler & Savage, Gordon & Company, the Muskoka Lumber Company, the Ontario Lumber Company, the Conger Lumber Company, and other firms who have either exported logs direct or have sold them for the purpose of exportation.

The belief that the Ontario log export embargo law is a weapon which will tend to the securing of concessions in the matter of abatement or removal of lumber duties is ridiculous. Its consequences fall upon that class of United States lumbermen who have investments in Canadian limits, who are our friends, who have worked earnestly and intelligently for a reduction of lumber duties in the United States to the full extent that in their judgment it was possible to obtain, who have spent large sums of money in behalf of this purpose when the Dingley Bill was under consideration, and whose efforts during the progress of negotiations in the Joint High Commission were more fruitful of results and of more value to

the Canadian lumber interest than any other influence that was brought to bear. These men are subjected to the provisions of this law and the serious loss consequent upon their enforcement, under the senseless belief that their losses will influence the great mass of United States lumbermen who desire high duties and the exclusion of lumber either in the form of saw logs or boards from the American market, to grant an abatement or an abolition of duty. The truth is that the purposes of ninety-seven per cent. of the United States lumbermen who desire the retention of a \$2.00 duty are well served by this law which plays into their hands and serves their interests, while the three per cent. of American lumbermen who are interested in Canadian log exportation and who desire to see all restrictions upon lumber importations removed have, in conjunction with the Canadian firms interested in this trade, to suffer all the penal consequences that the law inflicts.

If it is conceded that the promoters of this law are men of intelligence, who can correctly gauge its influence and understand the character of its operation, their action in the premises can with difficulty be accounted for. Possibly it is like some of the stock-jobbing operations on the stock exchange. They may be bears in the pine timber markets, desiring to purchase limits at low figures and exerting their influence to secure and retain legislation calculated to produce disaster among lumbermen, for the purpose of being able to buy timber limits cheap. If this is not the case, their efforts are sadly misapplied and their calculations wildly astray.

Better relations between Canada and the United States it is needless to say are most desirable. In the United States a better state of feeling exists towards Canada than at any time since 1866, and a disposition exists to make the commercial relations between the two countries broader and more liberal. This disposition will grow if permitted to do so. The concessions that may now be secured will prove to be enter-

ing wedges for still greater concessions in the near future. Feelings of good-will and amity should be sedulously cultivated. We should restrain our dislikes and any desire which we may have to make attempts to coerce, and should seek to acquire the elementary principles of the laws of force, and realize that six million people cannot, without the intervention of supernatural influences, bring seventy seven million people to their knees. We should bear in mind that certain provincial characteristics which manifest themselves in a manner somewhat annoying and at times embarrassing to English statesmen, should as far as possible be avoided. If we can settle down to a state of mind which will enable us to determine to cultivate the graces of good-fellowship, fairness and moderation, we will be acting strictly in line with the desires of those who have charge of the destinies of the great Empire to which we belong, and will also be moving in the direction of

the consummation of our own best interests.

It is desirable that Canada should be alive to her own interests. The increasing aspirations for national life and expansion are welcome signs of the times. The efforts these aspirations command should be intelligent. While respecting ourselves and aiming to promote our own interests, we should respect our obligations and our honour. A more distinctive national policy may become desirable. It may become advisable to have a more thorough reciprocity with the United States in the matter of tariffs if we cannot reach a fair degree of reciprocity in the matter of trade. It will never, however, be advisable or necessary to repudiate our obligations or break faith. No temporary advantage gained can compensate for the degrading influence of such an act, and no action of that kind will commend itself to the considerate judgment of truly patriotic Canadians.

John Charlton.

VANCOUVER.

IF any man shall ever say to thee:
 "Show me the hand-work of the strong-willed West,"
 Point them beyond the Rockies' snowy crest
 And say: "Behold yon city by the sea!
 Scarce twelve brief years ago, and lonesomely
 The Indian roamed her streets, then wildly dressed
 With trees and vines through which the cougar
 pressed
 And knew a lair secure to which to flee!"

"Now hear her voice—her loud, strong roar of power!
 Behold the ships that fly to bear her gold!
 She was poor-born, but lo! she now hath dower
 Of priceless wealth, for she is from a mould
 From which but great things come—a noble cast—
 And shall grow greater as the years go past!"

Elwyn Irving Hoffman.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

HIS VISIT TO CANADA, AND OTHER EVENTS IN HIS CAREER.

WAS it merely accidental, or was it done designedly? Such is the question that often presents itself to the mind of the observer of passing events, when it is seen how closely the early official career of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was interwoven with the history of Canada. Was this little more than an accidental circumstance, an incident or series of incidents in the education of the Prince, or was it done designedly with the intention and in the hope of drawing the then little known colonies of British North America into closer touch with the mother country?

These questions are not quite so easily answered as might be supposed. There was undoubtedly a wish to please the colonists of British North America when the Queen with the concurrence of the Ministry of the day decided that the first royal progress made by the Prince of Wales should be through Canada.

That fact can clearly be taken for granted, that and no more.

It is mere idle talk, the mere imaginings of a fertile imagination, to say that the Prince of Wales' visit to Canada was, in Her Majesty's mind, intended as a feeler in the direction of the policy which we now know as Imperial Federation. Some one or two writers of more notoriety than solidity have started this theory, though it has generally been admitted by them when putting forward the idea that there is little or no evidence beyond that of inference to support it. That such a view was clearly not that of the British public is plainly evidenced by the following extract from a letter written by the special correspondent of *The Times* newspaper, who accompanied the Prince on his North American journey. He had been speaking of how little was known of Canada in England, and he thus concludes:

"The time, however, is fast approaching when the wealth, magnitude and importance

of the British possessions in North America will force their notice on England and its people, who will then learn with as much pleasure as surprise that their colony, known only under the general name of Canada, is an Empire of the west inferior only to the United States."

It is necessary now to retrace our steps slightly and revert to the period when the Prince of Wales made his debut in public life, that debut being connected directly with Canada and with the regiment of infantry raised by the Imperial Government on Canadian soil.

The Prince of Wales was in 1858, when he had little more than completed his seventeenth year, gazetted a colonel in the British army, and his first act as one of the commissioned officers of his Royal mother's forces was to present colours to the Hundredth or Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment. The presentation of the colours took place at Shorncliffe camp early in the year 1859, and from then until the middle of the following year there was nothing in the public life of the Prince of Wales especially connected either with Canada or Canadians.

I was in the Isle of Wight in July, 1860, spending a portion of the summer at East Cowes, at no great distance from Osborne House, Her Majesty's marine residence. Whilst there, I think it was about July 9, I saw the Prince of Wales for the first time. He was then driving from Osborne House to Trinity Pier, East Cowes, en route to Plymouth, where he was to embark for Canada. I was with a party of friends, and we raised our hats to him and called out as he went on board the tender that we wished him a speedy journey across the Atlantic and a pleasant visit in Canada. He raised his hat in reply, while we joined in the cheering that arose when the vessel steamed out into the Solent.

The Prince's journey across the Atlantic was, so the newspaper correspondents inform us, almost devoid of incident. He was was not troubled

with *mal de mer*, and he appears to have been most popular. A private letter of the time speaking of him says: "His grace, affability and kind good nature won the hearts of all."

Let us now have the pleasure of glancing briefly at the Prince of Wales' royal progress through Canada. It is hard to believe that it is more than thirty-eight years since he left our shores, and that by far the greater number of those who welcomed him here on his arrival have passed away to swell the ranks of the great and silent majority.

The Prince arrived at Newfoundland on July 23. He had sailed from Plymouth on July 10, consequently had taken nearly a fortnight to cross the Atlantic. His reception at Newfoundland was cordial and loyal in the extreme, all classes uniting in giving H. R. H. the most hearty welcome. Among other mementos of his visit to Newfoundland which he took away with him was a magnificent specimen of the dogs for which it is so justly famous. This dog caused not only a considerable amount of amusement, but was a great deal of anxiety to the Prince of Wales and to those whose duty it was to take care of his property. The dog had been called Hero, and so long as the Prince of Wales remained on board the troopship which had brought him from England constant watchfulness had to be used to prevent Hero going overboard for a swim with or without provocation. Even if Hero was allowed to take exercise between decks, an open porthole giving him a glimpse of the river was quite sufficient to make him jump through it into what appeared to



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

From a Recent Photograph by Hills & Saunders, of Oxford.

be almost his natural element. At last it was found that Hero must be permanently tied up, or a boat fully manned must always be kept in readiness to go after him when he chose to resort to the water. The former alternative was chosen.

After leaving Newfoundland the Prince visited Halifax, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, the Saguenay, and then Quebec. The latter historic city was then the capital of the United Canadas, and during his visit there the Prince knighted the Speakers of both the Legislative Council and Assembly. I shall again quote in this connection the testimony of *The Times* correspondent as to the feeling evoked in Canada by the visit

of the Prince of Wales. He says: "To my astonishment I find that the whole land from Halifax to Lake Huron resounded only with preparations for the approaching royal visit. It was difficult to find a paper which was not full of acrostics on the name of Albert Edward, verses in his praise, anecdotes of his childhood, and predictions of a future career which should equal that of his Royal mother, whose name, it must be said, was never mentioned in Canada or the United States but in such terms of reverence as every Englishman feels glad and proud to hear. It was Prince's hats, Prince's boots, Prince's umbrellas, Prince's coats, Prince's cigars, and the whole country nodded with Prince's coronets and feathers."

H.R.H. arrived in Quebec about the middle of August, and was received there on "a lavish scale of splendour and hospitality, and distinguished by such boundless enthusiasm of loyalty." Among the festivities in Quebec in honour of the Prince was a grand ball, the dance programme of which contained twenty-four dances, and of these the Prince joined in no less than twenty-two. An amusing incident happened to him and his partner during the festivities. Horrible to relate the Prince fell, and with him his fair partner! The Canadian papers ignored the incident; not so, though, one at least of those in New York. That journal related what had occurred in the most exaggerated language, and not only did it do that, but the account was headed with the following astounding head lines:

The Canadian Commotion.

Splendid Splurge of the Quebecers.
The Prince at the Grand Ball given by
the City.

He danced twenty-two times, tripped
and fell.

His beautiful partner rolled over him.

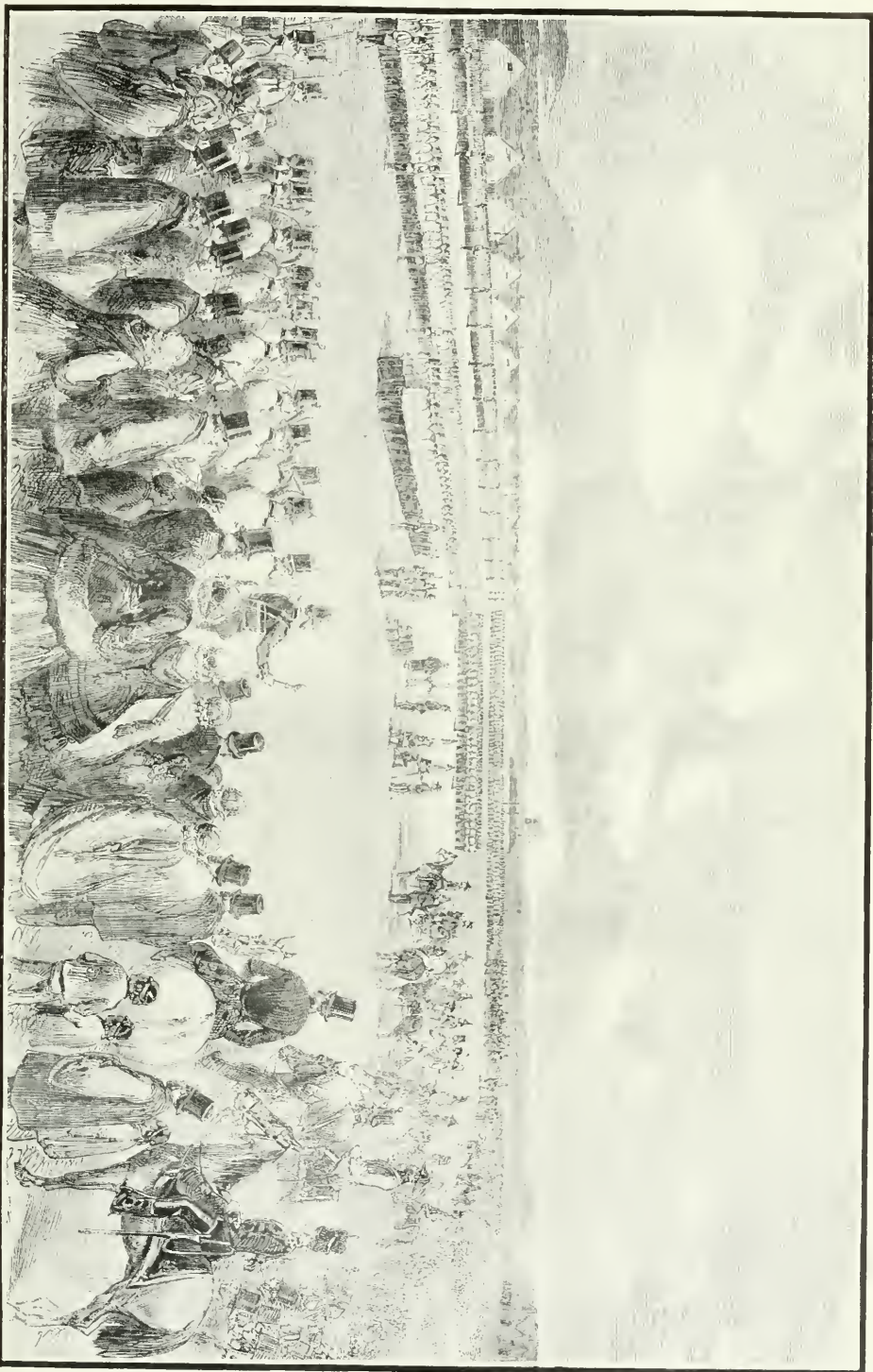
Honi soit qui mal y pense.
The Prince immediately picked himself
and partner up.

And continued the dance.
Terrible flutter of crinoline.

From Quebec the Prince proceeded to Montreal where he drove the last rivet, a silver one, of the Victoria bridge, thus completing that wonderful triumph of engineering skill. At Montreal as at Halifax and Quebec the Prince was received with the greatest hospitality and enthusiasm, which was continued throughout the whole of his Canadian tour at every place he visited.

The Prince arrived in Toronto by the steamer Kingston early in September, and the only thing which marred his visit to the Queen City was the continual downpour of rain during the time he was there. After leaving Montreal, the Prince before reaching Toronto had visited Ottawa, and there laid the foundation stone of the present Parliament Buildings. Whilst in Toronto he opened the Horticultural Gardens, planted trees, was present at a ball given in the old Crystal Palace which stood on the Garrison Commons between the Provincial Lunatic Asylum and the lake, attended the Royal Canadian Yacht Club's regatta, received deputations from Trinity and Toronto Universities, from Upper Canada College, and the Veterans of the war of 1812, reviewed the Militia, and held a levee, besides receiving addresses from deputations all but innumerable. After leaving Toronto the Prince visited Hamilton, the Ambitious City, and London, the Forest City. The *Times* correspondent describes the latter place thus: "This colonial backwoods parody of the great metropolis."

However, whether it was a backwoods settlement or not, the Londoners gave H.R.H. a magnificent reception, convincing him that even if they were in the backwoods they were as loyal subjects as those who frequented "the shady side of Pall Mall." It is amusing to note what the *Times* correspondent, and this is the last time I shall quote him, had to say about London. No doubt there is some truth in the satire, but it is one of those things which, as *Punch* would say, "might have been expressed differently." The quotation is this: "In London a real Londoner might safely intimate that



FIRST PUBLIC ACT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Presenting Colours to the Hundredth or Prince of Wales' Royal Canadian Regiment at Shorncliffe Early in the Year 1859.

(From an old Print in the Illustrated London News.)



THE PRINCE, THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE QUEEN.

Photograph Taken on the Wedding Day of the Former, the 10th of March, 1863. The Ceremony was performed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

the city does not much remind him of that which he has left behind, though woe betide any Lower Canadian or American who should do the same, or draw any comparison disparaging to the London of Canada West."

Whilst at Niagara the Prince of Wales laid the coping stone of Brock's monument, which had been inaugurated with great ceremony by General Sir Fenwick Williams, of Kars, who was a native of Halifax, on October 13th previously.

The Prince, after leaving Canada, proceeded to Detroit, being accompanied, to the frontier by Mr., afterwards Sir, John A. Macdonald.

It is not necessary to follow him in his travels throughout the United States; it is sufficient to state that everywhere was the greatest hospitality and courtesy extended to him; indeed, had the people of many of the places he visited been British subjects, their welcome could not have been heartier.

The Prince of Wales came of age in November, 1862, the event, owing to the then recent death of the Prince Consort, being allowed to pass without any great amount of public rejoicings either in Great Britain or elsewhere. About the same time that H.R.H. attained his majority his betrothal to the Princess Alexandra of Denmark was announced, which news was received with the most unbounded satisfaction by all classes, by all sorts and conditions of men throughout the British Empire.

The Princess arrived in England on March 7th, 1863, and made a triumphal progress from the Bricklayers' Arms railway station, on the "Surrey side the river," through the metropolis to Paddington station. The scene at the Mansion House, where the Princess was welcomed by the Lord Mayor of London, was one that still lingers in the memory of all those who witnessed it. In whatever direction one looked there was one vast mass of people and upturned faces. Here were the scarlet-

coated troopers of the Life Guards with their cuirasses sparkling and glimmering in the light, sitting their splendid chargers as if they and their steeds were one, and in as perfect command of themselves, as they preceded and followed the Royal carriages, despite the enormous crowds pressing on all sides, as if they were only on the Horse Guards parade ground. Then there were the men of the Brigade of Foot Guards, also in scarlet, with their towering bear-skin headdresses, some of them wearing medals for their gallant deeds in the Crimea, and with memories also of a day but six years previously when they, too, on their return from the Eastern campaign, were welcomed back to London by crowds whose enthusiasm was almost as great as that then displayed towards the "Sea King's Daughter." Then there were the sombre uniforms of the men of the 60th Royal Rifles, the light grey tunics and feathered shakos of the London Scottish Volunteers, the blue and gold of the Royal Artillery and the dear old familiar red-coated infantry of the line.

The troops, as became them, were silent, but the voice of welcome which went up from the people was a roar rather than a shout. It has been computed that nearly one and a-half millions of people were on the route of the Royal procession from the railway station where the Princess arrived in London, in company with the Prince of Wales, who had met her at Gravesend, to Paddington, where she and her affianced husband departed for Windsor.

The Princess' entry into London was on Saturday, March 7th, 1863, and the marriage ceremony took place at Windsor, in the gorgeous and historic chapel of St. George, on the following Tuesday, March 10th.



THE PRINCE, THE PRINCESS, AND PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR.

Photograph in 1864, by Vernon Heath.

It may be appropriately mentioned here that the Prince of Wales had, on February 5th, 1863, but little more than a month previous to his marriage, taken his seat at the opening of Parliament in the House of Peers, the titles under which he was sworn in being Duke of Cornwall, Earl of Chester, Earl of Carrick, Earl of Rothsay and Lord of the Isles. It was a singular and unprecedented occurrence, that of a Prince of Wales taking his seat as a peer of the realm in the hereditary branch of the Legislature at the same time that the speech from the throne announced his approaching marriage to a foreign princess.

To return to the marriage. After the ceremony was over and the Royal couple had taken leave of Her Majesty the Queen and the parents of the bride, the King and Queen of Denmark, they

proceeded by train through the historic town of Basingstoke with its ruined castle, and the still more historic city of Winchester, once the capital of England, famous for the cathedral wherein reposes all that is mortal of William Rufus, the second of England's Norman kings, to the pretty seaport of Southampton, where, on the Royal yacht *Fairy*, they embarked for Trinity Pier, East Cowes.

As it had been my lot to witness the embarkation from the same place some two and a half years previously of the Prince of Wales for Canada, so was it mine to see him arrive there on the evening of March 10th with his bride. What a welcome he received! It was a genuine, hearty, loyal greeting. Triumphal arches were there in the streets through which the newly-wedded couple passed, the houses were garlanded with wreaths and ornamented with flowers, transparencies with the words "Welcome" and "God bless you" were everywhere; but these were a mere nothing to the heartiness of the cheering, to the outspoken enthusiasm displayed by one and all, to the love felt for and so unequivocally accorded by the people to, the eldest son of that Queen who was not only their neighbour but their friend, and whom they delighted to honour in the person of her son.

It was a wet, drizzling evening, but in the half mile or so between Trinity Pier and Osborne House the windows of the Royal carriage were never once raised, both Prince and Princess smiling and bowing an acknowledgment of their welcome along the entire route.

Eight years and more passed by, and once again was the heart of Britain and her Dependencies moved by the illness almost unto death of the Prince of Wales. It was in December, 1871, and the Prince lay at Sandringham prostrate with fever, hovering between life and death. Never has England witnessed such a feeling of heartfelt loyalty, of devoted sympathy to and with the Royal family as was then seen. The condition of the Prince was chronicled hour by hour, and on the

Sunday when the disease was at the worst, and people dreaded that every moment would bring the news of his death, such crowds assembled in the churches and places of worship to join in fervent prayer to God for his recovery as had never previously been witnessed. Nor were these prayers confined to Christian churches and congregations nor to any particular denomination. The Anglican minister, the Roman Catholic priest—the clergy and lay preachers of every sect united with their people in asking the Almighty to spare his life while from distant India came the news that in the Parsee, Buddhist and Brahmin temples the mercy of the "Great Unseen" was sought for by these Asiatics on behalf of the life of that Prince who might one day be their ruler.

By God's mercy the Prince recovered and the scene when he, early in 1872, went to St. Paul's Cathedral to give thanks for that all but miraculous restoration to health, was as solemn as it was impressive and imposing.

In the long years that have elapsed since the Prince of Wales visited Canada, to quote an historic phrase, "many things have happened since then." This sentence was uttered by a well-known politician in England to excuse his tergiversation on an important point of policy; but, though many things have happened, one of those which have not happened is any decrease in interest by the Prince of Wales in Canada. His sons have visited the Dominion; his sister, the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, lived here as the consort of one of the most accomplished of our Governors-General; and Canadian statesmen and public men of all political parties, or of no political party, have always been received by H.R.H., either officially at Marlborough House or privately at Sandringham, with the greatest kindness, honoured not only as representatives of "England's greatest colony," but as residents of that land where the Prince made his first royal visit, where he was so loyally welcomed, which fact he remembers, as he is always careful

to state, with feelings of unmixed pleasure and gratitude, and where his royal grandfather had sojourned, now just one hundred years ago.

The Prince gave a most convincing proof of the interest he takes in Canada by the reception he gave to the Canadian delegates at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, held in Kensington in 1886, again at the Jubilee of 1887, and yet again in the Silver Jubilee of 1897.

A few words may be said as to the position the Prince takes in the political world. Unlike some of his great uncles, the sons of George III., the Prince has never, in the forty years which have elapsed since he entered public life, uttered one single word in favour of, or identified himself in any way with, any of the various political parties. Though he is well known to be capable of forming an opinion on public questions, and though he is generally believed to take a keen interest in political controversy, his mind to everyone on such matters is as impenetrable as the Sphinx.

His relations with Lord Palmerston were as cordial as those with Lord Derby. He was equally the friend of Earls Russell and Beaconsfield. His friendship for Mr. Gladstone is well known, and he has been a visitor at Hatfield and Dalmeny, the seats of Lords Salisbury and Rosebery respectively. He has entertained, and does entertain, men whose opinions are as divergent as the poles; among such may be named the Archbishop of Can-



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HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

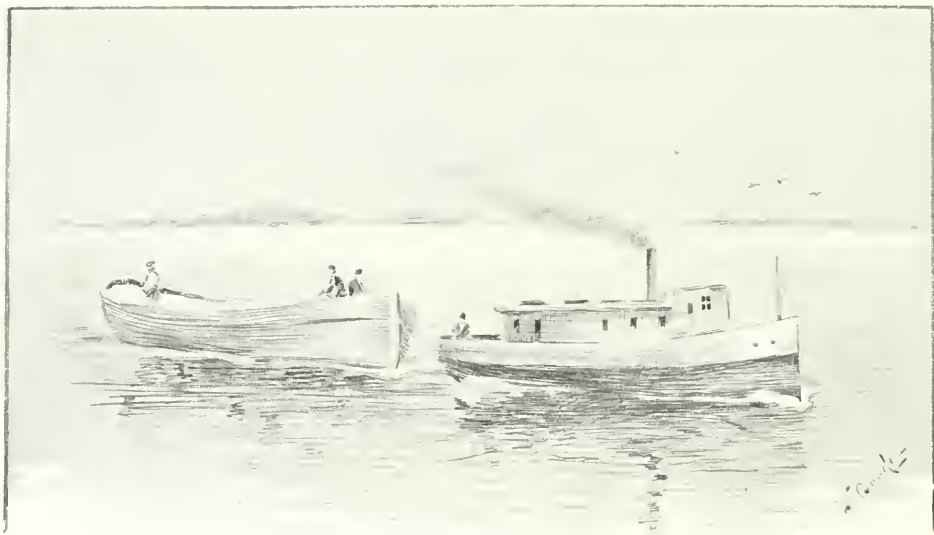
Photographed at Buckingham Palace in 1897, by Giann & Stuart, London.

terbury and Mr. John Morley, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Arthur Balfour, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and Mr. A. J. Mundella, Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, besides many others that might be mentioned, notably Joseph Arch, the famous agricultural labourers' advocate.

Truly has the Prince of Wales "a goodly heritage," and it is the earnest, heartfelt prayer of all those over whom he may be one day called to reign that he may fulfil the promise of his youth and manhood, and that the reign of Edward VII. will add one more bright and glorious page to the annals of the Empire.

Thos. E. Champion.





ON LAKE WINNIPEG.

A TRIP INTO THE SASKATCHEWAN COUNTRY.

BY SAMUEL BRAY, C.E., D. and O.L.S.

With Drawings by W. Goode, from Sketches by the Author.

IN the autumn of 1894 I was sent under instructions from the Department of Indian Affairs to arrange some land matters and to survey the limits of certain lands to be set apart as Indian Reserves at points on the Saskatchewan River, Moose Lake and the Carrot River. At West Selkirk I engaged an assistant; this young gentleman was the only white man I had with me. At each Indian settlement I engaged as many Indians or Half-breeds as were required for the work and paid all of them off at its conclusion, except three or four who were engaged as cook and canoe-men to take us on to the next Indian settlement.

West Selkirk, a terminus of a branch line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is a prosperous town, situated on the west bank of the Red River and about sixteen miles from its mouth. A number of fishing companies, who carry on their operations on a large scale in

Lake Winnipeg, have their headquarters here. They are well equipped with steam-tugs, barges and fishing boats, and have large establishments at different points on the lake, where the fish are frozen and then shipped to West Selkirk in barges properly arranged for the purpose. From West Selkirk the fish are forwarded to different points, principally in the United States.

I arrived at West Selkirk after the fishing boats had ceased to make their usual trips. However, after some delay we secured a passage to Grand Rapids with the fishing tug *Idell*, which left West Selkirk on the 21st August, having in tow an almost empty barge. The *Idell* was a small boat literally filled with wood to supply its own engine. As we would have very little space to move about in and would have to suffer considerable annoyance from smoke and heat on the tug, we decided to take up our quarters for the

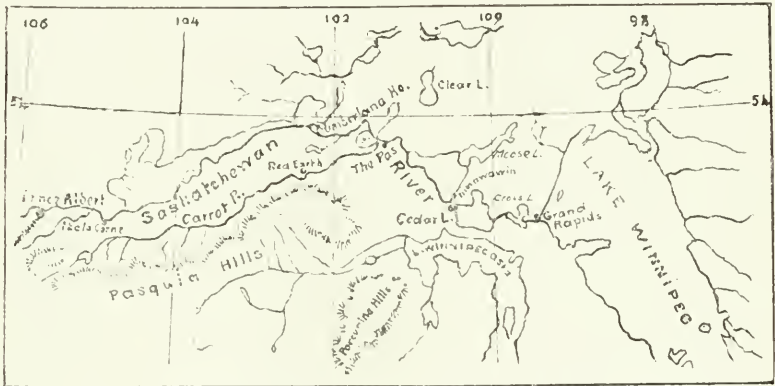
trip on the barge, although we then had to prepare our own meals and to make shake-downs for ourselves by way of beds. We had for fellow-passengers the Indian Agent in charge of the "Pas" Agency, and the Hudson's Bay Company's agent, in charge of the Post at Chimawawin on Cedar Lake. The clear, bracing air, and abundance of room on the barge made the trip up the lake very enjoyable.

We arrived at Grand Rapids on the 24th and pitched our camp at the Hudson's Bay Company's post on the north bank of the river. Grand Rapids is well named. There the great Saskatchewan River, after rushing down a veritable "grand rapids," enters Lake Winnipeg. The river for the last ten miles of its course is a succession of rapids, but the term "grand rapids" is applied to only the last four miles. This stretch is very much worse than the six miles above, but even it can be easily run in a boat or canoe. The ascent is very difficult, however. The Hudson's Bay Company's large York boats were formerly tracked up, and two steam-boats were some years ago, after three weeks' hard work, pulled up these four miles of rapids.

Prior to the advent of a railway to Prince Albert, steamboats plied up and down the Saskatchewan for two or three seasons, from Edmonton to the head of the rapids, a distance by the river of nearly one thousand miles. Now only one steamer makes an annual trip with supplies for the different Hudson's Bay Company's posts. The lake steamboats used to land their pas-

sengers and freight at the Hudson's Bay Company's post at the foot of the rapids, and a tramway, three and a half miles long, conveyed them to the steamboat landing above the rapids. This traffic has been stopped for several years and consequently the very fair buildings above the rapids are not used at all, and those below only occasionally. Already they are showing signs of neglect and decay.

On the evening of my arrival, after the usual pow-wow with the Chief and Councillors of the Grand Rapids Indian Reserve, I arranged to proceed the next day with the survey required at that point. Our first day's work was confined almost wholly to a "muskeg." We have very extensive tracts



MAP TO ILLUSTRATE THE TRIP TAKEN BY MR. BRAY.

of land in Canada covered with "muskeg." A muskeg may be described as a moss or peat swamp, sometimes bare of trees, but usually covered with scattered, small tamaracs or spruce. The moss or peat varies in depth from two feet to considerably over one hundred feet. In the spring the muskegs are full of water which, throughout the summer, slowly dries or drains off. In the fall some of them are fairly dry, but usually they remain damp and wet. On account of the softness and depth of the wet moss of this particular muskeg, we sank from six to eighteen inches at every step, and as I had not been out of an office for a long time, there was one very tired man in camp

that evening. Great interest is beginning to be taken in muskegs generally on account of the apparent success of experiments made to compress the peat into a hard and valuable fuel. For many years the dried peat has been extensively used in Europe for disinfecting purposes, for littering horses, etc. Indian women use the pure moss daily, after drying it well, to swaddle their babies in, and it is reported that it answers this purpose to perfection.

On the 3rd September we left Grand Rapids. Two boats or skiffs with our camp outfit and some provisions were taken over the tramway to the landing above the rapids where they were launched. The ascent of the six miles of rapids was very laborious. Our boatmen, who knew the river well, took advantage of every eddy and every piece of slack water; but long stretches could only be ascended by towing, or tracking as it is locally termed. One of the Indians walked along the shore towing the boat by means of a long line attached to it, while another sat in the boat and carefully steered it to avoid rocks and shoals.

The next day we were windbound at Cross Lake. With good boats we might, with great labour, have made some headway, but we were afraid to venture on the lake during the high wind with the ones we had. On the 7th we met the canoe supplied by the Government for the use of the Indian Agent at the "Pas," who had sent it down for my use; the two boats we had were therefore sent back to Grand Rapids. The change to the canoe was a welcome one. It was very large, sailed well, and was safe even in a stiff breeze.

All the shooting we had up to this date amounted to about two dozen partridges. I tried to get a shot at a pelican, of which there are always a number at some point in the Grand Rapids, but did not succeed. On nearing Chimawawin, at the head of Cedar Lake, ducks began to be plentiful, and I shot several while sitting in the canoe.

The approach to Chimawawin is by one of the many channels which form

the delta of the Saskatchewan. These channels are closely flanked with tall reeds. Here are met the first indications of the manner in which thousands of square miles of land in the Saskatchewan district have been formed. The mud and debris brought down by the river is now being deposited in and is slowly but surely filling up Cedar Lake; at the same time the continuous scouring of the stream at the outlet of the lake is slowly lowering the level of the water. Thus, year by year lands that were once covered with water slowly become dry.

The flat district, through which the Saskatchewan River splits into channels, and large portions of which at some periods of the year are vast swamps and marshes, extends from Cedar Lake westward for about two hundred miles, and it may roughly be estimated to have an average width of one hundred miles. The rivers and channels throughout the district are fringed with timber, usually small poplar, but in some stretches spruce, tamarac and poplar a foot in diameter are found. Back from this fringe, which averages about five chains in width, the whole country is an open marsh or prairie. The Indians who inhabit this district are well named, with reference to the country they inhabit, the "Swampy Crees." They bear an excellent character. I found them to be earnest, hard-working fellows, always willing to half-kill themselves in their endeavours to please, provided always that they were treated with reasonable consideration. They never lose their tempers, and no amount of work, wet, heat or cold could affect their good nature or stop the laugh and joke around the camp fire.

At Chimawawin there is a school maintained by the Department of Indian Affairs, and an English Church mission. The mission was then in charge of the Rev. Mr. Sinclair, an Indian. While there we attended the services, which were conducted almost entirely in the Cree language. The Bible, the prayer-book and a book of hymns have been translated into Cree.



TRACKING.

The hymns are in Cree and written both in Syllabic characters and phonetically with the English alphabet. A very pleasing and impressive custom of the Indians is that before retiring for the night one of them offers up a prayer; they then all pray together, generally repeating the Lord's Prayer, and conclude with singing a hymn—all in Cree, of course. This happened every evening; and when we were camped far away from any post or Indian settlement this simple evening service in the solitude and stillness was very impressive.

The Indians throughout the district live in small log houses of their own construction. They are usually about twelve feet square, well plastered with clay, and in a few cases whitewashed. A chimney of clay and stones is built, usually in the middle of the side opposite the door. The fireplaces are narrow and high, so that the wood is placed in them standing on end instead of lying flat. A bar of iron is built into the chimney, to which the pots for cooking purposes are hung. The ceilings of these houses are very low, and, in fact, so are nearly all the houses of the Hudson's Bay Company. I had the advantage of my assistant in this matter. As he was six feet four inches high, he could rarely hold his head up

without getting hurt, whereas I, with my scant five feet six, could boldly walk into any house without any fear whatever.

The advance these Indians have made in civilization, and their peaceful and prayerful habits, reflect the greatest credit on the Hudson's Bay Company's officers and on the missionaries who have been among them. I should add, however, that they have not learned that cleanliness is next to godliness, as by far the greater number of them are extremely averse to the frequent use of soap and water. Their improvidence is also deplorable. When they have fish they eat it, not caring whether there is enough for the morrow or not. Much less do they make proper provision for the winter. Similarly when they have moose-meat, geese or ducks they will eat unsparingly, and give freely to neighbours and friends until all is done; consequently in the winter months, when fish are difficult to catch and game scarce, they frequently suffer from hunger.

We went up the river from Chimawawin about ten miles to a place much frequented by the Indians for fishing, and called by them "Poplar Point," where we surveyed a small reserve and returned to Chimawawin. We then

immediately left for Moose Lake, where we were engaged for some time.

The Moose Lake Indians were in an extremely destitute condition. The children were clothed in rags that were scarcely any protection against the very cold weather we had while we were there.

The land in this district is rocky and barren, but the water is receding from large tracts of flat lands, which will soon become fertile prairies. The Chief of the band informed me that the level of the water in the different lakes is three feet lower than it was thirty years ago. I was much surprised to learn that a rough stone hedge on high and dry land near the Hudson's Bay Company's post was constructed in the

a survey of a small reserve at Clear Water Lake, distant about thirty-five miles. This trip involved two long portages of eight and four miles respectively. On our return we surveyed some hay lands near the "Pas" for the band. We finished this work late in October and we still had surveys to make at three different points on the Carrot River.

The Carrot River enters the Saskatchewan at a short distance from the "Pas." It drains a large tract along the base of the Pasquia Hills. At this time of the year the water in long stretches of the river was very low, so that it would have been a very laborious affair to ascend the river with even small canoes, besides it was so late in

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Syllabic writing used by the Crees.

water as a pier, and was used for many years for landing purposes.

We again returned to Chimawawin in order to proceed to the "Pas." On the way up we shot a number of geese, ducks and snipe from our canoe and without turning out of our course. At the "Pas" the Saskatchewan River has cut or passed through a high ridge which at one time must have been the retaining wall of an immense lake. The Hudson's Bay Company has an important post here; the Roman Catholic Church and the Christian Brethren have missions, and a neat English church and rectory are prominent buildings in the little village.

After the usual pow-wow with the Chief and Councillors we left to make

the fall that we would certainly have been frozen in and would then be obliged to abandon our canoes. I therefore decided to wait at the "Pas" until the ice in the river was safe, which did not take place until the 16th Nov.

While waiting at the "Pas" for the ice to take, we frequently went shooting prairie chickens and always met with fair success. Once we went a long distance from the "Pas" to try to get some geese and another time to have a shot or two at ducks, but with no success at all. The birds were then congregating for their flight to the south and were very wary.

The rapidity with which our Indians would pluck, clean and cook eight or ten ducks for lunch was simply admir-

able. Of course, we had to shut our eyes and not be at all particular in the matter of dirt. I think in the healthy, out-of-door, camp-life one soon becomes convinced that his digestive apparatus can attack successfully any quantity of foreign matter that may have become incorporated with the food while it is being prepared.

I had half-a-dozen rough toboggans made at the "Pas" and all my party except myself hauled a well-loaded toboggan up the Carrot River. The first day we had glare ice but made excellent progress as we had provided ourselves with ice-creepers. These were very

sufficient food for themselves or they would entail a considerable expenditure if fed with rabbits.

We duly completed the surveys at the above mentioned places. Long before arriving at Red Earth we had made inquiries as to what means could be had to enable us to get out by way of Fort a la Corne and had been informed that there were ponies at Red Earth, but that practically there was no trail from Red Earth to Fort a la Corne and only at rare intervals had any one made the trip. This proved to be correct. Only two ponies could be had and only one man knew the route.



ON CEDAR LAKE.

simply made with a punch and some hoop iron which we obtained from some old barrels at the Hudson Bay Company's post.

At one time I had almost decided to move with dog trains instead of hand toboggans, but dogs require to be fed from one to three fish per day, according to their size, or an equivalent in rabbits. No fish were to be had at Salt Channel and very few at Shoal Lake or Red Earth, and considering how long the dogs would be idle at each place while we were making the surveys, it is evident that they would be unable to haul much more than

This man was known as Mackay Meguanakiscum, a son of the old Councillor and Chief of the band, Meguanakiscum, who also owned the ponies.

I made an invariable rule to employ the Chief and Councillors of each band to assist in making the surveys for their respective bands. The old Councillor Meguanakiscum especially engaged my attention by his very respectable appearance and by his quiet, earnest and unassuming manner. This man and all his band are pagans. I tried to ascertain what their peculiar belief might be, but all I learned was that they believed in a Great Spirit who was

over all; in a wicked spirit, in the reward of the good after death and in the punishment of evil-doers.

We left Red Earth on the fifteenth of December for the six days' tramp to Fort A La Corne, a distance of about 130 miles. The two ponies pulled toboggans which, although lightly loaded with our baggage and provisions, were too heavily loaded for the trail they had to go over. My party now consisted of my assistant, the cook Bap-

I have not the slightest doubt the good old man was commending me to the care of the Great Spirit.

Whoever thinks that a six days' tramp in winter across the country with the snow about a foot deep, over fallen timber and through thickets and camping without tents (for we left our tents at Red Earth) is fun, has notions of such work very different from mine. The first day or two passes very well, but towards the end the tramp gets



ON THE CARROT RIVER.

tiste Buck, Mackay Meguanakiscum and myself. As this trip was one of considerable importance in the opinion of these Indians, the old Councillor came out about a mile on our way to bid us good-bye. He had a long and earnest talk with Baptiste and his son Mackay, bade good-bye to my assistant and then gave me the benefit of quite an oration, which being in Cree I could not understand. During the oration he frequently pointed upwards;

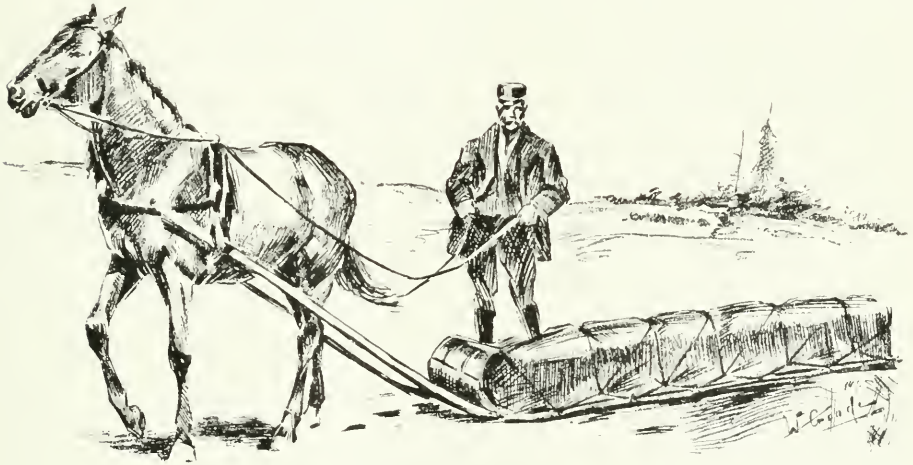
very wearisome and monotonous. The ponies for the first day or two went ahead with a will; they would go over everything or through everything in the shape of down timber, brush or thickets, and where they went the toboggans had to follow with many a bump and upset. These little animals—they were scarcely bigger than large Shetland ponies—had nothing to eat but the grass they could get at night by pawing away the snow. Nothing else

could be obtained for them. The unwonted work and hard fare soon told on them. On the fourth day they were very tired animals, and on the evening of the sixth, when we were still fifteen miles from La Corne, they were so tired as to be scarcely able to move. They had worked faithfully and well without having once required the whip.

Mackay pointed to his animals, making signs that we must camp as they could go no farther. With the aid of a small Cree vocabulary we managed to make Mackay understand that it was important to push on to La Corne that night in order to obtain fresh horses with which to reach Prince Albert in time to catch the train for the

on the route. This gentleman procured us horses and a sleigh and at noon we left for Prince Albert, distant about fifty miles. We had to change horses midway and arrived at Prince Albert a couple of hours before the train left. At La Corne I paid off and bade good-bye to Baptiste and Mackay who, after a rest of two days, returned with the ponies to Red Earth.

I was anxious to pay a visit to a barber as soon as possible as my hair had not been cut for four months, but as we arrived at Prince Albert at 2 a.m. and left at 4 a.m., there was no opportunity there. My long hair, tuque, moccasins and generally rough appearance brought me many a stare on the cars



A PONY-TOBOGGAN.

South the next day, and that we would require to rest several hours and then push on again. Baptiste and Mackay made several signs to us which we could not understand; however, after a good supper, and three hours of rest, we saw what they meant. Very much to our surprise they lightened the toboggans by each taking a heavy pack on his own back. The ponies were thus enabled to make good headway and we duly arrived at La Corne that night.

We there received the same kind welcome and attention from the Hudson Bay Company's Agent that we had invariably received from the Hudson Bay Company's Agents at every post

from Prince Albert to Winnipeg, which was quite disconcerting to a man of my modest temperament. Immediately on my arrival at Winnipeg I paid the contemplated visit to the barber. This, with a fur cap instead of a tuque, boots instead of moccasins and a fresh overcoat instead of the camp-stained one I had been wearing made quite a difference in my outward man. The next morning the guard of the Manitoba House shouted as usual, "All aboard going east," and kept looking around for some one. Suddenly he recognized me, saying, "Well, Sir, I did not know you at all; the clerk told me the same gentleman would leave to-day who

came yesterday, and I am looking for him." No wonder he did not recognize me. The somewhat civilized being he now saw was not a bit like the rough hairy individual he had seen arrive the day before.

On my arrival at Ottawa I found that my friends had not heard from me for three months, and fears were entertained for my safety. I had frequently

sent letters by chance messengers to Cumberland House, where there is a monthly mail service. These letters arrived in Ottawa two weeks after my return, and a budget of letters that I would have been very glad to have received while I was in the wilderness duly followed me back and came to hand some time after my return.

LITERATURE.

AN ADDRESS MADE AT THE RECENT ANNUAL BANQUET OF THE CANADIAN PRESS ASSOCIATION, BY W. A. FRASER.

YOUR asking me to respond to the toast of Literature, brings to my mind a story that is going the rounds in London.

A party of Jews were discussing literature. One of them remarked that Zangwill was clever—very clever.

"Zangwill clever?" objected another of the party; "he's not clever—that is nothing, his writing about the Jews. He *knows* us, for he is a Jew himself. Why should he not write about us? But look at Baring Gould. He knows nothing about us, and see how much he writes about us. That is clever, if you like."

So you have probably honoured me with this office much upon the principle that I shall emulate Baring Gould.

About literature I know very little—in fact I'm almost inclined to quarrel with the very word literature itself. If I could find a strong Saxon word to replace it I would never use it at all. Literature, as a generic term for the concrete thoughts of men done into the cold, unsympathetic world of black and white, has much too soft a ring. It is suggestive of dilettanteism, of Lake Como in everlasting sunshine. It is trippingly sweet. We speak glibly of literature, and feel, somehow, as though we had given our boots an extra rub with the brush of fine culture.

What we need here in Canada, and, for the matter of that, wherever the elongated, crimson-dotted postage stamp goes, is a literature that abounds in stories of strong, true, beautiful deeds. But above all else we must have Truth. We are strong, rugged people. Our country is great in its God-given strength—its masculine beauty. Canada is one of Mother Earth's bravest, sturdiest sons. Even our climate is boisterous and strength-producing. Strength begets Truth, and Truth makes Strength God-like.



It is almost impossible to separate the idea of Truth and Strength. The student who enters the university of literature should behold in large letters of gold the twin words, "Truth" and "Strength." The original people of this land, stretching from ocean to ocean as it does, had truth, and simplicity, and strength. I will touch on what literature has done for them later on. Our poets must be strong and truthful—rather than giving all their thoughts to finish and light-tripping metre. If we may hope for a Canadian Bobbie Burns, the man with the God-gift of song born in him, we must teach our children to live close to Nature, and never shake off her simplicity. And our prose writers, our story-tellers must go armed in Truth

and Strength if they would scale the cold glacier of criticism. Our newspaper writers and editors, for in their hands is more of literature and the making of literature than the people who talk so smoothly about it would have us believe, stand in Canada far in the vanguard of Truth and Strength. Their work is clean and wholesome and virile.

To-day the Canadian press has nothing to fear from comparison with the whole world. Canadian papers are a credit to this strong, God-fearing land of unfettered expression. I, for one, do not want to know of all the shame, and misery and crime, real and imaginary, that is in the world. I haven't time to go into it. My moral nature needs healthier food; and my family, young and ready for impressions, cannot wade through chronicles of violence and infamy day after day, and still believe in the good of humanity. From the one or two Canadian papers that come into my hands I get all the really great things that are happening in the world, and I escape the filth. This may be lack of enterprise, but I am content.

Good as our papers are, we should go further—we should foster a literature that will be placed on our shelves, and which will hand down to posterity the good and true things this young generation is doing, and their forefathers did before them. We have one magazine that, equally without papers, is a credit to Canada. That Canada gives it the support it should have and is entitled to, I do not believe. If it does not come up to the mark of the high-priced United States magazines, shall we buy the New York magazine only and let our own young literature die? Shall we let our churches go unsupported because Talmage is in New York—because he is stronger than our local man? With all respect to the cloth, we need them no more than we need a healthy literature.

So far literature has done little for Canada. She is the "Lady of the Snows," the abode of wicked French

priests, who are only kept from ruining everybody by the gallantry of the hero. I have seen some of these French priests, and never saw but good of their work. In the far North-west a good French priest, Father Lacomb, has laboured among the Indians, as though they were his own children, for a lifetime. A sweet-faced old gentleman he is now, and all he has for his long life of hardship and exposure is the knowledge that he has tried to do his Master's bidding. I think he has done it. But literature passes him by, and builds a romance in which the central figure is a wicked priest.

The great Northwest is a land of blizzards, peopled by bad Indians. I wanted to do some blizzard literature myself, and started to get the genesis of those frozen siroccos. I asked people about them, and I wrote to people about them. I found only one man who had been in a true blizzard, and he was too badly frightened to remember anything about the physical aspect of the thing. It was like a hunt for the sea serpent. They are as rare as literature has taught us they are plentiful.

What we want is realism, a modern realism that will let the world see us as we are—a strong, healthy, growing nation; full of life, and aspirations, and determination: and through it all you may weave the golden thread of love if you like, for all that is founded on love is good and true. The literature of Christ was *all* love.

Let us have a literature that will deal with the problems of life as it is, not of a life that is dead and obsolete and of which no man may speak with certainty, a literature that will bring the classes to a better understanding of each other and each other's needs—not that will bring them together, for that is an Utopian realization that would only bring disaster; rather that will keep them lovingly apart; teach them not to plot against each other, not to hate each other, but to know that each one in his allotted place is the order of the universe.

Much literature to-day pictures the

employer as a grasping, avaricious, slave-driving demon. An employer of this order is a good substantial rib in the structure of a modern novel. On the other hand, all the employees are ready for revolt, for almost any crime, incapable of good. Then one day we read in a paper of an engineer on some railroad giving his life for the people placed in his hands. A captain and a crew (if they are British or American) cheerfully go to their death that the women and children may be saved. We read that in the newspapers; so it is not literature, and is soon forgotten. The books with the other in, the false literature, lie on our tables, and are on the shelves of our libraries. We cherish them, and the newspaper is thrown in the waste basket. Let us transplant this spirit of truth from our newspapers to our fiction, and we shall have a fiction that is true. If our young writers would try to give us stories dealing with the problems and trials and mysticisms of the life all about us, they would do more to build up a national literature than they ever will by posing over the more or less inaccurate records of the life that is extinct.



We have a great field for our story writers and poets in the Northwest. There is local colour in abundance, and the colour of God, which is the beauty of the universe. I have been in many parts of the world, the Orient and the Occident; I have seen beautiful places and magnificent parks; grand gardens and noble avenues; but let me tell you, gentlemen, that the most beautiful spot on this round earth is the valley of the Northern Saskatchewan, in this strong, rugged country that stands as a rampart between the Atlantic and Pacific. Go there, gentlemen, in August and September, and you will see God's own garden stretching mile on mile, from silver stream to the eternal blue of the distant "Rockies."

Crimson, and gold, and azure; and the soft, pearly greys of delicate grasses, and shrubs, that carpet the

black mould until you sink knee deep in a wealth of trailing, purple-tipped pea-vine, and pink flesh-coloured castillja. And not one blade of all this splendour was sown or planted by the hand of man; not one design in the whole vast park laid out by human gardener. There you will be face to face with the beauties of God's gifts, and no warning to "keep off the grass." You may roll down those jewelled hills, all set with ruby, and amethyst, and pearl flowers, like a boy. And as you roll there will be in the air the whistle of crescent wings, as the grouse and partridge cut through the warm sunshine, startled by the queer, hobgoblin appearance of a man.

If our young writers wish for a true literature, let them go there, out into the open, into the university of God, even as Moses did for forty years. Beside all this splendour, of which I can give you little conception, the magnificence of Solomon was poor and tawdry indeed. Even the lilies were arrayed in greater glory than he.



And of the people in that land, what has literature taught us? Do we know the Indian? I fear not. We know that he has forever and ever prowled about with scalping knife in hand, and heart set on murder. But we do not know that he is far more truthful than the white man; that you may leave your shack door open, not unlocked alone but wide open, and all that an Indian loves hanging about within reach, and you will find it all there when you return one month, or six, from that date—that is, unless there have been white men about? And there was morality with them. A noseless woman now and then bore testimony to the fact that violation of the seventh commandment met with swift punishment. And who shall describe the love of these people for their children? Their grief over the death of a child was terribly tragic in its intensity. Women took sharp flints and scored deep gashes in their limbs to dull the pain tugging at their heart-strings.

And the wonder of it is that there is any honesty or truth left among them, because of their treatment by the higher civilized Pale-face.



As long as a Scotchman breathes, (and while air is as cheap as it is, that will be a long time,) the name of Burns will linger. I might even add, after that also—for there will always be Scotchmen—they are the chosen people. This is because, as everyone knows, his literature was of the heart, and the soul of things—simple and close to nature—therefore close to the hearts of his countrymen. Blinded by a false conception of the meaning of literature, his worth and truth were not known as they should have been, until it was too late. But for the posterity that has taken Shakespeare, and Goethe, and Burns to its heart, it is never too late.

That is also the literature we need here—the literature that Louis Kossuth, the Hungarian, went to for his matchless English eloquence—the Bible and Shakespeare. If a man reads these two books, and Burns, and Scott, and Kipling, and cannot write that which is good after, he had better get into the literary senate at once.



Now every writing has two distinct values—the immediate, or cash value, which is always small, because of the rapacity of editors, and the future, or reputation-building value.

As soon as a tale is printed, it begins to earn for the writer something—the character of that something will depend upon the amount of ability, and truthful, honest work the author has put into it. The prospective value is by far the greater to the young writer, and should be kept severely in view.

I admit it is difficult to keep the mind firmly fixed on a crown of laurel in a matter of forty years, while the stomach is clamouring for a present instalment of beans, or cabbage or anything nice and warm and filling. But there is little hope unless the laurel can be kept somewhere in the corner of the eye. It does not much matter whether

the tale be sad or gay, for there is much sweet sadness in life, so long as it be wholly truthful and of use, the workmanship the best the author can give.



This spirit of truth and strength breathes throughout the work of the present master of fiction, Kipling. Shall we shrink from his writing because of the almost barbaric fidelity to truth which is true? Then shall we shrink from the Bible, and ask for a more genteel book to mould our lives upon. Truth may jar sometimes, but the fault is ours, not truth's. It is this sublime fealty to truth which has made Kipling the greatest living writer.

And, in a lesser degree, we have an immediate proof of this in the splendid book Steevens has given us, called, "With Kitchener to Khartum." Kipling's work has made the writing of this book possible—and profitable. And if we hark back along this line of truth—or realism—healthy realism, we shall presently come to Dickens. He was the father of this good school that is breathing of health to-day.

But to return to Steevens' book, for I wish to speak a little of it. In it we find passages that make men bless the land of their nativity; thank God that they, too, are Britons, as they read. Is that not good literature? Yes, it is. But it is not smothered in fine writing.

And of the Arabs he speaks with fine admiration. One picture I remember. The rifles and quick-firing machine guns of the white troops had mowed down three thousand of the desert-dwellers as they charged the British lines. At last there were but three Arabs living. These still stuck to the colours, and advanced against the whole European force. The guns belched forth again, and but one was left. He raised his spear on high, and, shouting "Allah! Allah!" charged as though he had ten thousand men at his back.

That is what we want in our literature—more simplicity and faith. More "Allah! Allah!"

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealous of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. The following chapter turns on the action of Sidney in leading her, for the final act in this curious courtship, to the Mullein meadow where a few days before he had overheard Lanty tell Mabella of his love. The place was accursed in the eyes of Vashti, for it was there that she had lost the man in whom her affections were really centred.

CHAPTER VII.

THE grey of twilight was paling the gold of the after-glow. A quiet hush had fallen upon the earth—rather intensified than disturbed by the lowing of far-away cattle. It was the quiet of raptured anticipation, as if great hands held the earth up to the baptismal font of the heavens to receive the chrism of night; and the earth, like a wise and reverent child, waited with hushed heart-beats for the benediction.

Sidney Martin waited in the porch for Vashti to keep her tryst, and presently he heard her footsteps. The echo of each step gathered in his heart, dilating it with happiness as an already full glass is brimmed above the brink by drop after drop. From his position, where he stood spell-bound, he commanded an angled vista of the stairs, and slowly she descended within his range of vision; first the beautiful foot, proportioned so perfectly to the body it bore, then the long exquisite lines from heel to hip, and the yet more exquisite curve from hip to shoulder, and the melting graduation of breast to throat, and then the perfect face of her. She paused for a moment upon the last step, as if loath to step out of her pure rarefied atmosphere of maidenhood into the air vibrant with the sobs and sighs, the hopes and despairs, the gains and losses of human life; and standing thus, for one fleeting second there rose before Vashti a vision of renuncia-

tion. She saw herself, lonely but clad in righteousness going on her way; but the next instant the austere dream vanished, brushed aside by a hateful, sneering cynicism. With a heart full of self-mockery, more evil than her evil intent, Vashti took the step to Sidney's side, and stood there the typification, as he thought, of gentle dignity and dignified womanhood.

"How good you are," he said gently.

They took the way almost in silence. She wondered vaguely where he would take her, to the far-away pastures, the little knolls nestling upon the hills which he loved, or to the oak trees where they had talked in the morning. When they reached the road she submitted her steps to his guidance with outward meekness and inward indifference. He turned away from Dole. It was to be the far-away pastures then—as well there as anywhere. But he had passed the gate! And then it dawned upon her. He was taking her to Mullein meadow!

Her indifference fell from her like a rent garment, bitter remembrance tore at her heart. How dare he bring her here and bid her masquerade amid these grey boulders where she had known such agony! She imagined those implacable rocks rejoicing in her humiliation. Were not her own curses yet hissing across the eerie barrenness of this wide waste field? Ah, even so

Vashti—if our curses do not seek us out we ourselves return to their realm; there is great affinity between a curse and the lips which utter it. The flame of her resentment fluttered to her cheeks giving them an unwonted touch of rose. As they reached the entrance to Mullein meadow, she half stumbled, she recovered herself quickly, Sidney's swift touch being hardly needed to restore her poise.

To Sidney, her silence, the strange, sweet colour in her cheeks, her uncertain step, pointed but to one thing—the natural agitation of a girl about to have a man's love laid at her feet.

Surely never man was so exquisitely befooled as this one?

He took the path straight for the little spot where that happy betrothal had taken place. Vashti hesitated—this was too much.

"I—," she opened her lips to speak, but the words died away, unmerciful resolution freezing them at their source.

"Come," urged Sidney with tender insistence, and with an appearance of sweet submission she yielded, and at length they stood where those others had stood. The same grey sky bent above them, the same quiet hush brooded over the desolate reaches, the same clear star hung scintillant in the sky, and Sidney, taking her hands, which trembled by reason of the terrible restraint she was putting upon her anger, began to speak—very gently, but with an intensity which made his words instinct with life and love.

"You know," he said, "why I have asked you to come out to-night, but you cannot know why I have brought you here to this spot? It is because it is a place of happy auguries. Here, not knowing whither I strayed I came upon the betrothal of Lanty and Mabella. Here, heartsick with envy of their happiness I turned away to face the desolate greyness of the twilight. Here I saw a star, one lone star in the grey, which seemed to promise hope, and in my heart I named it Vashti. See—there it is, but more golden now, more full of beneficent promise, burdened, as it seems to me, with gracious

benediction. Oh, Vashti, when I left those two in the solitude of their happiness you cannot dream how my heart cried for you. All the way home nature's voices whispered in my ear "Vashti—Vashti," and my heart responded "Vashti," and it seemed to me there was no other word in all the universe, for in it were bound all meanings. It seemed to me there was no other idea worth comprehending but the identity behind that word. Vashti say that you love me—that you will marry me. Here, where my heart knew its bitterest longing, satisfy it with one syllable of your voice. Let me also build tabernacles here as the holy place where happiness descended upon me;" he let fall her hands. "Vashti, you know that I love you; give me your hands in symbol of yourself as a free gift."

He held out his hands. Slowly, gently, trustingly, as a woman who knows well what she does, and will abide by it, Vashti Lansing laid her hands in his. His vibrant, slender fingers closed upon them. There was an instant's pause—

"You love me!" he cried, as one, after a long novitiate, might hail the goddess unveiled at last. Then drawing her to him he kissed her on the mouth, and from that moment was hers—body—and yet more terrible bondage—mind; and she, with an astute and evil wisdom, forebore to make any conditions, any demands, till he had tasted the sweets of her acquiescence.

Would any man give her up, having held her in his arms, having touched her lips? With shameless candour she told herself, No. So she rested her head upon his shoulder, whilst he whispered in her ear the divine incoherencies of love, and intoxicated with the charm of the woman in his arms, touched the white throat by the ear where a curl of dark hair coiled like a soft, sweet shadow. A long, contented, yet questioning sigh came to him—

"Tell me?" he said.

"You will let me live always in Dole?" she said.

"Always—always, dear one ! In Dole or anywhere else you like."

"Ah !" she said in a tone of dreamy happiness—"you will take old Mr. Didymus's place ; we will live in the parsonage ; what a happy life we will have !"

"Vashti!" said Sidney, almost reeling before the shock of her words. As a beautiful white mist rolls back to show some scene of sordid misery, so the glamour of the last few weeks lifted, and displayed vividly to Sidney all the awkwardness of the position which he had created for himself. Ever since that day, when stung by Sally's impertinent words he had agonized alone upon the hillside, nothing whatever had transpired to awaken its memory. A deference rather more pronounced than necessary upon the part of the village-folk, a certain constraint upon the part of the young men had been the only visible signs that Dole remembered. But upon the other hand nothing had occurred which gave him the opportunity of explaining to Vashti, nor, indeed, had he ever been able to decide how he could explain to her, even if given the opening. He had gone to church with the Lansings Sunday after Sunday. Under the circumstances any other course would have been an insult to the *régime* of the house in which he was staying. He had found nothing in the little church which jarred upon his tastes or revolted his principles. The simple, pious sermons of gray-haired Mr. Didymus were entirely inoffensive to anyone not of *malice prepense* irritable. The sad experiences of his long life had mitigated his judgments. The man who in his fiery youth scoffed at death-bed repentances now spoke feelingly of the thief on the cross ; the elect murmured among themselves that Mr. Didymus was "growin' old and slack." Certainly his sermons were not learned, but neither were they devoid of a certain eloquence, for the old man knew his Bible by heart, and above all they were free from the anecdotal inanity ; it would never have occurred to the old, plain-spoken man to stand in his

pulpit telling his people tales suitable for the comprehension of three-year-old children. There was, perhaps, the merest trace of asceticism in Sidney Martin's nature, and the simple doctrine of these people, their fatalistic creed, their bare little church, appealed to him as no gorgeous ritual or ornate sanctuary could have done. The hoarse, untuneful singing of these country folk, taking no shame of their poor performance, so that it was in praise of God, stirred his spiritual sympathies more profoundly than any cathedral organ—yet—he was a creature of reason, and he had always considered the Catholic Church more logical than any other, and above all, he had no belief whatever in the Christian doctrine. Ruled by a pure and lofty ideal of Truth, his life had been ideally good. His lofty aspirations did not lift him beyond sympathy with his fellows, only above their vileness. He adored nature with an almost heathenish idolatry, and had such reverence for her slightest manifestation, that he never willingly broke a leaf or crushed an insect. Literally, he worshipped the works, but not the Creator. And lo !—here was the woman round whom his very soul twined, taking it for granted that he believed all she did, and that his life could compass no higher happiness than to preach this belief to others ; and what excellent grounds he had given her for thinking thus ! All these things mirrored themselves in his mind in an instant, then he said :

"But Vashti, I have no need to do anything. There are many worthier men than I to fill Mr. Didymus's place. I am not a preacher, you know."

"Oh, but you will be for my sake," she said, and laid her head down again upon his shoulder like a child who has found rest.

"Truly there are more tempting devils than the urbane gentleman of the cloven hoofs.

"What had you meant to do ?" she asked.

"Indeed, I had mapped out no defi-

nite course," he answered. "My mother's money makes life easy for me, you know, but I had meant to do something, certainly. Only I was taking my time looking about. I didn't want to do anything which would cut some fellow who needed it out of a living."

"Let me decide for you," she murmured; the breath of the words was warm on his ear. "Think how happy you could make us all. They all think so much of you in Dole on account of your prayer. Mary Shinar says you are a saint." Then, her arms stealing about his neck, she added, "Sidney, for my sake you said you would sacrifice anything. I didn't think this would be a sacrifice. I thought it would be a delight; but if it is a sacrifice make it for my sake."

Alas he had fallen among the toils! He took swift illogical thought with himself. He would preach to them a pure and exalted morality. He would be the apostle of nature's pure creed. He would make Dole a proverb in all New England. He would teach, he would have a library, he would marry Vashti.

Glamoured by his love and his sophistry, his judgment, his sense of right and wrong failed him. Sidney caught his Delilah to his heart.

"It shall be as you wish, my sweet," he said; "and now tell me you love me."

"I love you," she said, repressing the triumph in her voice. "I love you and I am proud of you," she said again, holding her head high. If she had lost much in Mullein meadow she had also gained a triumph there.

The short American twilight was darkening to night. The weird old boulders sentinelled round them might have been a druidical circle, and she the priestess fulfilling the rites. Nor was the victim wanting; only instead of slaying the body with a golden knife she had killed the soul with silvery speech.

"Ah," said Sidney as they turned to thread their way out of Mullein meadow, "surely this place is holy."

She paused, looking at him—"Do you not think that suffering sanctifies more than joy?" she asked.

"No, not such joy as ours, as Lanty's and Mabella's."

"I don't know," she said.

"But I'm sure of it!" he answered; then with a lover's fantastical fondness he went on, "I would not be surprised if when we visited this spot again we found it hedged in by lilies, tall white eucharist lilies, set to keep others from straying into consecrated ground."

"Sidney," she said, "promise that you will never, never ask me to come here again—it is too sacred."

He was deeply touched by her delicate, sensitive thought.

"Dear heart," he said, "never; yet do not the most reverent lips approach the sacramental cup more than once?"

"You will make a capital preacher," she said, "but you must not persuade people to do things against their conscience."

"You shall do as you like always."

They were on the highway by this time; a waggon overtook them, and then went on at a foot pace just in advance.

Vashti seemed to walk with intentional swiftness.

"Vashti," he whispered, "don't walk so fast. Let those people get out of sight."

"We must go on," she said.

Sidney thought this touch of shyness adorable in her who was so self-poised, yet he protested with zeal. Do men always try to destroy what they admire?

Suddenly Vashti bethought herself that an extra rivet was never amiss when one wanted bonds to hold, so with a sigh as of timorous yielding, she gave him her lips again in the shadow of the porch, and left him with a glory of happiness bedimming his mental vision.

The house was dim-lit and silent. After the labours of threshing-day every one was worn out. Lights glimmered in the bedrooms but the living rooms were dark.

Sidney paced up and down the little

garden path for long, feeling "caught up to heaven, yet strangely knit to earth."

Vashti sought her room, and pulling up the blind looked out where Mullein meadow lay.

"A holy place!" she said to herself. "I wish I could pile the fire to burn all three of them. 'A tabernacle,' he said; I wish I might build me an altar there and slay them on it! I don't think even an angel would stay my hand. 'A sacrament;' I wish I had the filling of their cups, wormwood should they drink and the waters of Marah down to the very dregs—all three!"

Her nostrils dilated like a brute's upon traces of the prey. In the breast of such a woman love denied turns to gall. She paced up and down, up and down—her rage lent expression in grotesque gestures and evil words, words which with Vashti Lansing's teaching and training she was superbly brave to use. It grew very late; her eyes were almost wild. She took the guttering candle in one hand and crept along the passage to Mabella's room. She opened the door and went in. Mabella lay asleep, her candid face budding from the prim little frill like a flower from its calyx. Vashti bent above her a hag-gard and violent face distorted by passion. Her eyes blazed; her lips drawn tensely back showed the strong white teeth. She leaned over the sleeper, her strong fingers closing and unclosing; a long tress of her hair fell across her shoulder suddenly and touched the dreamer's cheek—Mabella stirred, raised her hand half way to her cheek, murmured with a little happy smile—"Lanty—Lan—" her voice died away; her soft regular breathing continued unbroken. At the sound of that name uttered thus a dreadful purpose lighted Vashti's eyes. The fingers of her strong hand opened wide and advanced themselves toward the white throat which pulsed upon the pillow; at that moment the guttering candle fell over. Its burning wick and melted grease struck the hand which held it. Vashti instinctively uttered a smothered cry and jerked her hand; the light went

out. Mabella stirred; Vashti sped to her room and got the door closed just as Temperance came to her door and said,

"Did any one call?"

There was no response.

"Are you all right, Mabella?" she said going across the hall to Mabella's door.

"Yes," said Mabella sleepily. "I think I knocked something over with my elbow and the noise woke me up."

"Are you all right, Vashti?"

"Yes, what is it?" answered Vashti.

"Nothin'—thought I heard a noise."

For hours Vashti Lansing lay and trembled with the only fear she knew; the fear of herself. How near she had been to terrible crime, only she and Omnipotence could know. She reflected upon consequences and told herself that never again would she give herself such an opportunity. At last she sank to rest, to be tormented till dawn by a strange vision.

It seemed to her she stood again in Mullein meadow, within the circle of boulders, and that slowly, slowly they closed in upon her; closer and closer they came, narrowing about her with gradual but horrible certainty, and at last they touched her and held her tight, shackling her hand and foot so that she could not move a muscle, but they did not kill her; and whilst she was thus held all Dole defiled before her; the villagers pointed at her with scornful fingers and passed whispering on; her mother, who had been long dead, passed with her father, but they did not look at her, nor seem to know she was there, nor did old Mr. and Mrs. Didymus who presently joined her father and mother. Then the scene grew brighter and she saw Temperance and Nathan together; they shook their heads, looking at her sadly but coldly; then a sweeter radiance flooded the view upon which she looked, and Mabella and Lanty with little children about them drew nigh her, and they spoke kindly words to her, and put a shade over her head to keep off the sun's heat, and raised a cup to her lips, and one of their child-

ren came and held up a child's haphazard bouquet to her nostrils that she might smell the flowers. She tried to repulse these kindnesses; she tried to drive Mabella and Lanty away with evil words, but the stones pressed too tightly upon her to admit of speech, and while she writhed thus impotently, she looked far away where one wandered alone; there were butterflies and birds about him, and flowers springing about his feet, and he wore a look of calm ineffable happiness, and, yet, it was not the same happiness as shone upon the faces of Lanty and Mabella which lighted the eyes of this visioned Sidney. But in her dream Vashti did not dwell long upon this, her thoughts reverting to the paralyzing prison which encompassed her; and she fought, and struggled, and strove, yet could not move those terrible stones, and casting her eyes down upon herself, it gradually dawned upon her that she could not even struggle. The terrible wrenches and efforts she had made were but imaginary, so tightly was she held that she could not so much as twitch a finger. Thus the hours passed with her.

Mabella slept sweetly and healthfully, so rapt in love that even the baleful influence bending over her so terribly in the night had had no power to disturb her rest, although the gaze of even a friendly pair of eyes so often murders sleep. Sidney slept also and high above the pale wastes of Mullein meadow, the star of promise still shone, unrecking of the presumptuous human heart which had dared to dream its silvery splendour a pennon of hope.

CHAPTER VIII.

When Sidney opened his eyes next day it was upon a transfigured world that he looked. A world golden with imaginings of happiness across whose vistas shone a white path, like the milky way in the heavens, marking the life road to be trodden by Vashti and himself. Cradled in a happy trance his heart knew no apprehensions. At such a time retrospect shares the mind almost equally with anticipation. The

glorious present is made still more glorious by comparison. As Sidney dwelt upon his past it was borne in upon him with peculiar force that it had been but a curtain raiser to the real drama of his life. He had been a popular man as a student and afterwards also, but it seemed strange even to himself how few real ties he would have to sever in adopting this new life—so radically different in vocation from any he ever dreamed of before. The fact was that in all his friendships he had given more than he had received. He had given liberally of that intangible vital capital called sympathy and he had received but little in return. Although he had not realized it his friendships had been only so many drains upon his vitality. He had thought of, and for, his friends continually; they had accorded him the tribute of uncomprehending admiration which bears the same relation to real sympathy as bran does to the full, rich wheat. Thus it was that in separating himself from these friendships he felt no wrench. Separate from them he must. He knew that the keeping of his promise to Vashti was utterly incompatible with his old life; he must "come out and be separate" from all his old associates and associations. He felt, however, that this would be possible; possible without sacrilege. His attitude towards religion had always been defensive rather than offensive. He felt deeply the pathos of the Christ drama. The figure of the Man of Sorrows was a familiar one in the gallery of mental portraits to which this idealist had turned in time of trial for strength.

There was one man whose verdict upon his action he longed to know, yet dreaded to ask. A strong soul, untamed by sect, unshackled by formulated belief. A man whose magnificent active human organism was halloved by the silver thread of mysticism. A man whose splendid logical mind was transcended by a subtle sense of premonition, intuition, which led him far beyond where his reason or his scanty learning could bear him

company. A man whose eyes looked out wistfully yet eagerly from beneath penthouse eyebrows. A man whose toil-roughened fingers turned reverently the pages of books he could not read; French or German books beyond his ken. A man in whose proper person Sidney had always felt there was symbolled forth the half blind, half perceptive struggle of the human to comprehend the infinite.

What would this man think of his new vows? This man who would have died for what the world called his *disbeliefs*.

Well, Sidney told himself that his first *devoir* was to Vashti and the promise made to her. He would not delay. These thoughts bore him company till he was in the hall. He did not know the hour, but suddenly he was aware of a subtle, penetrating freshness in the air. He looked out of the hall door: the garden was dim with autumnal dew. Was it indeed so very early?

He heard voices in the kitchen. He found there only Mr. Lansing and Miss Tribbey.

"Is it so early?" he asked, smiling.

"For the land's sakes! Mr. Martin!" said Temperance. "Is that you?"

Sidney laughed aloud; there was a ring in his voice which made Temperance regard him.

"I have been awake for ages," he said; "so here I am."

Temperance remembered certain days in the past when she had been wont to awaken ere the first bird sang in the dark. Those were the days when Nathan, a hobbledehoy, too bashful to woo her in daylight, used to way-lay her in the lane when she took the cows back to the field, and stand with his arm about her in the dusk.

Temperance rubbed her eyes.

"The morning sun do dazzle," she said, giving unsought explanation of the moisture in her eyes.

"Better set right down and have breakfast," said old Mr. Lansing. "The young folks is turrible lazy, it seems to me, nowadays."

"Oh, not all of them," said Sidney. "Look at Temperance!"

Old Lansing chuckled delightedly.

"Nathan Peck had better look out, Tem'prins; I allus did say you had a way with the men."

Temperance tossed her head, well pleased.

"Will you have your eggs fried or biled?" she asked Sidney. The blush upon her gaunt cheek giving her a sadly sweet look of girlhood.

Old Lansing finished his breakfast and pushed back his chair.

"You'll excuse me," he said, "but I've been up sense cock-crow, and I havn't done a blessed thing but water the cows. The men are in the barn now waiting. Tem'prins'll give you breakfast. I'll warrant the girls will be surprised when they get down. Lazy critturs! Tem'prins, why don't you wake 'em up?"

"O sakes! Let 'em sleep," said Temperance; "in a few more years they'll wake fast enough o' their own accord. Laws! I kin mind when I'd have slep' all day if they'd let me be."

In this homely sentence lay the secret of Temperance's influence. This gaunt old maid never forgot the workings of her own youth. Indeed now that it was past she acknowledged its weaknesses very frankly, and this reminiscence made her very lenient towards young people.

Old Mr. Lansing departed for the barn, and Sidney, filled with impatience to see Vashti, paced up and down the kitchen.

Temperance brought the eggs and sat down behind the tray, looking at him with a sort of pitiful sympathy in her keen eyes.

Sidney essayed to begin his breakfast; a smile twitching the corners of his sensitive mouth.

Temperance watched him.

At length he laid down his knife and looked at her.

A subtle atmosphere of sympathy made him confident and expansive.

"I say Temperance," he said, "I was never so happy in all my life. You don't mind my talking to you about it,

do you? I'm so happy that—oh Temperance."

It was a boyish conclusion; he looked at the gaunt country woman; her hands worked nervously; she looked as if she *felt* the emotion which made him ineloquent.

"You have seen—you are pleased?" he continued in haphazard fashion.

"Bless your soul Sidney," burst out Miss Tribbey, forgetting to be formal, "I'm pleased if so be you're happy. I ain't very religious. I expect I have a worldly heart. I'm like Martha in the Bible, allus looking after cooking and sich, but I've said to my Nathan heaps o' times, 'He's a blessing' I've said 'to have in the house,' and I mean it. My soul! I only hope Vashti 'll come up to your expectation."

"Ah," said Sidney, "there's no doubt of that. She's perfect."

Miss Tribbey's mouth half opened, then closed resolutely. She had her own standard of perfection, but she had too much sense to deprecate the lover's fond extravagance.

"I'm perfectly content," said Sidney, "perfectly."

Miss Tribbey grew very white.

"Don't say that," she said earnestly, "don't; no good ever came of sich a boast. It's terrible dangerous t' say you are perfectly content. I never knew good to come of it—never."

"But I am," said Sidney, feeling happy enough to challenge the powers of evil *en masse*.

"Listen," said Temperance gravely, "don't say that. 'Taint meant for mortal man to be content. 'Taint intended. What would make us work for Heaven if we was perfectly content here? No, don't say it. I've known one or two people that thought themselves perfectly content, and how soon they was brought down! There was Mrs Winder. Has anyone told you about Mrs. Winder?"

"No," said Sidney, "but I know her by sight. She's got a stern face."

"Starn! You'd be starn-looking too if you'd come through what Sal Winder has. First she married Joshua Winder;

he was a bad lot if ever there was one, and after they'd been married ten years and had four children what does he do but up and run away with a bound girl at Mr. Phillippses, a red-cheeked, bold-faced critter she was. Well, Sal never said nothin'. She was left with a mortgage and the four children and a roof that leaked. I don't s'pose anyone ever knowed the shifts Sal was put to to bring up them young ones and work that place and make both ends meet and keep the roof of the old house from falling in. Mebbe you've remarked the old house? It's got a white rosebush by the door, and blue ragged-sailors in the yard and the pile of bricks beyond was once a smoke house. She had all her hams and bacon stole one year to make things easier for her. Well, her oldest boy was the most remarkable young one that Dole ever see. Joshua his name was, after his father, but that's all the likeness there was between the two of them. That boy was jist grit and goodness clean through! And the way he helped his mother! There wasn't a foot of that old place they didn't work and prices were good then and in about six years Sal got the mortgage paid. She gave a dollar to the plate in church the next Sunday. Some held 'twas done to show off, but Sal wasn't that stripe of woman. 'Twas a thankoffering, that's what it was.

"Well, next year Sal built a barn, and the year after the new house was begun. The house went on slowly, for Sal wanted to pay as she went along. Well, at last the house was built and painted real tasty, and one day I was over there to visit a spell and Sal says, 'Joshua has gone to pay the painter for the house painting,' she says; 'it's a sort of celebration for us and we're having ducks for supper. I hope you'll stay and help us celebrate.' Then she went on to say how good Joshua had been, which she didn't need to tell me, for all Dole knowed he was perfect if ever there was a perfect son. So jest after the lamps was lighted, in come Joshua. He was tall and slim; he favoured Sal in his looks; he had

worked so hard ever since he was little that his hands had a turrible knotty look like an old man's, and he had a sort of responsible expression to his face. Well, we was all setting at supper and Joshua had cut up the ducks and we was all helped and Sal says, 'Now make your supper all of ye. We've had a hard row to hoe, Joshua and me, but we've kep' it clear o' weeds and I guess we're goin' to have a harvest o' peace and quiet after the grubbin.' Joshua looked up at his mother and I never seen two people more happy to look at. Sal was real talkative that night and she says:

'Well, Temperance, I'm right glad you're here to-night. *I'm perfectly content this night,*' she says. The words wasn't out of her mouth till I saw Joshua give a shiver—like a person with a chill in his back.

"Have you got a chill, Joshua?" I says, and he laughed quite unconcerned, and he says, 'Yes, I seem to have the shivers.'

"Four days after that Joshua Winder lay dead in the new house . . . My! I mind how his hands looked in his coffin. His face was young, but his hands looked as if he'd done his heft o' work. No, never say you are perfectly content. Its turrible dangerous."

Sidney's sensitive heart was wrung by the homely story.

"Oh, Temperance," he said, "why did you tell me that?" She looked at him as a surgeon might regard one whom his healing lancet had pained.

"Because," said Temperance, "because it's a tempting o' Providence to say or to think you are content. I ain't superstitious, but I'd rather hear the bitterest complainings as to hear anyone say that."

"And yet," said Sidney, "I should think the Lord would be pleased to see people happy, each in his own way."

"Well," said Temperance, modestly, "I ain't much on religion, Mr. Martin. I can't argue and praise and testify the way some can, but my experience has been that when folks begin to think themselves and their lives is perfect and to mix up earth

with heaven, and forget which one they're livin' in, they're apt to be brought up sudden. It seems to me heaven's a good deal like a bit o' sugar held in front of a tired horse to make him pull. I guess there's a good many of us would lie down in the harness if it wasn't for that same bit of sugar; we may look past the sugar for a while, but when we get to a bit of stiff clay or run up against a rock we're mighty glad to have the sugar in front o' us again; but sakes! you ain't made no breakfast, and there's the girls! You'll breakfast with—her—after all."

Temperance gave him an arch look and departed, and Mabella had hardly crossed the threshold before the sympathetic Miss Tribbey called her; when she arrived in the back kitchen Temperance took her by the shoulders and whispered energetically in her ear:

"Sakes, M'bella! Don't go where you ain't wanted."

Mabella's eyes lighted with sympathy.

"You don't say!" she said.

Temperance nodded like a mandarin.

"It must be catching!" said Mabella. "It was Nathan brought the infection to the house."

"Go 'long with you," said Temperance, and with a very considerate clatter of dishes she made her intended entry audible to the two people in the kitchen.

Mabella looked at Vashti eagerly—sympathetically, but the calm, beautiful face of her cousin was as a sealed book.

"Whatever was that noise in the night, Temperance?" asked Vashti.

"Why, I don't know," said Temperance. "I was sure I heard a noise, but I couldn't see anything when I got up. Did you hear anything, Mr. Martin?"

"Not I," said Sidney, "but I was so busy with my own thoughts that you might have fired a cannon at my ear and I would not have heard it." He looked at Vashti; her down-drooped eyes were fixed upon her plate; suddenly he exclaimed:

"What have you done to your hand? It's burned!"

"Yes," she said quietly, "after I blew out my lamp last night I knocked the chimney off. I caught it against my side with the back of my hand, that burned it."

"My!" said Mabella. "I would have let it break."

Vashti smiled, and suddenly raised her eyes to Sidney.

"A little pain is good for me, I think. It makes one know things are real."

"But the reality is sometimes sweeter than the dream," he said, tenderly.

She let her eyes fall in maidenly manner. It was as if she had spoken. This woman's most ordinary movements proclaimed the eloquence of gesture.

"You must have been up early," said Mabella to Sidney.

"Yes," he said, "I was in a hurry to leave the dream-world for the real."

"And how do you like it?" asked Mabella, saucily.

Vashti spoke at the moment, some trivial speech, but in her tone there was the echo of might and right. It was as if with a wave of her hand she brushed aside from his consideration everything, every person, but herself.

They rose from the table together.

"Come out," he whispered; she nodded, and soon they were pacing together in the morning sunshine. Mabella looked after them; turning, she saw Temperance wiping her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked with concern.

"Nothing," said Temperance; "nothing; I'm real low in my spirits this morning, though why, I'm sure I can't say. But it's fair touching to hear him! There he was this morning talkin' of her being perfect, and sayin' he was perfectly contented. It's a tempting o' Providence. And, Mabella, there's Vashti—she—well, I may misjudge," concluded Temperance lamely. "Sakes! look at them chickens," with which Temperance took

herself off to regulate the ways and manners of her poultry yard. Mabella departed to do her work light heartedly, and Vashti out in the morning sunshine with her lover was weaving her web more and more closely about him.

In two nights more Sidney was leaving Dole.

It was the night of the prayer meeting.

All Dole knew of his engagement to Vashti Lansing; all knew he hoped to be the successor of old Mr. Didymus. The old white-headed man had spoken a few words to him telling him how happy he was to think of his place being so filled. He spoke of it calmly, but Sidney's lip quivered with emotion. Mr. Didymus said, "Wait till you're my age and you won't think it sad to talk of crossing over. Wife and I have been two lonely old people for long now, hearkening for the Lord's voice in the morning and in the evening, and sometimes inclined to say: 'How long, oh, Lord! How long?' We won't be long separated. When folks live as long together as we have they soon follow each other. That's another of God's kindnesses."

There was in the simple old man's speech an actual faith and trust which brought his belief within the vivid circle of reality.

"I will do my best," said Sidney.

"The Lord will help you," said the old man.

The prayer meeting was animated by thought for Sidney. There was something in the idea of his going forth to prepare to be their pastor which caught the Dole heart and stirred its supine imagination.

When old Mr. Didymus prayed for him, that he might be kept, and strengthened and guided, it was with all the fervour of his simple piety. The intensity of his feeling communicated itself to his hearers. *Amens* were breathed deeply and solemnly forth.

Vashti would have liked Sidney to speak.

"I cannot," he said simply; nor was his silence ill thought of. He was going forth; he was to be comforted; he was the one to listen to-night whilst they encouraged him and pled for him, and again, in the name of the Great Sacrifice, offered up petitions for him. The hour had come for the closing of the meeting, when suddenly Mary Shinar's clear, high treble uttered the first words of one of the most poignantly sweet hymns ever written.

*"God be with you till we meet again—
May His tender care surround you,
And His loving arm uphold you,
God be with you till we meet again."*

Every voice in the church joined in this farewell, and then the benediction was slowly said—the old tender, loving, apostolic benediction, and they all streamed forth into the chill purity of the autumn night. They shook hands with him, and he stood among them tall and slight and pale, inexpressibly touched by their kindliness, unexpectedly thrilled by their display of emotion. It was only their religion which moved these people to demonstration.

The last hand clasp was given. The lights in the church were out, and the Lansing party took its way homeward.

Temperance's face and Mabella's were both tear-stained. Vashti's pale beauty shone out of the dusk with lofty quietude in every line.

Sidney looking at her felt he realized what perfection of body and spirit meant.

A new moon was rising in the clear pale sky—the wide fields, tufted here and there with dim blossomed wild asters, lay sweet and calm, awaiting the approach of night as a cradled child awaits its mother's kiss. Far away the twinkling lights of solitary farm-houses shone, only serving to emphasize the sense of solitude, here and there a tree made a blacker shadow against the more intangible shades of night. There was no sound of twilight birds; no murmur of insect life.

Sidney was passing home through the heart of the silence after a farewell visit

to Lanty who was kept at home nursing a sick horse.

It was the night before Sidney's departure from the Lansing house. The summer was over and gone. It had heaped the granaries of his heart high with the golden grain of happiness. He walked swiftly on, then suddenly conscious that he was walking upon another surface than the grass, he paused and looked about him. Around him was the tender greenness of the newly springing grain—above him the hunters' moon curved its silver crescent, very young yet and shapen like a hunter's horn. A new sweet night was enfolding the earth, gathering the cares of the day beneath its wings, and bringing with it as deep a sense of hopeful peace as fell upon the earth after the transcendent glory of the first day, and here amid these sweet familiar symbols of nature's tireless beginnings he was conscious of an exalted sense of re-birth. He too was upon the verge of a new era.

He stood silent, gazing out into the infinity of the twilight.

Afterwards when the pastoral mantle did fall upon his shoulders there was a solemn laying on of hands, a solemn reception into the ranks of those who fight for good; but the real consecration of Sidney's life took place in that lonely silent field, where the furrows had not yet merged their identity one with the other, where the red clods were not yet hidden by the blades. Out of the twilight a mighty finger touched him, and ever after he bore upon his forehead almost as a visible light the spiritual illumination which came to him then. It was, alas, no self-comforting recognition of a personal God. It was only the sense that all was in accord between the Purposer and the world he had made; but this was much to Sidney. The man-made discord could be remedied, even as the harsh keys may be attuned. Forever after this hour he would give himself up to striving to bring his fellows into accord with the beautiful world about them.

Suddenly he felt himself alone. A speck in the vastness of the night, a

little flame flickering unseen ; but just as a sense of isolation began to fall upon him a mellow glow gladdened his eyes—the light from the open door of the old Lansing house. He bent his steps toward it with a humble feeling that he had trodden upon holy ground ere he was fitly purified.

In after days when many perplexities pressed upon him, he often withdrew in spirit to this twilight scene. Of its grey shades, its dim distances, its silence, its serenity, its ineffable purity he built for himself a sanctuary.

Alas ! In that sanctuary the God was always veiled.

To be Continued.

MI-CARÊME IN PARIS.

“Cette année on a choisi
La plus jeune et la plus belle.”

SO runs the song composed and dedicated annually to the poor ironing girl selected to be “La Reine des Reines.” Mi-Carême (Mid-Lent) is the event in the life of the blanchisseuse (washerwoman) never to be forgotten. It is the red-letter day of the year, the May-day of Merrie England, and something for the young ironing girls to look forward to in the long winter evenings while standing at the ironing table mechanically passing their hot irons back and forth over the dainty linen. It is a day to be remembered when, looking back in after years, they tell their children over and over again the story of their reign at Mi-Carême. To trace the custom is exceedingly difficult, for the washerwomen have kept a holiday at Mid-Lent for many, many years. It probably sprung up, however, from a small beginning, and is later by some few years than the Carnival at Mardi-Gras. Evidently it is a brief respite from the weariness produced by the long Lenten period of abstinence and fasting, an innate desire for fun, life and pleasure.

In Paris it is the custom to name a queen, dress her up in grand attire, parade the streets and wind up the festivities by a grand ball in her honour. After the Franco-Prussian War in 1870 the fête was for a time suppressed, but the fondness for gaiety, spontaneous in the French people and never really put down, burst forth anew, and the Mi-Carême fête has always been since that time a brilliant holiday festival.

It was in '95 that I saw the Mi-Carême and pretty Mlle. Marie Louise Grimme,

a poor ironing girl, chosen because of her extraordinary beauty to be “La Reine.” Such a dark, dismal morning as it was that year, a bleak March morning, which I recall perfectly because I felt that the little queen must be a bit sad at heart as she sprang out of bed and looked out from her little attic window upon the cheerless prospect. The clouds were thick and threatening, and the wind raw and penetrating. Whatever may have been her feelings she donned her handsome white satin gown with its long court train of yellow brocade, powdered her wavy golden hair, darkened her delicately-arched eyebrows and lashes until her blue eyes seemed sufficiently large and brilliant, received her maids of honour, bowed her stately head for her crown, which looked for all the world like the real thing, seized her sceptre, the emblem of her reign for twenty-four hours, ascended her gilded chariot of the style of Louis XV. and drawn by eight superb white horses gorgeous in gold-plated harnesses, and amid the blast of trumpets drove away to salute President and Mrs. Faure at the Palais Champs Elysée. From the distinguished and popular President the merry queen received a beautiful bracelet, the right to rule the gay city for a day and the homage due her rank ; then, smiling and bowing her thanks, she joined the glistening procession headed up the Grand Boulevards. The sun tried to smile and show his good nature, and as the chariot of the queen halted for a few moments before the beautiful Church of the Madeleine he burst forth and shone upon the golden-haired, stately Marie.

The crowds all along the boulevards from the Madeleine, with its massive Corinthian columns, to the Place Bastille, the route of the procession, surged back and forth, pushing, crowding and jostling each other good-naturedly, for the utmost good cheer prevailed everywhere and there was not a sign of ill-temper all day. Vendors of confetti and serpentine, calling out their wares, "Qu'est-ce qui n'a pas ses confetti?" or "V'là confetti cinquante centimes l'sac!" were heard upon all sides, and handful after handful of the small, circular pieces of bright-coloured, sweet-scented paper was hurled at you from every point, blinding you, choking you, stifling you, but never disturbing your serenity so long as you had a handful left in your bag to throw back. Good humour reigned, and the gay Parisians, phlegmatic Germans, ponderous Englishmen and breezy Americans laughed, joked and made merry together, giving themselves up to the boisterous merriment of the day, children once again.

All of the lavours of the city were represented in gorgeously-decorated cars, the occupants in equally gorgeous attire, and, most interesting of all, the students from the mysterious and fascinating Latin Quarter were the feature of the parade. All of their cars were marvellously original and clever in their conception, and they were greeted with cheers and pelted with flowers all along the route. One of the cars, more daring than the rest, was called "Le Guérisseur du Roi," having an enormous mortar and pestle in front, and in it a nurse dangling a tiny baby in her arms, while upon a table in the centre of the car was a large figure being dissected with ghoulis glee by a crowd of students, who drew from the abdominal cavity handful after handful of confetti, flowers, serpentine and bon-bons, which they threw down to the crowd below. Another unique car was that of the law, in the centre of which was an enormous scale balancing a pretty girl upon the one side and a few heavy law books upon the other. It is needless

to say that in this case, as in all others, beauty outweighed everything else. Then came the academicians in vivid green coats, forty-one in all; at least, the tall, bearded fellow who marched in the rear bore that number upon his casque. On his back was a quantity of books, whose titles were an index to his identity. He was Monsieur Zola, and he had no end of fun driving off his fellow-members who, furious at his elevation to the additional chair, made continued attacks upon him with their large quill pens. Flowers, money, choice fruit, bon-bons and confetti were showered upon the passing students, only to be caught, if possible, and thrown back to be caught again and treasured as a souvenir by someone upon the crowded pavement. It was very, very gay and a novelty to one seeing it for the first time.

The eventful day closed with masked balls at the Opera House, a sumptuous edifice and the largest theatre in the world, and at the Nouveau Cirque and Casino de Paris. The students had charge of the ball at the Cirque, and at half-past ten the grand entrée took place, followed by a bright farce, choosing the queen of the fête, the ball and charming battle of flowers. Great bushel baskets full of violets, roses, mignonette, lilies of the valley and fragrant narcissus were passed around, and a battle royal waged for over an hour amid peals of merry laughter, lively dance music and happy good-fellowship. Staid English matrons in the boxes, attractive American mammas with more attractive daughters in the balcony; chic, brilliantly-dressed, fashionable Frenchwomen caught and threw back the bunches of flowers to the students and their best girls upon the ballroom floor below. The balls, one and all, were striking and most extravagant, but, belonging as they do to the class of peculiar Parisian institutions, they are always patronized by the many strangers who are fortunate enough to be in the bright city for *Mi-Carême*.

Jane Marlin.



ONTARIO PROVINCIAL DAIRY SCHOOL AT GUELPH.

THE DAIRY INDUSTRY OF CANADA.

BY J. W. WHEATON, EDITOR OF "FARMING."

THE rise and progress of Canadian dairying is one of the most important factors in the material development of this country. Since 1864, when the first co-operative cheese factory was started, the manufacturing of cheese in Canada has made remarkable progress. At the beginning, it is true, progress was slow, and those associated in promoting and developing the industry met with many discouragements in their endeavours to get the people interested, and to establish a market for the product. But perseverance, indomitable energy, and implicit faith in its possibilities finally triumphed, as they always will where conditions are at all favourable, and to-day we have in the Dominion an industry which, both as to the amount of money it annually brings into the coun-

try and the material progress resulting from it, is second to none.

THE FIRST CHEESE FACTORY.

We have already stated that the first co-operative cheese factory was started in Canada in 1864. There is some little difference of opinion among dairymen as to the locality where the first factory was operated. More than one district in Ontario has endeavoured to claim credit for its inception. Everything considered, however, the burden of proof decidedly favours Oxford County as being the birthplace of co-operative dairying in Canada, and Harvey Farrington, a cheese manufacturer of Herkimer County, New York State, who moved to Canada in 1863, as being entitled to the credit of having in 1864 operated the first Cana-

dian cheese factory. A rival claim comes from the County of Leeds that Mr. W. P. Strong, of Brockville, is the individual who should be thus honoured, the contention being that he operated a cheese factory in Eastern Ontario as early, if not earlier, than Mr. Farrington did in Western Ontario. Though Mr. Strong was a pioneer in the movement, and rendered very valuable services in the earliest days, the facts do not prove that he is entitled to any credit as being the first to introduce the system. It is true, however, that within a year or two of the starting of the business in Western Ontario, the late Hon. Senator Reed, of Belleville, having investigated the working of the co-operative cheese factory which had then been in operation in New York State for several years, was instrumental in starting a cheese factory near Belleville, which section has since developed into one of our leading dairy districts. The credit of having taken the initiative in this matter is no small honour, and it is little wonder so many districts are laying claim thereto.

ITS PROGRESS.

Statistics are usually dry and uninteresting, but in noting the progress of an industry of this character they speak more loudly than anything else. The

census of 1871, taken just seven years after the first factory was started, showed that there were 353 cheese factories in the Dominion. The census of 1881 gave 709 cheese factories, that of 1891 1,565 factories, and the returns for 1897-98 compiled by Mr. George Johnsson, Dominion Statistician, show that there are 2,759 factories, including 203 making both butter and cheese. In 1871 the average output of each

factory was valued at \$4,570, in 1891 at \$6,250, and in 1897-98 at \$5,570, or \$680 less than in 1891, but \$1,000 more than in 1871, giving an output for 1897 of about \$15,300,000, as compared with \$9,780,000 in 1891, \$5,460,000 in 1881, and \$1,602,000 in 1871. We find, however, from the last report of the Commissioner of Agriculture and Dairying that for the year ending December 31st, 1897, Great Britain imported from Canada cheese to the value of \$16,300,905.

The discrepancy in these estimates is probably due to the fact that the former one is based upon returns up to June 30th, 1898. The estimated value of the cheese exported for the year ending December 31st, 1898, is \$17,572,763. But as this includes a part of the make of 1897, which was held over and which was very large, it is somewhat higher than the total value of the cheese made last year.

PROGRESS OF CANADIAN DAIRYING.

NUMBER OF CHEESE FACTORIES.

1864.....	1
1871.....	353
1881.....	709
1891.....	1,565
1898.....	2,759

VALUE OF THE OUTPUT.

1871.....	\$ 1,602,000
1881.....	5,460,000
1891.....	9,780,000
1897.....	16,300,905

NUMBER OF CREAMERIES.

1871.....	None.
1881.....	46
1891.....	170
1898.....	762

VALUE OF THE OUTPUT.

1891.....	\$ 918,000
1897.....	2,164,995
1898.....	3,500,000

A COMPARISON OF CHEESE EXPORTS.

	<i>United States.</i>	<i>Canada.</i>
1870....	57,296,327 lbs.	5,827,782 lbs.
1880....	127,553,907 "	40,368,678 "
1890....	95,376,053 "	94,260,187 "
1895....	60,448,421 "	146,004,650 "
1898....	46,000,000 "	150,000,000 "

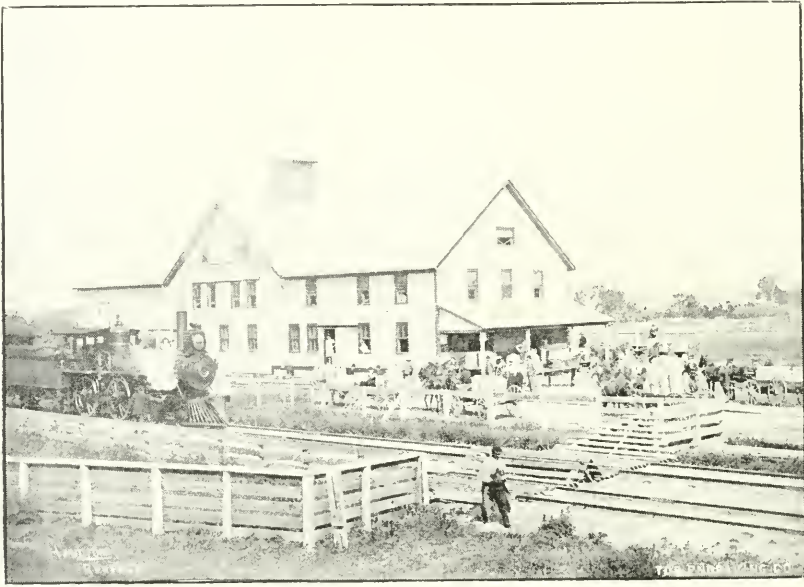


CHEESE MAKING AT GUELPH DAIRY SCHOOL.

THE CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERY.

Though the co-operative creamery did not appear on the scene till ten or twelve years after the cheese factory, satisfactory progress has also been made in this important branch of dairying. To-day Canadian creamery butter, in so far as its quality is concerned, stands on about the same footing as cheese in the British markets, and the outlook for the extension of this branch of Canadian trade is of the most hopeful character. In 1871 the Dominion had no co-operative creameries for the manufacture of butter, it was all home

value for that year \$918,000. At the same rate the value of the output for the year ending June 30th, 1898, would be over \$3,000,000, which does not include the butter made in the winter creameries. Again, referring to the Agricultural and Dairy Commissioners' report, we find that our exports of butter to Great Britain during 1897 were valued at \$2,164,995. From May 1st, 1898, to the present Canada has increased her exports of butter by over 100,000 packages, which would mean an increase in value of fully \$1,000,000 and would make the total value of the



A CREAMERY AT RENFREW, ONT.

made. In 1881 there were 46 creameries, all but one being in Ontario and Quebec. In 1891 this number had increased to 170, and, according to the latest returns, the number in operation during the past season was 559. In addition to this, there were in operation during 1898, 203 factories making butter during the winter and cheese during the summer, which, if classed with the others, make a total of 762 co-operative creameries. In 1891 the output per creamery was valued at \$5,400, which would make the total

exports for the year just closed considerably over \$3,000,000.

DAIRYING IN THE PROVINCES.

It will be interesting just here to notice briefly the progress of the industry in the various provinces of the Dominion. For a number of years cheese-making on the co-operative plan was confined mainly to Ontario. There are, however, buildings yet standing in Nova Scotia which were erected for cheese-making purposes in the early seventies. These evidently were not

managed in the best possible way, as they were abandoned after being in operation for a year or two. After the business was well established in Ontario, and it had been proven to be a profitable business for the farmer, co-operative cheese factories were started in Quebec. These at first were confined to the Eastern Townships, but have since spread over a large portion of the French-speaking districts. There is no part of the Dominion making more rapid progress in regard to the quality of its cheese than Quebec, where an elaborate system of instruction on the syndicate plan is carried on.

The co-operative creamery made greater progress in Quebec in its early stages than it did in Ontario, where for a time it had a hard struggle to successfully compete with the cheese factory. Of late years, however, the rivalry between the two to secure the farmer's patronage has almost died out, and the cheese factory and the creamery are being brought into closer rela-

tions with each other chiefly through the advent of the winter dairying movement, when many of the former began to make butter as well as cheese.

Outside of Ontario and Quebec dairying was of very little importance in the other provinces of the Dominion till 1891, when the Dominion Dairying Service was inaugurated by the Dominion Government, under the direction of Professor J. W. Robertson. Since that time great progress has been made in almost every province. The number of cheese factories and creameries in the various provinces since 1891 has increased in Nova

Scotia from 16 to 23, in Prince Edward Island from 4 to 35, in New Brunswick from 10 to 28, in Quebec from 728 to 1,785, in Ontario from 938 to 1,317, in Manitoba from 31 to 66, in the North-West Territories from 7 to 32, and in British Columbia from 1 to 5.

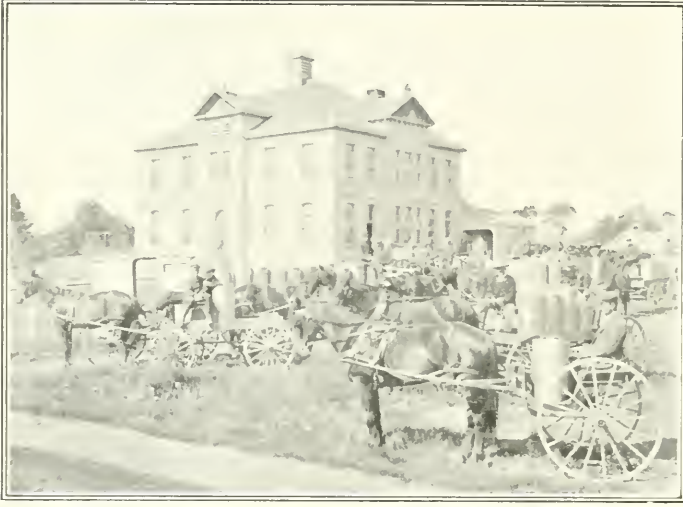
CANADIAN VERSUS AMERICAN DAIRYING.

A comparison of the progress of dairying, and more particularly cheese-making in Canada and the United States, may prove both interesting and profitable just here. There is nothing that the Canadian dairyman is more



BUTTER MAKING—GUELPH.

proud of than that the "Yankee" has been forced to take a back seat in so far as making good cheese is concerned. Canadian cheese has almost replaced the American article in the British markets, and there is no longer much fear of effective competition from that quarter. It was not always so. Before 1870 Canadian cheese was not known in England, and those who first endeavoured to open up a market there, prominent among whom may be mentioned the names of the Hon. Adam Brown, of Hamilton, the late E. Casswell, of Ingersoll, and the Hon. Thomas Ballantyne, of Stratford, had very



WESTERN PROVINCIAL DAIRY SCHOOL—STRATHROY, ONT.

great difficulty in persuading the English dealers to sell Canadian cheese even on commission, so much were they prejudiced in favour of American cheese, believing that no good thing could come out of such a "cold, snowy region" as Canada. But persistence and the good quality of the goods to back it up, prevailed, and no food product of Canada is better known in Great Britain at the present time than cheese. A few figures will show how the Canadian export trade has grown, while that of the United States has declined. In 1870 the United States sent to Great Britain 57,296,327 pounds while Canada sent only 5,827,782 pounds, in 1880 the United States sent 127,553,907 pounds and

3½ times greater than those from the United States. The exports of creamery butter for 1898 will also be found to be much greater from Canada than from the United States.

One important feature in the development of the dairy industry in the two countries is the superiority of the laws enacted in Canada for the protection of the dairyman over those in existence in the United States. This, perhaps, more than anything else has been the chief cause of the supremacy of the one and the displacement of the other in the markets of Great Britain. Just when the export cheese trade of the United States was beginning to assume large proportions the making of "skims" or partly "skims" began to

be practised largely in the Eastern States, while in the west "bogus" or "filled" cheese became the product of a great many factories. These "spurious" goods



EASTERN PROVINCIAL DAIRY SCHOOL—KINGSTON, ONT.

were sent to Great Britain, and in many cases sold as full cream cheese, with the result that the United States to-day, instead of occupying a first place, occupies a second or third-rate place in the export cheese trade. Canadian dairymen, on the other hand, though copying the United States system in the beginning, were sufficiently careful of their future reputation as to copy only that part of it that was helpful and to discard everything of an unsavoury or dishonest nature. As the industry progressed, stringent laws were enacted through the efforts of organized dairying to prevent the making of skim-milk cheese in the factories, or spurious dairy goods of any kind, in the Dominion of Canada. So effective have these laws been in promoting honest and upright dealing that it is our proud boast that not one pound of oleomargarine or of "filled" cheese is manufactured or sold in Canada to-day. This is no small honour for a young and growing country to have in connection with one of its important branches of trade. In fact, and we say it advisedly, the manufacturers of other lines of Canadian goods, and especially of food products, owe a debt of gratitude to the dairymen of this country for the reputation for honest and upright dealing which they have established in Great Britain. This reputation has served to make it easier for other kinds of products to find a market in Great Britain, as the consumer there knowing that Canadians are honest in one line will be honest in others also.

DAIRYING AS AN EMPLOYER OF LABOUR.

The value of an industry to a country is not measured alone by the amount of wealth it brings in annually. It is customary to measure the value of a manufacturing establishment to a town or city by the number of people it gives employment to. Let us measure the value of the dairy industry by this scale. There are estimated to be 3,300 skilled cheese and butter makers in the Dominion. To this must be added the 6,000 persons who work in the factories as assistants, making a total of 9,300 persons who devote their whole time during the season to cheese



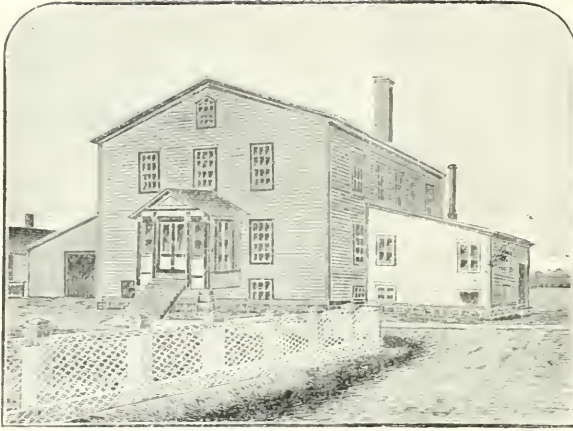
CHEESE AND BUTTER FACTORY AT BLACK CREEK, ONT.

The Property of Thos. Ballantyne & Sons.

and butter making. Then we have about 18,000 people, such as secretaries of factories, milk-haulers, etc., who devote a portion of their time to the work. Coupled with these are the patrons or farmers who supply the milk, who would number at least 150,000 people, making a grand total of over 177,000 of our citizens who are directly benefited by the dairy industry of Canada.

STATE AID AND DAIRY ASSOCIATION WORK.

Though cheese-making was started independently of Government assist-



PROVINCIAL DAIRY SCHOOL, ST. HYACINTHE, QUEBEC.

ance in anyway, yet from the time its importance to the country began to be recognized, the industry has never been left entirely to look after itself. For a number of years dairying has been fostered by the Dominion Government and by the local governments in the various provinces, and politicians, to be popular in the country at large, are always ready to do something for the dairy industry. In fact, some dairymen go so far as to say that it would be a good thing for the business if our legislators would leave it alone for a while. However this may be, dairying is never at a loss in both Houses of Parliament for someone to champion its interests. The Dominion Government, through its agriculture and dairying branch, though its work is

to a large extent educational, gives special attention to the market side of the industry, and by the employment of dairy experts to give instruction in the factories, has done and is doing much to spread the gospel of good dairying in the outlying provinces of the Dominion. With one or two exceptions the various local governments are doing effective work for the industry in the provinces. Their work is altogether of an educational character and is directed mainly towards improving and main-

taining the quality of the product. This is accomplished by means of dairy schools, grants to dairy associations, and the distribution of dairy literature. There are six dairy schools in the Dominion, three of which are in Ontario, one in Quebec, one in new Brunswick, and one in Manitoba.

In addition to the work carried on by the various governments, valuable assistance is rendered the industry by a number of dairy associations, some of which receive liberal aid from the local governments. Every province in the Dominion now has an organization of this kind, which, with few exceptions, devotes its energies exclusively to dairy matters. Ontario has two strong associations, one in Eastern Ontario and one in Western Ontario,



CHEESE AND BUTTER FACTORY AT BRIGHT, ONT.

which receive large grants each year from the provincial government to carry on the important work they are doing. Two associations were formed in 1877 by a division of the old Canadian Dairymen's Association, which was organized in 1867, just three years after the first cheese factory was started. A third organization, the Ontario Creameries Association, which was formed to promote butter-making on the co-operative plan, existed from 1885 to 1897, when it amalgamated with the original eastern and western associations, forming the two new organizations now in operation. The history of the first organization with that of the associations which spring from it, had we the space to devote to it, would be almost identical with the progress which the dairy industry has made since its inception. The first association and those which succeeded it have been the chief sources from which has been disseminated information regarding the methods to be employed in making the finest quality



MARITIME DAIRY SCHOOL—SUSSEX, NEW BRUNSWICK.

of cheese and butter.

The work of the dairy associations, with the exception of those in Ontario and Quebec, is confined to annual conventions and meetings, where practical addresses on the various branches of the work are delivered by competent persons and afterwards published for distribution among the members. In addition to these gatherings the associations in Ontario and Quebec carry on a most important work by employing practical men to instruct the makers in the cheese factories and cream-



CO-OPERATIVE CREAMERY—NEEPAWA, MANITOBA.



CHEESE FACTORY, ST. ANNE DES CHENES, MANITOBA.

eries. About twelve instructors are employed annually in Ontario for this work, while in Quebec, where the syndicate system of instruction is so largely developed, upwards of forty instructors are annually employed in visiting the various factories in that province. It will thus be seen that if the various forces, Government and otherwise, engaged in promoting dairying, do their duty, there should be no fear of the quality of our dairy products deteriorating or of the industry itself not maintaining the important place it now occupies in the material development of this our fair Dominion.

BUYING AND SELLING CHEESE AND BUTTER.

A glance at the methods by which the products of our cheese factories and

their products every month or two weeks, as the case may be, direct to the exporter or shipper through correspondence or to his representative who visits the factory. In Ontario, however, where there is more competition in buying, the business is carried on in a different way. A number of dairy boards of trade (upwards of 20 in all) have been established at central towns and cities to which the factories send representatives. These representatives or salesmen meet the buyers, who are also members of the board, once a week or once a fortnight, according to arrangement, at the local markets. Here the offerings of the factories in the locality are boarded and sold by what is known as the "call system." The buyers make their best bids for each lot as offered, which the salesman can accept or re-

ject as he sees fit. It may be a surprise to men engaged in other commercial enterprises to know that all the business of these boards is transacted without the scratch of a pen other than the record made in the secretary's



GOVERNMENT DAIRY STATION—WETASKIWIN, ALBERTA, N.W.T.



BUTTER MAKING AT THE MANITOBA PROVINCIAL DAIRY SCHOOL.

book. Very often thousands of dollars' worth of cheese is sold for future delivery without any record whatever of the transaction other than a verbal agreement between the buyer and seller, and to the credit of those who make such a bargain, very few of them are broken. Honesty is there for a prevailing principle in all our dairy methods and is responsible for a large share of the prestige which the industry has attained at home and abroad.

CO-OPERATION THE ACTIVE PRINCIPLE.

In closing we would like to impress upon every one interested in Canadian dairying that its essential feature and active principle is co-operation. The farmer, who supplies the milk, the maker who makes it into cheese and butter and the manufacturer or company which owns the building or plant, are parts of a gigantic co-operative fabric upon which the very existence of the industry depends. Any element that would tend to break that fabric would deprive the industry of its

life itself. The farmer, when he takes his milk to the factory, is dependent upon the maker for the quality of the product that is to be made from it, and the maker in turn is dependent upon the farmer to supply him with a quality of raw product from which to make a good article that will meet the wishes of the British consumer. Whenever one of these factors fails in performing his part in the co-operation the other two must suffer and the industry as well. Because of this co-operative character the help of the Governments, the dairy associations and the dairy instructors is more necessary to the success of the industry as a whole than it would be to an industry where the co-operative element does not exist. No one, however, will begrudge the dairy industry the assistance it receives from the public chest. Every dollar it receives is returned a thousand-fold in the \$20,000,000 which it annually brings into the country and in the prosperity co-operative dairying brings to the community where it is carried on under the most approved methods.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. III.

DR. WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND.

WILLIAM HENRY DRUMMOND, invested by Louis Fr  chette with his title of "pathfinder of a new land of song," physician, professor of medical jurisprudence, and ardent sportsman, though an Irishman by birth and descent, has undoubtedly absorbed the great spirit of the country of his adoption, and given it forth to the world clothed in truest poetry—that which brings a tear to the eye of the exile and a sympathetic throb from the heart of the lover of rural Canada and its picturesque inhabitants. Dr. Drummond was born at Currawn House, Co. Leitrim, and enjoyed an ideal boyhood, shooting and fishing with his father, an officer in the Royal Irish Constabulary. He developed at an early age the remarkable love of outdoor sport and Nature which speaks in his "Memories."

"O Spirit of the Mountain! that speaks
to us to-night,
Return again and bring us new dreams of
past delight;
And while our heart-throbs linger, and till our
pulses cease,
We'll worship thee among the hills where
flows the Saint Maurice."

The characteristics and folk-lore of the habitants first attracted Dr. Drummond's attention at fifteen years of age, when passing a summer at the Bord-a-Plouffe, which he has since immortalized, and where "No more *de voyageurs* is *sing lak dey was sing away*." From that time their sturdy manliness, broken English and originality have strongly influenced the recorder of their quaintness, and every brief respite from professional duty is spent among them "mid the grand old Laurentides," under the spell of "the breathing of the woodland, the throb of Nature's heart."

It is good to know that these "subjects of the pen" appreciate their portrayal; and the mental vision, conjured by description, of old Phil-o-rum Juneau, ancient guide and *coureur-de-bois*, unswathing in his cabin among the pines his treasured "edition de luxe" and proudly pointing to the writing on the fly-leaf, strikes a deep chord in our hearts, and insensibly adds another link to our lengthening chain of patriotism. For years Dr. Drummond fished, hunted, listened and



FROM AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPH.

DR. DRUMMOND IN HIS CANOE.

"I am not *de young feller* I used to be w'en work she was only play."



AT 12.

thought among these people, occasionally writing verses for his own amusement and that of his friends. Some of these were given away, some appeared in newspapers, and many were lost; but eventually a number were gathered together by Mrs. Drummond, and they formed the nucleus of the "Habitant."

This book has received recognition from the English and French press of the old lands, as well as the new, and has not only brought its author undying fame,



AT 14.

but the gratitude of the people of Canada, preserving as it does, all that is tenderest, truest, and most characteristic of the old life which time and modern innovations will sweep away. As the *Midland Review*, of Louisville, Kentucky, said: "It is not too much to say that Dr. Drummond has written himself immortally into 'Le Vieux Temps.'" For truth, sincerity, simplicity and idealization no such poem as this has ever been written in America."

genius outside the Dominion is most gratifying; in December, 1898, he was

elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature of England; in the same year he was entertained by the Canadian Society of New York, and recently he has created a literary sensation in Chicago by his reading of his poems, and been the guest of that city's celebrated Twentieth Century Club. As a lad Dr. Drummond's favourite authors were William Drummond,



DR. DRUMMOND—TO-DAY.

of Hawthornden, and Captain Cook;

The appreciation of Dr. Drummond's to-day, to use his own words, "Kipling, of course," and Crockett. He, like Barrie, worships at the shrine of "My Lady Nicotine," is a great pedestrian, avoids golf, fearing its fatal fascination, and is a famous disciple of "Izaak Walton," spending happy hours with rod and gun "where is heard the wizard loon's wild cry."

Dr. Drummond's mode of work is erratic, writing at odd moments, sometimes not for months, then finishing one poem during the quiet hours of a single evening. To listen as Dr. Drum-



AT 16.



AT 28.

mond, in his study, reads a newly wrought poem—one with a ripple of life and salt breeze of the Gulf; to look up at shrewd, kindly old Phil-o-rum smiling from the wall; to smile at some beaming celebrity on the mantelpiece; and to glance regretfully from an exquisite photograph of tree-hung river

of running water to the bare branches and driving sleet without, one feels that this man has not only attained much, but has the material and, above all, the soul with which to do more, to the glory of our dear land and the ennobling of her sons.

E. Q. I.

THREE EXPERT CYCLISTS.

BY ROBERT BARR.

"TRAVEL makes a full man," said Lord Bacon. I am not sure that I have the quotation right; perhaps it is "reading" that makes a full man, or probably drinking; anyhow, a man picks up a good deal of information while travelling which he would not acquire had he remained at home. Nearly everything I know I have picked up on the road from one tramp or another, and although I have met scientists who sneer at my acquirements, I put their contempt down to jealousy, because the learning they possess has been gathered slowly and painfully from much reading of books, while I arrive at my knowledge through a few minutes' pleasant conversation with an utter stranger. Scientists naturally do not like another man to take a short cut across the fields of knowledge, they stick to the broad roundabout beaten highway of education; a dry and dusty road; while I take a pleasant path across the fields and arrive ahead of them.

For instance, I was returning from Switzerland a while ago, and in the same railway compartment with me were three cyclists who had been enjoying themselves among the mountains. They were quite evidently bashful countrymen, while I, being from the city, and knowing most things, spoke condescendingly to them, just as if they were my equals, so as to put them at their ease with me, which is my invariable custom when

meeting non-citified strangers. They were naturally very much gratified at this, and proceeded to tell me all they knew.

"Yes," said John W. Simpson, leaning towards me with thankfulness for my geniality beaming from his eyes, "I've had a very nice time in Switzerland, thank you, a very successful time; although I didn't go so much for the cycling, as to try my new avalanche wheel."

"Your avalanche wheel!" I cried in amazement, "I never heard of such a thing."

"It is a little invention of my own. Nothing has been published about it yet, and I tell you this in strict confidence. Some people have studied avalanches, and some have not. Perhaps you have made avalanches a specialty!"

"No," I replied with some reluctance, hating to admit my ignorance, "I can't say that I have investigated avalanches to any great extent, my sole care being to get out of their way as quickly as possible."

"Quite so," retorted John W. Simpson, "that is the usual attitude of mankind towards an avalanche. Of course people can't study the habits and customs of avalanches while running away from them. Now I have estimated that 20,000,000 horse-power goes to waste every year through the avalanches. Heretofore nobody has made any effort to use this tremendous power, and

avalanches are allowed to slide down in utter idleness all over the place. Of course, when people grow wiser this wasted force will all be utilized, and at present I am doing a little in my humble way to show how useful an avalanche can be to a cyclist. It takes a man, roped to a couple of guides, ten hours to descend from the top of the Jungfrau to the level ground below. The distance is, with the zigzagging they must do, something under eleven miles, now I have done it in two minutes and sixteen seconds on my avalanche bike. Look what a saving of time that is, not to mention the comfort."

"Comfort!" I cried. "Good gracious, do you mean to tell me you have cycled down an avalanche?"

"I have cycled down forty-seven of them this season, and never had an accident, except once I punctured the tire on the front wheel."

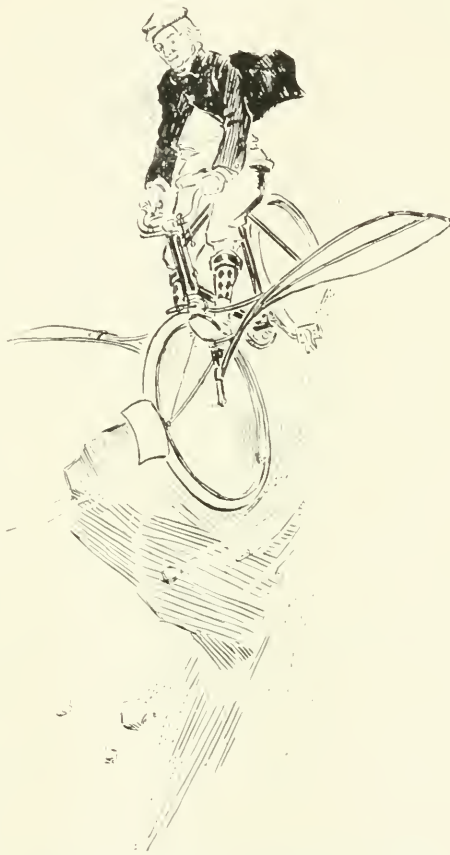
"But how do you know when an avalanche is going to start? As I understand you, you must travel with it from the beginning. There are no avalanche time-tables in Switzerland that I ever heard of."

"No, I don't wait for avalanches, I make my own. You see, at the top of a mountain, if a man starts a snowball down hill, it becomes an avalanche on very short notice. My cycle is so constructed that it throws up a bit of snow-

ball as it goes along. I start from the top of a peak in any direction, and the first thing I know I am in the midst of a tremendous avalanche. On the front of the machine are a couple of fins, if I may call them so, which spread out automatically, and they keep the cycle steady. The great point is, of course, to remain upright in your saddle and

keep your machine on the surface of the avalanche. There is lots of room on top, as the philosopher says, and that applies to avalanches as to everything else. There are three dangers to a man coming down without a machine on an avalanche; first, he may be smothered in the debris; second, he may be smashed against a rock; third, he may get ahead of the avalanche and the wind which it causes will kill him. More people are killed every year in Switzerland by the wind of an avalanche than by the avalanches themselves. Now, you see, going with the avalanche you are out of the wind, then the fins on my machine keep you from sink-

ing in the snow, and if you strike a rock the wheels revolve and send you up into the air, where, after a most delightful flight, steadied by the patent fins I have spoken of, you join the avalanche lower down. I know of nothing more exhilarating than going eleven miles in two minutes and sixteen seconds. When the avalanche quits business at



"No, I don't wait for avalanches, I make my own."

the bottom, your momentum carries you out of it until you strike some path, and then you cycle along as any ordinary man would on any ordinary wheel. I intend to get up avalanche parties for Switzerland next summer, and we would be very glad to have you join us."

There was a deep silence after John W. Simpson had concluded. I mopped my brow and thought deeply for a while; then I said to the man who sat next Simpson, Lapthorn Davis by name:

"I suppose you have been avalanching with your friend also?"

"No," said Davis with a sigh; "I'm afraid I am rather a reckless person, and tame, plain ordinary avalanche cycling, such as my friend Simpson delights in, has few attractions for me. I have been practising with my aquatic bicycle, which has quite justified all the expectations I had of it."

"Dear me," said I, "an what is an aquatic bicycle?"

"Well, perhaps you have been over in Havre and have seen the new roller-steamer, the Ernest Basin, invented and built by an engineer of that name. As doubtless you know, it goes on six wheels, which are simply exaggerated pneumatic tires made of steel. There are three on each side, and Sir Edward Reed says that he believes this wheeled boat will mark an era in steam navigation. It struck me that a bicycle on

two wheels could be made on somewhat similar lines. I accordingly ordered two gigantic pneumatic tires, a foot and a half through. I had these fitted on my wheel and practised for a while on a pond at home in a bathing suit until I got thorough control of my machine.

"Do you mean to say you venture on the surface of the water with that machine—how do you keep afloat?"

"Doesn't it turn over and sink you?"

"Yes, it is a little apt to do that until you get accustomed to it. Of course you turn the wheel toward the direction you are falling and by and by you go along on the surface of the water as if you were on a smooth road. Of course I don't advise anyone to practice in an ordinary suit, but even then there is little danger, because the two wheels form life preservers when the machine goes over. At first I intended to take off these huge covers when I was cycling along the road, but after I found they made the machine very easy riding I

didn't trouble to remove them, but ran along the road until I came to a canal or a river and then took to the water, coming out on the road again when I got tired of aquatic travelling."

"But can you get up any speed on that machine?"

"That is just the trouble. As my wheel is now constructed, you can't go very fast on the water, but I think that



"You get an excellent idea of the cataract by simply turning your head as you go down."

might be easily remedied by sort of fin-shaped paddles, like my friend has on his avalanche bike ; still, it was not for smooth water I wanted it. You see, there are a great many cataracts in Switzerland, of which, owing to their situation, it is impossible to get a complete view. My pleasure consisted in going over the cataracts."

"Good gracious !" I ejaculated.

"It is well to have a good waterproof on if you are particular about getting wet. After practising on the lakes of Switzerland until I had full control over my machine. I took the train up the Goschenen, and from there went to Andermatt and started down the Reuss, which as you know is a very turbulent stream. I found a good deal of difficulty in keeping upright, especially in such turns as when we dashed under the Devil's bridge, but it is safe enough if you keep your head and don't get excited. You bounced up into the air a good deal when you strike the rocks, as my friend does when coming down an avalanche, but on the whole it forms a very pleasurable trip to start with. Then I tackled my first fall, the Handeck on the Grimsel pass. It is hardly possible, except from the top to obtain a good view of this fall, but as you go over it on the bike you get an excellent idea of the cataract by simply turning your head as you go down, taking care, however, to strike fair at the bottom. After that I went over the Gries pass and did the Tosa river. The Tosa falls are 470 feet high and 85 feet wide ; that is a trip worth doing, but you ought to look over your machine very closely before you start it ; be sure there are no punctures in the big cover, and tighten up the screws a bit. I have no patience with cyclists who are careless about their machines when taking a trip like this."

"Then you got safely over the Tosa ?" I ventured.

"O, certainly, several times. The last time I went over backward so as to get a better view of the falls as I went down, but this is a very dangerous experiment, and I do not recommend it to any one but experts. Still, you do

get a much better knowledge of the falls, and it is preferable to craning your neck round as you have to do when you descend face forward. But it has its drawbacks, because when you get down to the turmoil at the bottom and have to circle round and turn your bike, the situation presents many difficulties which I would not advise an amateur to encounter. I intend to do Niagara when I reach home, but won't try it backward at first."

Again there was deep silence in the railway compartment, and it was some moments before I could command my voice sufficiently to make myself intelligible. I looked at the third man, George Washington Verity, he said his name was. He said :

"Of course, if I had not seen my two comrades do what they say they have done, I might have some difficulty in believing their narrative."

"O, no," I said ; "truth is stranger than fiction, especially in bicycling, as your two comrades bear witness. I have no difficulty in believing every word they say, but that perhaps is because I have been living in Switzerland, and feel particularly robust. In my ordinary state of health I don't know that I could have swallowed the avalanche, even when washed down by the Tosa falls. But have you had no adventures on your cycle, Mr. Verity ?"

"No," he replied, "not one ; that is, not one worth speaking of. I kept to the ordinary roads, and did the plain everyday cycling. I did have a little excitement coming down the Stelvio pass. Perhaps you know that road, the highest pass in Europe. It runs between Italy and the Tyrol."

"Yes, I have been over it."

"Then you know on the Tyrol side how the road zigzags down, and how frightfully steep it is. At the spot where the man threw his wife over you are doubtless aware there is a sheer cliff a mile deep. I resolved to cycle down the Stelvio pass, and in order that this might be done in safety I bought a tree from a wood cutter up at the top and tied it with a rope to the back part of my bicycle, so that

it might act as a brake and a drag as I went down the steep incline."

"I have heard of such a thing being done," I said, glad to be on familiar ground once more.

"Yes, it is a very old device. You hitch the rope round the butt end of the tree and let the branches scrape along the ground. Unfortunately there had fallen a little snow, and the night before there had been a sharp frost; so, besides being steep, the road was exceedingly slippery. By and by, to my horror, I found the tree was chasing me, butt forward, and instead of acting as a drag on my wheel, I had to pedal like one demented to keep clear of it. There was no going to one side and getting out of its way, because, you see, I was tied to it with a rope, and my only salvation was to keep ahead of it. I thought I was going to succeed, and did succeed until we came to that sharp turning near where the Waloon committed his murder. There, to my horror, the trunk of the

tree struck against the granite rock and bounced over, dragging me and the bicycle after it."

"Suffering Peter!" I cried, "what a situation! Nothing but a mile of clear air between you and the bottom of the granite cliff!"

"Exactly," said George Washington, "I see you know the spot. Now it takes a good deal longer to drop a mile than most people think it does, and I believe, in fiction, that a man in such a position spends the time in going over all his past deeds, especially those of a sinful nature. I knew when I started there would not be time enough for me to conquer all the evil I had done during my short life: so I abandoned the attempt, and thought instead of how I could best save my bicycle, which was a new machine. I left the saddle, climbed down the rope, and took up a position on the butt end of the tree, which was going down with the branches beneath; so I thought that if I could keep it in this



"I left the saddle, climbed down the rope, and took up a position on the butt end of the tree."

with the branches beneath; so I thought that if I could keep it in this

position the branches would act as a series of springs, whereas, if it turned and went down butt first, I should very likely get an arm broken, besides wrecking an expensive wheel, on which, unfortunately, there was no accident insurance. I resolved I would never travel in Switzerland again without insuring my bike. I found that by swinging my body this way and that, I could keep the tree in the perpendicular; so, pulling on the rope, I got the bicycle down to me, and tied it to a branch so that it would not flop about. I shall never forget the sickening sensation with which we reached the bottom. I had much trouble in hanging on to the butt of the tree when we struck, though my arms were clasped tightly round it. The branches acted just as I thought they would, and the next instant we had taken a great leap upward again. The tree hopped like a gigantic frog down the valley for about three-quarters of a mile, or

perhaps, to be strictly accurate, between half a mile and three-quarters, and, then subsiding, it dumped me gently into the torrent which flows at the bottom of the gigantic cliff. I was unhurt, but I regret to say that the handle-bar of my machine was bent a little and one of the pedals was knocked askew. However, these little accidents are bound to occur to a man who does much wheeling."

The train coming to a standstill at this point, I asked the boys if they had any more adventures, and they replied that they had only just begun, and had told me merely the commonplace occurrences which had befallen them. This being the case, I shook hands with the three of them, and sought another carriage. One sometimes gets enough of information in an hour to last him several weeks, and I thought it better not to overcrowd my mind by stuffing into it any more knowledge acquired from the three truthful bicyclers.

WITH THE COMING OF SPRING.

WHEN Spring comes into my swamp,
Soft-footed as any fawn,
The poplars blow to green
Like the lift of a magic dawn.

The alders, brown and bent,
Stir at her coming, too,
And toss their catkin blossoms
Up, and against the blue.

When Spring comes into my swamp,
Music and joy are rife;
The frogs come out to greet her,
Each with his silver fife:

All day, in the pale, green shadows,
All night, beneath the moon
They pipe to the Princess May-time,
And black-birds know the tune.

When Spring comes into my heart,
The *thoughts* start fiving again;
The gladness wakes in my blood,
The magic wakes in my pen.

Theodore Roberts.



I.

THE King of Thulé had a cup
 From which he ever used to sup,
 A noble flagon!
 In high relief on either shield
 A dreadful combat was revealed
 Where doughty knights their falchions wield
 Against a dragon!

And, oh, it was a fearsome beast!
 Alive, it measured rods at least!
 'Twould make you gulp, sure!
 Each eye was fitted with a jewel,
 The Thing could almost see the duel,
 And, oh, its glance was deadly cruel,
 A trick of sculpture!

So fiercely showed the knotted claws,
 The spiky teeth, the horrid jaws,
 The scales so sheeny;
 So grandly strode each warring knight,
 Each link of maillet graced aright
 You would have thought the goldsmith wight
 A new Cellini.

For he had breathed the combat's rage,
 And fixed upon his golden page
 Each living gesture,
 And, then, to prove a milder art—
 No doubt the work was from his heart—
 The man had chosen to impart
 A leafy tressure!

But that is neither here nor there!
 'Tis not for us to tell his care
 Who did the carving.

Perhaps he was a handsome blade,
 The pet of matron and of maid;
 Perhaps the wretch was never paid
 And died a-starving!

II.

That as it may! The King set store
 Upon the cup for something more
 Than art or mintage;
 For Love and Death did there combine
 To dulcify the sharpest wine,
 And make the dullest liquor shine
 A radiant vintage!

It stood to him for all the bliss
 That ceremonious monarchs miss,
 Constrained by fashion;
 'Twas given to him by his spouse,
 And though a servile world allows
 A king some scope, he kept his vows
 With loyal passion.

The minstrels sang her winsome grace,
 The beauty of her form and face,
 Her hair so Titian;
 Her eyes full orb'd and dewy bright,
 Her tiny hands and lily white,
 Her twinkling footstep fairy light,
 Yet quite patrician!

All this and more was in their lays,
 And Thulé paid them for their praise
 In brave largesses;
 And in a world, with hatred rife,
 The King of Thulé loved his wife,
 And loved her truly all her life
 And her caresses!

And ever, at the evening hour,
 The flagon plenished in her bower,
 The monarch sought her;
 She kissed the cup for him to quaff,
 He kissed his sweetheart with a laugh,
 Then drained the posset to the draff
 As it were water!

III.

Such was their wont until the war
 Removed him to a distant shore
 And much affrayed her;

For he was brave as he was true,
 And in the van his pennon flew,
 So much his anxious mistress knew
 Of her Crusader.

But one dark day a herald sped
 To speak the news "The King is dead!
 Alack to hear it!
 I got it in the Cairo mart;
 The bowyer said a Paythan dart
 Had found the monarch's mighty heart
 And loosed his spirit!"

A lily seared by winter's touch,
 A cushat in the falcon's clutch,
 So was her sorrow;
 The stricken lady made no moan,
 She bore a mortal grief alone,
 And, in her bower, they found her prone
 Upon the morrow!

E'en while her funeral dirges rolled
 Into the courtyard caracoled
 The King's Esquire!
 "God save the Queen!" he louted low.
 "The King of Thulé bids her know
 He lives and vanquishes his foe
 With carnage dire!"

Thus, though the bruit was proven false
 The lady slept among the vaults
 And mural brasses;
 Her beauty, marbled on her tomb,
 Shone sadly in the abbey gloom
 Midst holy chants and censer's fume
 And solemn masses.

IV.

And far away midst war's alarm
 The tidings steeled the monarch's arm
 To vengeful madness:
 And pondering his Queen's demise,
 Black fancies brooded in his eyes
 And craved a bloody sacrifice
 Unto his sadness.

But when, at length, the King returned
 And sought the tomb and her inurned,
 He rued his folly:

For gazing on her hallowed rest
 The pain was softened in his breast
 And chastened grief his heart oppressed
 And melancholy.

And ever at the evening hour
 He offered in her lonely bower
 A Pater Noster.
 The cup, her sweetest souvenir,
 Oft showed the traces of a tear
 And he would pray, though none might hear
 He had not lost her.

And when, at last, he came to die,
 He bade his courtiers lay him nigh
 The cup he treasured.
 "Now fill it to the brim!" he said.
 "I drink to her ere I be sped,
 And though the years have been as lead,
 'Twas God who measured!"

"I drink to her in realms above!
 My Queen, my wife, my only love ——!"
 Naught further said he.
 For having drunk his loyal toast,
 This faithful King gave up the ghost
 And passed unto the Heavenly Host
 And to his lady.

Franklin Gadsby.



THE WIDOW OF MUMS.*

BY ERLE CROMER.

I.

THE old shoebox buggy stopped rattling when it got into the long shadow of the log shanty on the barley-stubble, but it soon began to squeak worse than ever. It was evident the old man would never get out feet first unless he climbed over the cracked dashboard and let himself down easy by the white tail of the old mare—whenever it stopped switching. He thought the way he got in was better, however, and began to ease himself out that way, like a cat coming out of an apple-tree. Suddenly the shanty door opened, a deep voice called "Caleb!" in a tone chock-full of admonition—and he hung on. Then came a swirl of dress goods over the parched grass, and in three seconds a massive gray wrapper stood by the front wheel. A pair of black cuffs went up about on a level with a black straw hat tied into a poke with black strings over black hair; under which a pair of dark-circled eyes and a heavy upper lip seemed to have it all their own way in a look of austere, almost Roman benignity. It was the Widow Falconer.

"Jist let yourself right plumb go, Caleb," she said in a tone of emergency. "The idee o' you with your rheumatiz a-tryin' to git out of a buggy alone!"

"Yes, Nervy," squeaked little Caleb, dangling one greenish trouser leg to find the foot-rest below; when clutch! went one black cuff on to his dusty shoulder, the other one at his knee, and the whole tottlish concern, except the buggy-box itself, fell into the

widow's arms. Now it was not the first time Caleb Tooze had felt the widow's gladiator muscles in contact with his anatomy; but it seemed to him by the time he got to the grass at her feet that Saturday evening as if she had never felt him with such searching rigor before. Of course, he was pretty dusty, as she said; yet she began to manipulate his stubby frame as if she had been a masseur and he a crippled athlete; but then he hadn't been to town for a year, and he wouldn't need the "good coat" again for another one at least.

"Now, Caleb," she said in a tone of absolute dictation, "when you git your supper you go right straight to bed. The table's ready sot an' Pensee'll pour the tea; but she ain't to read to you to-night, not a word. I put the bricks in the oven, fer I knowed you'd be fetchin' a cold back with you on to your rheumatiz, an' dear knows, as I say, a cold in summer-time's worse'n a mortgage on a poor farm; it never let's go. How's your head now, Caleb?" as she stroked back the stray hairs from his forehead.

"Pretty dang bad, Nervy. Kind o' aches clear across the top—"

"Kind o' down over the eyes, too, like a soggy, wet mornin' in harvest," suggested the widow as she pushed back the old man's head and glared down into his little eyes. "Yes, I know. Caleb, rheumatiz is like new lye on cloes. It gits in and eats, and all the king's horses can't git it out. It's terrible."

"Terble!" squeaked Caleb. "That's what all the alminicks says an' I heerd

* "The Widow of Mums" is a study in rural Ontario life. The chief characters are: the Widow Falconer, ambitious and crafty; her two children, Molly and Peart; Rudge Moss, a bulky and innocent farmer; Pensee Vale, the school-teacher; and miserly old Caleb Tooze, upon whose wealth Widow Falconer hopes to reconstruct the fortunes of her family. The story is an oddity in Canadian literature, and is from the pen of a young Canadian of much promise. It will run through six numbers.—EDITOR.

a fellow only this afternoon on the markit——”

“‘Bout it flyin’ to the head,” interrupted the widow. “My land yes, like a wild Injun! Caleb!” she added sternly, “you’ll have to make this your last trip to town. We can’t ‘ford to have you committin’ soocide like this. There, you better go on in to Pensee now.”

“I tell you, Miss Vale,” with a superb poise of her right black cuff as she turned to a slender red-robed figure in the doorway, “none so seein’ as them that will see. Poor Caleb! he’s shrinkin’ like a gansy in the wash. What a turkey-affle we be in this life anyhow when it’s which an’ tother to see who’ll be grabbed next.”

“But land!” she ejaculated, seizing her ponderous skirt as she made one majestic stride to the buggy, “here I be talkin’ to you an’ Caleb like I do to my own Molly an’ Pearty to hum; when the dear knows you’re both childern, sech lonely, innocent bein’s as you be too with no one to mother yous, an’ this bein’ your first school, Pensee, an’ the first girl we ever had into it; why, it’s a shame, as I say, an’ it ud be a sin at our very doors if anything wuz to happen to Caleb livin’ here alone as he does with log-heaps most into his back door. Now don’t forgit the bricks, Caleb,” she added sternly, “you see he minds ‘em, Pensee; but ‘e mustn’t set up late. Whoa, Fanny, whoa! why I declare if the sun ain’t clear down an’ me an’ Molly with six cows to milk! Good-night, Pensee. Caleb——”

The old man turned on the thresh-old.

“Now don’t forgit the bricks in the oven,” she said impressively, and set her foot on the step. One black cuff on the dash, the other on the seat, she lifted her massive frame into poise; the buggy lurched like a ship in a storm; she swung superbly into the seat; the springs sank, and too full almost to rattle the buggy turned and followed the gray mare across the stubble into the lane.

As she turned over the bridge at the

road the widow could see at a single sweeping glance in the sober light of the summer evening the whole of Mums; from the drab school and white church at the jog to the left, to the south woods and fields of tasseling corn, with snug houses and barns, along the concession clear to the solid wall of the Canada Company woods under the yellow west. She didn’t own it all. If she had she might not have been quite so careful over Caleb Tooze and his ride to town that Saturday afternoon. If she hadn’t been second cousin to Caleb she might not have owned the big square house with the green shutters behind the maples next farm up; and Caleb might not have borrowed her old shoebox buggy to ride to town.

It took the old mare a good while to jog across Caleb Tooze’s two hundred; but she was long through her oats and down to grass in the quince-orchard that night before the widow went to sleep. That Saturday afternoon and that ride to town had been a conundrum to the widow. She liked conundrums; but if she could have solved this one by an examination of bachelor Caleb Tooze’s anatomy she would have kept him in his dooryard brushing dust from his “good coat” till it got so dark he couldn’t tell it from the grass. Yet she knew as well as she knew most other things of importance that transpired outside her line fences that, somewhere within the limits of the old man’s greenish homespun when she lifted him out of the buggy that evening, was the reason of that ride to town on the last Saturday of August, 1884; also the key to the riddle that had kept her generous soul on the rack now about the eighth new moon.

II.

That night two men, one with an axe the other with a lantern, sat on the widow’s line fence at the rear of the corn field on Caleb Tooze’s. The dog climbed it and started on a trip into the corn. The big slashing of log-heaps behind Caleb’s shanty was still. Caleb’s end windows with green blinds

gleamed along the front of it. The few katydids in the bush back of the log-heaps stopped screeching whenever the dog snuffed and rustled back near the edge of the corn.

"Guess there ain't been no coon in yet, Peart," said a deep voice after a prolonged silence. The speaker, who was squatted heavily with his boot-heels clenched on the third rail down, held out his axe at arm's length. "Put yer lantern on, Peart," he said. "Then you kin kick as often as you like, an' if you don't kick off the lantern with your arms folded I'll bet I don't wobble the axe as long as you tech it."

Peart, reclining lightly at the corner of the panel merely grunted for response. He was not in kicking mood that night. If he had been, Rudge Moss, his six-foot chum who could stand in a half bushel and shoulder a bag of wheat with his teeth, need not have challenged him twice. Peart was something of a wildcat in both build and temper. Rudge was a bear in physique. United they were as capable a team as could have been found in that part of South Ontario between Erie and St. Clair. Divided they had never been as yet. Rudge never expected they would be; for he was the most guileless, unsuspecting nature in Mums. Peart sometimes vaguely surmised that if matters ever did come to such a state of rupture his best hold would be either to trip Rudge flat on his back with one foot, or use both in getting out of range.

Rudge Moss had never been farther than Detroit in his life. He never wanted to be, except to make one trip to Niagara Falls. He liked to stay round where he could see the marks of his hands, and he had left a good many on Mums, for there had not been a logging-bee, a barn-raising or a pond-scraping in ten years on the Mums concession that he had failed to attend. He was ready to go to as many more before he should settle down to marry some able-bodied girl who could stand as much sunlight as he could without writing poems about it. Rudge was a worker. He had rather chop a cord of wood than play a game of cards.

Peart Falconer was different. He could do more things with a machine or a team of horses than Rudge could dream about. But a farm was no paradise to him. He hated farming. Peart had always been an omnivorous reader; not of dime novels nor of any worse books than he had chanced to pick up about the house during the years his mother boarded the school-teachers. Byron's Poems and the History of Canada more than anything else. As far as the latter was concerned he knew Wolfe, Mackenzie and Tecumseh better than Lord Durham. When a lad at the drab school he would permit no boy able to spell *cat* to be anything but a rebel or a patriot, a Frenchman or an Englishman, a Yankee or a Canuck, as the humour suited him. He was a born leader of other boys, and personated both Wolfe and Mackenzie in the schoolyard without troubling himself at all over the dramatic distinctions. Both, to his imagination, were heroes fighting against long-established tyranny. He always wanted the best snowballer, wrestler or boxer to champion the opposite. He always insisted upon Rudge Moss, in spite of his loyalist affinities, for Montcalm; and, whenever the north wind heaped the snow higher than the school fence he set all the boys to work with shovels and corn baskets piling it higher and steeper. Fifty pails of water over the top and a keen starlit night made the precipice a glare of ice. The next day at the noon-spell was fought the historic battle of the Plains of Abraham. Handsleighs along the foot of the embankment served for a flotilla on the great river, from the first of which, amid the rapt stillness of the girls looking on, Peart would declaim with tragic emphasis and bared head the famous verse ending with "The paths of glory lead but to the grave," always varying the equally famous postlude of the great chieftain thus—"Gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec, if the gentlemen on the height are cowards." Then would begin the ascent; the battle followed soon, the

dramatic denouement of which never failed to be a duel and a wrestle between Wolfe and Montcalm on the verge, climaxed by both locked in each other's arms hurtling headlong to the pile of soft snow beneath where, with ordinaries and dippers of water to command, they simultaneously gasped out their lives.

These were the diversions of school-days. Rudge and Peart never took star parts in military dramas again; but often at night in the haymow after a coon hunt, or on a wet day at a bee, Rudge, with many others, had listened while Peart, with flashing eye and struck pose, told the story of Queens-ton Heights or Moraviantown. Peart never failed to deliver a special eulogy on Tecumseh, "the Indian brave, whose people once owned a continent, shedding his blood to keep Canada for Canadians." Rudge always led in the applause. He never understood the military rapture of his boon companion, but he admired it.

Latterly, however, Peart had begun to take less and less interest in these glowing recitals. He became taciturn, moody and reclusive, fond of little company but Rudge, fonder still of his own, in the forest or behind his favourite team of iron-greys. Mums had passed into humdrum for him. He was ready on any reasonable pretext to shake the dust of it from his feet forever.

That late August night Peart was more restless than usual. Rudge knew it; but he was more ignorant of the reason than he was of the whereabouts of the coon Collie was trying to track in the corn. He was absorbed in that. Peart Falconer wouldn't have ran ten rods after a coon that night if the corn-field had been full of them.

Still the dog rustled in the corn, and Rudge continued to listen; when suddenly a narrow oblong of light, broken by the dark, slight figure of someone, appeared between Caleb Tooze's windows.

"Hum!" grunted Rudge. "Guess Pensee's sett'n up 'th Cale t'night. Haint a bad little figger—is she, Peart? Time she was gitt'n home, though, or

she'll git 'er feet wet. I mind maw speakin' to 'er 'bout that this aft'noon 'fore she started out. Guess she's bin keepin' shanty for Cale while he was 'way to town. Wonder why the ol' man wouldn' leave the house alone? Mus' be a pile 'o money in it, Peart, hey? Rich ol' miser, ain't 'e? Pshaw! that dog's a long time gitt'n on trail."

Rudge was already so intent again on the movements of the dog that he failed to notice Peart, who had sprung off the fence and now paced restlessly up and down along the narrow strip of blue-grass at the edge of the corn.

"Here, Collie," shouted Rudge as the dog puffed sopping out of the corn and flopped himself in the fence corner like a side of pork, "You git in there agin. George! anybody ud think you had the azma the way you snort. Hit 'im a kick, Peart. I wonder if there is a coon in here anyhow."

The dog rustled back. Peart leaned over the fence looking away into the straggled forest behind Rudge where the katydids were.

"S—— say!" whistled Rudge, whopping his big bulk about so suddenly on the rail that the fence shook five panels each way, "You're gitt'n' the mumps I guess. Well, if I knowed haf as much 'bout Can'dy as you I'd see more of it'n Mums 'fore next 24th o' May. Pensee says yuh know more 'bout C'najun hist'ry now 'n she ever 'xpec's to; an' she's no commoner. Say she is a neat figger, though, aint she Peart? Tell yuh 'taint ever' man's door she'd darken that way neither. Seems kin' o' queer, though, she's suh free 'th ol' Cale when she's suh shy 'th rest uv us. Pshaw! 'f I had your education—"

"You wouldn't be a reckless fool that reads books and can't pay his debts," was the gloomy rejoinder.

"Pshaw! Go easy now. A man 'th a head like you got aint no right to say 'e's a fool. 'Taint read'n books put yuh in debt."

"When your folks put money in the bank, while we can't keep up the interest on a mortgage," broke in Peart tersely. "When the good crops

come on your place and the weeds on ours. When you sit together on winter nights round the same fire and think one another's thoughts; and we sit apart. My mother hatches expectations. I read books. Molly can't fathom us. She's honest."

"Yuh can put that 'n your Bible an' read it, yuh bet," replied Rudge promptly. "Her name 's Falc'ner too, same as yours."

"And my mother's," came the ironical rejoinder, "the woman who plays vulture to Caleb Tooze, ready for the last twitch," he added bitterly. "It's fifteen years now since she's rented this place year by year. Two hundred a year puts three thousand in Caleb Tooze's possession somewhere; for all he eats comes from us and he wears the same clothes now he wore when my father died. But for every dollar we've paid him we've beggared ourselves and piled up the mortgage; we've made ourselves a nest of deadbeats; we go about from store to store hunting credit; we trade now at the little crossroad shops in the suburbs since the little self-respect we have left won't permit us to go on the thoroughfare. We despise industry and thrift. Life 's a game. Better spend it gloating over the few threads left in an old man's life than toiling to be honourable. 'Twas harder once; easy now since habit makes it. But the esteemed relative will die soon. We're his sole connexions. We expect to be his heirs, my mother and I, to both land and money. Therefore we cringe and play spy. Bah!"

All which was delivered in so gloomy a tone that Rudge could only split an elm stump that stood in the fence corner into kindling for reply. Peart's pessimism was as deep a puzzle to him as his boyish military fervour used to be.

"Peart," he said in a low voice, as he peered through the corntops at the shanty. "She's a neat figger, aint she? Yes, an' by George she's good! She don't know it neither, or want anybody else to."

"Modesty!" muttered Peart half

absently in reply, as he too looked through the corntops at the narrow oblong of light in the shanty. "Well, better that than a bold face. But a girl's eyes may tremble under their lashes, one way to please, another way to madden. She pleases you; she maddens me. She thinks because a man's a man, he's a conspirator against her. She holds her womanhood against all the world beside. Well, it's a big world. She may need a man to help her meet it some day."

"An' she's the kind a man 'ud go through fire an' water to help, eh Peart?" suggested Rudge, glad to get his moody companion off on subjects of chivalry.

"Whether she scorn's you or not —?"

"Sure!" responded Rudge. "Say, I'd fight fer a c'nary. George, that dog's a long time. There, she's gone agin," as a slight thud came from the shanty.

The conversation drifted on to fist-cuffs then, and from that to fighting in general. Peart's views of militarism were different from Rudge's. Rudge thought a man should fight for his country and its government, however strong or weak it might be. He believed a Canadian was as good a fighter as an Englishman, and therefore one of the best in the world. Peart sniffed at that. He didn't care what breed a man was if his cause was just. Women had a good deal to do with war. They should value their lovers' lives more than the empty glory of their deaths on a battlefield. He thought women's love for men was very much like their love for birds; better the dead skin of one on a hat than a live one singing in a tree.

Rudge was about to make a spirited reply on behalf of patriotism and woman's rights when —

Ouh—ouh—ouh! half across the cornfield came the smothered yelp of the dog.

"Gol! There 'e goes," shouted Rudge, as he almost shoved the fence down getting off. "S—ick 'im Collie, s— sik, s— sik! Here gimme the

light, Peart. Hooraw ! S—sik, s—sik !”

Across the corn-headland he plunged into the slashing, just as the dog shot across it like a cannon ball and, yelp on yelp, tore through the jumpiles towards the bush. Rudge didn't wait to see whether Peart followed or not. That coon was leaving hot tracks behind him across that slashing at the rate of about a mile a minute. So was the dog. So, as near as possible, was Rudge. Round the jumpiles, through the underbrush, over the logs, smashing limbs, log trail or none, didn't care which, but yelling s—sik ! s—sik ! at every yelp of the dog fainter and fainter towards the bush.

“Let him go !” muttered Peart as he listened. “He'll have the thing treed, the second time too likely, long enough before I get there, and be as happy over it as a girl in love. To-morrow he'll go to Sunday school and read verses. I'll go to the woods and say Byron. We'll go driving together at night. Ah ! we must play mask with fine phrases—for when a man's mother teaches him to be a knave he must pick his way ; and so I will. Now let evil fight my good. Let conscience say which is worse ; that the money we have sucked from our living and our honesty to miser for Caleb Tooze should be mine, and my just debts begin to be paid ; or that I should continue to play rogue to honest men while I help my mother pray for the quick death of our only relative by blood. H'm ! 'Tis a heavy question. But it must be settled—this night !”

The quick stroke of an axe across the slashing roused Peart from his reverie. He sprang into the corn.

Five minutes later he crouched on the step of the shanty.

III.

Caleb Tooze's shanty was as much like the harem of a Sultan as he desired it : rusty Fortune stove at one end, bare table in the middle, bedstead in one far corner the same colour as the walnut cupboard in the other ; rickety puncheon floor ; gray log walls with

clay in the chinks. The wind was his most frequent visitor. Minerva Falconer was next. Both came without knock, for both were welcome. Pensee Vale, who was more welcome than either, always knocked.

That Saturday night Calebsat hunched over his knees in his favourite chair with no back, near the stove ; one leg over the other, one hand clutching his stick, the other, shaking like a leaf, on top of that. Caleb seemed to have a good deal of life in his hands. Years of neglect had stubbled his chin ; years of self-consideration had wrinkled his brow. During fifteen of these, ever since the death of her husband, Minerva Falconer had ministered to Caleb's domestic needs. He knew she expected the farm as soon as he was done with it ; he expected her to get it. That was as much practical benevolence as Caleb had ever known ; until Pensee Vale came to Mums and flung a subdued radiance into the cobwebbed nooks and crannies of his little existence that almost charmed the selfishness clear out of it. That Saturday she had kept house while he went to town. She didn't know why he had insisted upon her doing so. He didn't intend that she should, at present.

Having washed the supper-dishes, Pensee sat in the stubby rocker by the table, book at her elbow. She had the face of a child. The shadow of beauty lurked in it, fitfully revealed as the new moon through clouds, obedient to the timorous, undeveloped emotions within. Dark eyes, with long, downward lashes, enhanced the native pallor of her features ; eyes whose full light of resolution no one had ever seen, essentially fugitive as yet. At times the transcendent gleam of maidenhood shone there, fearless in solitude or in the presence of the old man. But the touch of a finger sends the leaves of the sensitive plant into coil, jealous of their secret. Pensee shrank from sociability. Of one fact she was supremely conscious : her maidenhood. Other facts, equally great and cognate to that she strove to ignore.

As far as Caleb Tooze was concern-

ed Pensee Vale and Minerva Falconer were the only two women in the world. He never forgot which was which. Minerva didn't intend that he should. She had been accustomed to consider herself the sun about which Caleb performed the tiny, gradually contracting orbit of his life. Some day there would be a crash, and as far as she knew astronomy only the sun would be left.

But Caleb's orbit had become somewhat eccentric of late. The only perturbing element the widow could see was Pensee Vale; the child whom, as far as inclinations went, she could have absorbed into her life as the baobab sucks the dew.

All that Saturday afternoon, during his ride to town, in the lawyer's office, and home again, Caleb Tooze had revolved in his mind the separate pictures of these two women. He was doing it still.

"Say, sis," he squeaked, as he poked Pensee's foot with his cane and looked over his shoulder at the door, "you know Nervy Falc'ner. Well, she's a wise gal, but—"

Caleb paused, clutched tremulously at his coat-pocket and let his dry face fry into a chuckle. Many years before Caleb had a laugh in his face somewhere. That chuckle was the ghost of it. He almost had to cough it up. But he felt extremely jolly.

"Nervy's a wise gal," he went on, "but it takes two to hust both sides of a corn-shock to onct. Hee—he—hee!"

Caleb gave a nameless squirm to his shrunken anatomy as he delivered this, evidently quite pleased at having the floor in the absence of Minerva.

"Takes two fer a lot o' things, sis," he chuckled on again, leaning forward till his wizened head hung like a dead flower on a stalk. His little eyes gleamed like fireflies into the deep, placid shadow of Pensee's.

"Two fer a marryin' sis. Huh? Hee—he—hee!"

The old man drew back in sheer ecstasy and hugged himself, throwing up one foot and his cane almost as

high as his head. Then he settled over his knees again.

"Two fer a bargain, sis," he went on more soberly. "One to be, 'tother to do. Mh—mh! Don't matter to the one's long's the other's left. Hah? Better git the bricks, sis," he jerked abruptly, as he clapped his left heel on to his right toe and pulled off a boot.

Pensee rose, and, taking a blanket from the bed, removed the bricks from the oven. Kneeling at the old man's feet she pulled off his other boot while he grabbed the stove-hearth. Then she placed the bricks.

"An' when 'taint marryin' er buryin' it's bornin'," went on the sage reflectively. "Mh—mh!" absently, as his scrawny fingers stroked the smooth oval of her white chin. "Takes two fer that, too. Poor little sis! Nev' knowed your mother, did yeh?"

Pensee looked wonderingly up into the old man's face. She had never known him so benevolently epigrammatical as before.

"Father Caleb," she said, brushing away a quick tear with the back of her hand like any child, "you musn't make me cry about the little mother. Poor mother! she didn't live long enough to tell her only child what she wanted her to do. And so Pensee goes on teaching the children. After all, sir, I guess if she knew it she'd be pleased, wouldn't she?"

Pensee's simple earnestness pleased the old man. She was sitting artlessly on the rough floor now, hands clasped at her knee, gazing absently into the fire. It may have been the firelight that flickered from her red wrapper on to her chin and chased itself so delicately up into her pale cheeks. The old man saw it, and bending forward, let his tremulous fingers wander into her hair.

"Mh—mh!" he chuckled on murmuringly, "but it takes two fer a marryin', sis. Better take the ol' bach's advice, an' be one of 'em when the time comes. Then yeh won't have to set 'lone in a shanty when you're old er teach other folkses' chillen for a livin'. Mh—mh!"

"Conscience!" murmured Pensee with a faint smile, "I wonder what a girl is, anyway. 'Marry,' says one. 'Marry not,' says another. Foolish enough either way, says she. Mh! Now if one had but a wise little mother to ask, then might one find out. For as I know my own name I know two ways about a girl. One way she's as natural and happy as a flower. Another way—mh—h! Father Caleb," looking up into the old man's face, "I wonder if all girls when they talk about getting married feel as light as their words? Then I think we should be dolls and not girls; wax, not flesh and blood. For when I think most deeply on love and marriage I have most fear of something in nature and self I know less of than the very stars. No, no, Father Caleb," as she sprang up and flinging both arms round the old man's neck, kissed his withered cheek, "Pensee Vale came to Mums to teach the children—nothing more; but to love them, and you."

"An' as sure as the ruf's higher'n the floor," said Caleb, as he caught her hand, "the man's in Mums that'll marry yeh."

"And as sure as I respect my own true self, Father Caleb," replied Pensee solemnly, "the prophecy never'll come true."

Pensee's deep eyes shone with a rare light; the light that some day perhaps must be their only safeguard against bitterest tears. She went to the door, pulled it slightly ajar and stood on the threshold.

And all the while the old man craned his neck and watched her, hungrily, passionately.

Suddenly Pensee turned, as a dog snuffed near the step, and with a quick little laugh shut the door and sat down in the stubby rocker by the table. Without waiting for an invitation she began to read.

It was Evangeline. The low, quick creak of the rocker blended rhythmically with the dreamy amble of the verse; and as Pensee read and rocked a subdued light of quite childish absorption came into her features.

"Bent like the labouring oar that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent but not broken by age was the form of the notary public—"

Caleb closed his eyes and shrank into a heap over his knees as he listened to the drowsy music. Suddenly the bark of a dog sounded just west of the shanty. He started.

"Mh!" he mumbled without opening his eyes, "coonin', I guess. Peart Falc'ner an' Rudge Moss likely; it's Rudge's dog anyhow. Mus' be gitt'n 'long cent' the R's then I guess; Se'tember, 'Ctober, N'vember, 'Cember, Janywary, March, Aprile. Mh—mh. All good coon-months them. May an' June's bes' fer marryin', I guess; any of 'em's good fer the bornin'; haint none of 'em ver' good fer buryin'. Takes two fer that; one of 'em don't know—that's all right; 'tother one's left—that's all right too if she's happy 'long o' what's left. Mh—mh! Go ahead with yer yarn, sis. Don't sound suh bad. 'T's like the way the ol' mare used to canter on the Injun trail, over a cradle-knoll, under a lim'. Kerwhollup, kerwhol—kerwh—"

Caleb's criticism of the metre of Evangeline died away into a low grunting. Pensee read on.

Presently she paused to listen. Through the almost dead stillness of the old shanty sounded the faint regular stroke of an axe. Soon a tree fell, followed by the smothered yelp of a dog. It seemed too still after that to read.

Caleb's chair creaked. "It's all right, sis," he mumbled dreamily without opening his eyes, "Nervy kin run this place jes' long 'z she likes; but she'll never git the ole man out o' this shanty not tell 'e's toted out; an' when Cale Tooze says not there aint no use hitchin' on a team. Kind o' thought onct or twict I might pick up an' go over to Nervy's fer the winter, hed such a cold on to my rheumatiz she said. But it's all right now—kerwhollup, kerwol—, kerwh—."

His breath came regularly now with half a grunt. A spider slid down from a joist in the ceiling and began to ex-

plore the bald spot on Caleb's head. He snored on. Pensee saw it and smiled, closed her book, quietly fixed the fire, pinned loosely an old shawl from the bed about the old man's "good coat" that he had worn to town that day and silently tiptoed out.

As she stepped into the dewy ragweed of the stubble she started and almost dropped her book. She scarcely dared look back at the corner of the shanty, but trembling she did. She saw nothing but the dim outlines of the log heaps; listened, only the faint, far tap of the axe like the slow drip of water into a pool. She glanced about; the lights of Mums were gone; a star or two hung above the dark shadow of the woods; all the rest seemed flocking into the great round deep above and fading there into a wreath of white smoke.

She must have been near the road when a swift figure glided from the log heaps on to the doorstep of Caleb Tooze and listened; softly the door opened, letting out a flood of light; as softly it closed again, shutting in the tall, lithe form of Peart Falconer.

Peart crouched low; one long arm reached and gradually turned down the light. Slowly the old bedstead faded into the wall, the stove into a glimmering shadow, the gray head of the old man into a faint blur.

One moment of suspense when Peart Falconer's fingers crooked in the dark and the hot blood burned his ears.

The chair creaked. He started back crouching lower. The old man was talking in his sleep.

"Mh—mh! Nervy's got her chillen;

I got mine. Shanty's gitt'n pretty old. Nervy 'll make sheephouse out of it likely; come een prit' handy fer sheep. But 'z long 'z ther's any puncheons in the floor an' any good in a writin', Nervy Falc'ner ain't goin' to git Cale Tooze's money. Poor little sis! Don' nev' wanta quit teachin'; nev' wanta git married; nev' wanta have no chillen 'cep' other folkses? Mh—mh! Over a cradle-knoll, under a lim', kerwhollup! kerwhol—! kerwh—! ker—! k—!"

The old man snored again. Easy came and went his aged breath. Little with all his dreaming dreamed he that before him in the shadow of that hut crouched one in whose young life there strove like a demon, the spirit of evil; who but for those few broken words of sleep had let his swift fingers execute the crime that now lay strangling in his soul.

The shanty was dark, but, as it were a guardian angel in the gloom over the old man's chair, Peart Falconer saw the pale face of Pensee Vale with its child-eyes and dark hair. That money under the puncheon floor was hers. The will was in the old man's pocket. And if all the spirits of evil had waited at his beck, Pearl Falconer could not have laid a finger on either. Side by side in his guilty consciousness struggled the criminal desire and the aspiration. It was the beginning of strife.

The door opened letting in the cool breath of the dew; a star or two under the doorjamb; closed again. The old man snored on; alone.

To be Continued.



A GALICIAN WEDDING.

A North-West Incident.

HE wanted to be married. His name was Nikolai Szcheswa Pschitzchisoffsn, which alone, one would think, was sufficient to keep him a bachelor.

He was a Galician ; the benevolent Canadian Government, in its inscrutable wisdom, had seen fit to invite him to come over from his country of serfdom to the land of freedom and broad acres.

And Nikolai Szcheswa Pschitzchisoffsn came ; and his path was a path of roses and his entry like that of a conqueror (for the pet hobby of the Canadian Government at that time happened to be the Galician Immigration Scheme), and Government officials did pet him and gush exceedingly.

But other settlers, who had had the misfortune not to be born in Galicia, did not gush—not much ; but they said bad words and growled unpleasantly as they saw tracts of Canadian land converted into Galician settlements.

Fort Sturgeon is in Alberta, N.W.T., Canada : there is a Galician settlement close to the Fort, and to this settlement Nikolai came.

And there he took up land and did his best to become a Canadian by mixing only with his own people, speaking his own language, and clinging to the ways and customs of his native country. And, after his fashion, he prospered, for if he made but little money he spent nothing ; so he was either hoarding his wealth or sending it to friends in Galicia—which, of course, was very creditable to him, and eminently satisfactory to the people of Canada.

Now there was at the Fort a Church of England missionary, who would have satisfied Amyas Leigh.

Read your "Westward Ho !" and you will find that Amyas Leigh was of

opinion that a clergyman, being more than a man, must first be a manly man. And the Reverend Bertram Holcombe was a manly man, good at all sports and games and never afraid of cold and hardships while doing his duty.

And people from other flocks than the Church of England often came to him for his ministrations.

To the Reverend Bertram Holcombe came, one day, Nikolai Szcheswa Pschitzchisoffsn.

He was dressed, after his wont, in the usual uniform of the Galician peasant, which consists of a collection of loose, shapeless, more or less dirty-looking garments, neutral tinted. Of course, he wore a greasy sheepskin coat with the wool inside ; and he brought into the Reverend Bertram's house the perfume of old Russia.

Nikolai had been more than three years in Canada, and it was a remarkable fact that he could speak English fairly well ; so, after a few moments, during which he shuffled his feet and twirled his high fur cap, he stammered :

"Melinka, Papa, (little father), you marry me? Eh? Yes?" And he smiled an expansive smile.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Holcombe. "Have you a marriage license? Paper from Mr. Fraser, you know, paper for marrying?"

"Oh, yes—paper—I got good paper, good for marry anybody!" and he drew from some mysterious recess in his blouse a crumpled piece of paper.

The Reverend Bertram unfolded it and found to his surprise that it was the certificate of the death of one Aniska, wife of Nikolai Szcheswa Pschitzchisoffsn.

And it was dated only three months back.

"I am afraid that this paper will not

be enough," said the parson. "This is not a marriage license; this is a certificate of the death of your wife."

"Oh, yes," politely but firmly persisted Nikolai. "That all the same good for marry. She dead, very dead; been dead long time. I can marry any peoples."

"Now look here; you don't understand. No doubt your wife is dead; but before you can marry again you must get a marriage license from Mr. Fraser, a paper with your name and the name of the lady you are going to marry written upon it. You pay Mr. Fraser two dollars for the paper and then come here with the lady, and then we can arrange about the wedding."

"Ah, but I have not woman's name. How do then?"

"Well, you can find out that, I suppose. Where is the lady?"

And then Nikolai told his artless little tale, and it ran thus:

At that time there was, on the way from Galicia to Canada, a party of Galician damsels who were destined to become the wives of the pioneers who had come out before them. This party was daily expected to arrive at Fort Sturgeon, and the wily Nikolai, thinking to get ahead of his fellows, had struck upon the ingenious idea of having the best chance and the first choice by making arrangements for his marriage before he saw his bride. For he was determined that a bride he would have.

Then Mr. Holcombe took infinite pains to explain to him what he would have to do before there could be a successor to the late Mrs. Pschitzchisoffsn—and, of all the preliminaries, the choice of a wife appeared to Nikolai to be the easiest and most simple.

A few days later Nikolai again presented himself before the Reverend

Bertram Holcombe. This time Nikolai was accompanied by a sturdy, Galician damsel, a hard-featured, strong-limbed woman, evidently a worker and a bearer of burdens.

The woman was dressed rather curiously for a bride.

On her head was a coloured handkerchief; her hair was uncombed, dusty and somewhat straggly; over a shapeless blouse she wore a long, greasy, sheepskin coat which reached to her knees; below this coat was to be seen a pair of heavy boots, into which her bare feet were thrust.

And this time Nikolai had provided himself with the proper papers, so the Reverend Bertram Holcombe married them; and at the conclusion of the ceremony the newly-wedded pair knelt and kissed the clergyman's hand, much to his embarrassment.

Now, in the Northwest it is no unusual thing for the bridegroom to be unable to pay a fee in cash; often it is paid in kind—flour, meat, or, perhaps, furs.

So the Reverend Bertram was not surprised to hear Nikolai say: "Me poor man, poor chelevik; Eurena, my woman, poor woman; got no money."

The Reverend Bertram was used to that formula, but the next thing Nikolai said was refreshingly novel.

"Dobre Papa (good father), give me fifty cents and I pray for you sometime."

And Nikolai got his fifty cents and went off with his bride; and afterwards the Reverend Bertram Holcombe missed a valuable meerschaum pipe.

I think Nikolai, the Galician, deserves to succeed in this country; for it is not every man who can secure, in one day, fifty cents, a meerschaum pipe—and a wife.

Basil C. d'Easum,



CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE SAMOA AFFAIR—THE MODERN SLAUGHTERS—RUSSIA AT HERAT—
RITUALISM—THE IRISH ELECTIONS.

WE are assured with a certain smug complacency that the Samoa affair is not likely to cause a rupture between the powers concerned. A joint commission to consider the situation is on its way to the islands and in nearly all these cases when time is gained the outlook becomes peaceful. The way is opened for a graceful retreat on someone's part and with a little of the oil of compromise all round, matters are got working again. The conclusion will doubtless be that the tripartite government of the islands is a failure, and we shall probably see a division of them among the three powers. Germany has unquestionably the largest interest in them, her purchases from the islanders being \$225,000 as compared with \$22,000 by the two other powers and her sales to them are over one-half greater than the combined sales of the other two. In all conscience, therefore, Germany has excellent reason for her interest in the Samoans.

While, then, there is no danger of a war among the great powers there has been already the customary sprinkling of blood on the altars of Empire. Three gallant young officers and a number of the unconsidered Jackies have, in Kipling's phrase, salted Samoa with their bones, and we may be sure that in the slaughter of the enemy their manes were appeased ten to one. We read of the ships riding along shore belching out death from their dread sides on the offending villagers. I venture to say that most people are beginning to make a wry face as they continue to read of these battues of savages, the red details of which have been strung through the press for months past. Beginning with Omdurman, carried on at Manila and, let us hope, wound up at Apia, we have had in our mind's

eye the spectacle of savages being torn and minced by machine guns and shrapnel with each morning's issue of the papers. It may all have been very necessary. There is no doubt that the rule of the Khalifa in the Soudan was a perfect nightmare of horrors, and the slaughter needed to bring it to an end was like the amputation that saves a life.



Indeed, in all the cases we are furnished with excellent reasons why the giant should have his meal of raw meat and bloody bones. At Manila the hecatomb is made necessary because the ignorant savages cannot see that the people who are raking them fore and aft with grape and canister are the best friends they have in the world. They have no excuse for their benighted condition, for President McKinley's commission has assured them by proclamation of the philanthropic spirit that actuates the Americans and the exceeding regret that fills their hearts at being obliged to kill them. Aguinaldo and his Tagalos must necessarily be profoundly interested in these proclamations, but the first thing to strike them would be that of the thing about which they fight, namely, the desire of the natives to be independent of foreign rule, there is not one word. This is rather strange, is it not? It is as if two men should have a dispute about the ownership of a horse and the one who had possession should issue a proclamation to the other telling him how he worshipped justice, humanity, honesty, and all the other virtues, and how he hated tyranny and oppression, but omitted to say anything about the horse. If in their proclamation the Americans assured the much-harassed Filipinos that the question of their independence would in due time be left to their own choice freely expressed,

the fighting would, we think, soon cease.



It would require a professional casuist to decide whether civilization has done more harm than good among savage people. The history of the slave trade in Africa transcends in horror and devilry the utmost imagination of man. The rule of most African chiefs is a continual carnival of fiendish cruelty, the extirpation of which would be a gain to humanity, even if whole tribes had to be blotted out in the process. But there is another side to the shield. Most people have read Capt. Cook's voyages, and under his guidance have re-discovered those island paradises in the Pacific to whose shores his ships brought anything but health and peace. Capt. Cook was a humane, large-hearted seaman, and, no doubt, thought he was according the islanders a boon in making them known to the white world. Many of these dots of territory in the ocean could well have figured as the Islands of the Blest, with their fervent skies, fat soil, and inhabitants without a care, and almost without an ache. Civilization will not be pleased with her image if she gathers it as reflected from these once happy isles. The fate of the easy, indolent, merry, thoughtless aborigines is one of the hideous offences that she or her accompanying brood has to answer for.



Stevenson, in his Vailima letters, tells his friend Colvin of the tremendous struggle he is having in clearing a plantation for himself—how he fought with the forest, and with its tropical luxuriance it grew almost as fast as he cut it down. How amused the natives must have been to witness his exertions! They feasted daily on the abundance that the wild, uncultivated forest supplied, while he the poor consumptive, was hastening the end with his British idea of having things shipshape, and toiling for what nature in Samoa yields without toil. Could two such races ever be got to understand each other? The black man may respond that the

white man does not take up the burden but puts it on *him*. When he subdues the black man he sets him at work and then the wonder is that before he had the good fortune to meet with his white friend he lived very much better and did not have to work at all. This is in accordance with the gospel of work, which is the cardinal tenet in the white man's creed.



It is enough to make the forebears of Nicholas turn in their graves to see him writing, or having written, a pretty little note to the European press, thanking everybody for the interest displayed in the coming Peace Congress at the Hague. The suspicion that attaches to it has by no means been removed, however. While the preparations for the Congress go on, Mr. Geo. W. Stevens, the London *Mail's* correspondent, who is now in the East, points out that simultaneously with the preparations for the Congress there is a corresponding activity in pushing railway construction in Central Asia. It will be remembered that a book entitled "The Russians at the Gates of Herat," attracted a good deal of attention a few years ago. She has not as yet got into the gates, but Mr. Stevens declares the momentous moment is at hand. He thinks that Russia should be made fully aware that coming to Herat means war, his view being that the struggle might as well come off at once as later. To the lay mind the labyrinthine wilderness of mountains that lie between Herat and Quetta would seem to be defence enough for Hindostan. In these defiles would seem to be the place to withstand an invading army. To go out and meet him at Herat would be to commit the blunder that Gen. Leslie committed at Dunbar. Military opinion is strongly, nevertheless, convinced of the impolicy of allowing Herat to be seized by Russia. The meaning of their declarations is that so long as Herat is in hands hostile to Russia, an attack on India will be next to impossible. It is the only point at which an attack in great force could be prepar-

ed. In the hands of the Russians, too, it is feared that it would be a centre of intrigue and agitation of grievances at the various native courts in India. The position, indeed, seems to be that England herself does not want to advance outside the lines of the Hindoo Koosh, and yet objects to the occupation of Herat by a possible enemy.



Russia's alleged designs on India are not the uppermost topic in the British Isles just now. If we are to be guided by the newspapers we must conclude that what is called the crisis in the church is the engrossing theme of the hour. Under the protecting aegis of Lord Halifax, head and front of the society known as the English Church Union, ritualism has become bold. A recent service at St. Clement's, City Road, London, is thus described: "Here there is the assumption of vestments, there there is removal; here they are held up, there they are let down; here the stole, the book, the altar are kissed. The clergy bless the incense, they cense the altar, they cense the elements, they cense each other, they cense the congregation. Mysterious movements mark the officiants. The celebrant glides to the south of the altar, washes his fingers, then glides to the centre; then suddenly faces the people with uplifted hands, and as suddenly reverses his position. Meanwhile the thurifer is busy censing the deacon, the sub-deacon, the servers or acolytes, the choir and finally the people. Candles are lighted. But the strangest thing of all has yet to be mentioned. The celebrant turns round and embraces the deacon by placing his hands affectionately on his shoulders; the deacon similarly embraces the sub-deacon, who in turn embraces the server!"



Surely no honest-minded person will pretend that these are not innovations on the practice of the Church of England. That they are offensive to the great majority of Englishmen both in and out of the church will scarcely be

denied. I am convinced that the spiritual embracings noted above are wholly foreign to the character of Englishmen, and it is not too strong to say that they are repulsive to the national mind. Auricular confession stands in the same position. This is the innovation of all others that will be most bitterly opposed, and, on the other hand, most obstinately pressed. That it is being pressed by the innovating clergy may be seen by the declaration that at one church, St. Bartholemew's, Brighton, ten thousand confessions were heard in a single year. In the House of Lords, in a recent debate, Lord Salisbury said with regard to it: "It has been injurious to the moral independence and virility of the nation to an extent to which probably it has been given to no other institution to affect the character of mankind." It is in this aspect of it—its effect on a manly character—that it must be regarded as a national disaster if the custom of auricular confession again became general in England. If the people have to choose between the confessional boxes and disestablishment, it is not hard to foretell on which the choice will fall. A married priesthood sitting in the confession box would be both an abomination and a scandal.



The first County Council elections have been held in Ireland. The voters have exercised their privilege to the full by electing those whose political views pleased them best, aside from every other consideration. In some cases noble lords and landlords have been elected but in a great many more instances they have been rejected, while insignificant and unknown personages of Nationalist proclivities have gone in with tremendous majorities. Those who expected any other result must be political babes and sucklings. There is no need to be concerned about Ireland. It will be found that no very serious national dangers flow from the County Council, nor would they flow from an Irish Parliament.

John A. Ewan.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

ON the night preceding his untimely death at Windsor Castle, the late Sir John Thompson delivered an address before the members of the Imperial Institute, in which he endorsed the proposal to lay an all-British cable across the Pacific from Canada to Australia, and stated that Canada was ready to support it by a liberal subsidy. That was on December 11th, 1894. But it was not until April, 1899 that a definite announcement was made in the Canadian Parliament, stating that Canada was prepared to carry out her share in this great work. Sir Wilfrid Laurier has announced that Canada will assume five-eightieths of the cost, which is estimated at \$7,500,000. Sir Charles Tupper, leader of the Opposition, has stated on the floor of the House that he is in sympathy with the Government's decision. As the British Government has already signified that it will assume five-eightieths, and as there is reasonable assurance that the Australian colonies will bear the other eight-eightieths, the project is now assured. That a British cable across the Pacific will be of great benefit to the colonies thus connected, and to inter-Imperial trade needs no proof and no argument. Any person interested will find a valuable article on the subject on pp. 74-80 of Vol. VII. of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.



The British people do not yet seem convinced that the British Government is the only one in the world worthy of the name, or that if a resident of the British Isles must emigrate, it should be to one of the colonies. The British emigration for the month of March was as follows :

Canada, - - - -	1,596
Australia, - - - -	948
The Cape, - - - -	1,238
United States, - - -	9,751

The British Government cannot prevent emigration to the United States, but it could do much to discourage it. British newspapers have been doing much to aid the colonies, but these figures prove that they have not yet fully moulded public opinion in the British Isles. Perhaps when both the governing classes and the journalists have more fully realized that the colonies are fully as civilized as the United States, such statistics as those given above will be unfamiliar.



The *Winnipeg Free Press* of a recent date has the following paragraph :—

"*The Canadian Magazine* for March contains several interesting contributions, but some of the editorial comment is very absurd. The editor comments on the character of immigrants to the west in evident ignorance of the subject. He labours under the idea that the Icelandic immigrants are undesirable, and also under the delusion that the Dominion Government could inaugurate a Canadian migration from Eastern Canada to the West, 'to displace that from the north to the south.' The Government has no authority to do the first, and the second does not exist. The migration is from the south to the north."

As an off-set to the foregoing paragraph, I would like to quote from a letter received recently from a gentleman who has resided in the Northwest for a number of years :—

"There are many 'white men' in the Northwest who thank you for your remarks in the March number of *The Canadian Magazine* on the Galician immigration curse.

"For the Galicians are neither useful nor ornamental ; and why unsavoury shiploads of them should be dumped down on the top of us

in the Northwest, is an irritating mystery which our minds can only wonder at and swear at.

"Perhaps the Galicians are men and brethren—but we want more business and less ginger-bread philanthropy in our Government methods (methods save the mark)! But this is a very sore subject with us Westerners."

Let us examine the remarks of the *Free Press*. The writer says the Icelander is a desirable immigrant. Let me ask, is he as desirable as a young Canadian from the Eastern Provinces? No one will answer in the affirmative. That is my point. We are losing our young Canadian farmers and gaining young Icelanders, Galicians and Doukhobors—a most foolish exchange.

The *Free Press* writer says that the Government has no authority to inaugurate a migration from Eastern to Western Canada. Why then did it build the Canadian Pacific Railway? Why then does it offer a free farm to any settler from this part of the country? With all due deference to the opinion of the *Free Press* writer, I must admit that I cannot agree with him. The Dominion Government has authority to do anything not prohibited in the B. N. A. Act. This is not prohibited by that Act.

Again, the *Free Press* writer says that the immigration is from the United States to Canada and not from Canada to the United States. He is partially right. Settlers from Dakota and Minnesota are moving across the border into Canada. At the same time, however, young farmers from Ontario are going to Dakota and Minnesota. During the past six weeks hundreds of them have gone, taking with them their wives and children, their implements and stock. Of this I have personal knowledge. Every week scores of French Canadians and people from the Maritime Provinces are crossing the border. It is lamentable, but it is true.

A despatch from Ottawa, dated April 3rd, states that Mr. Sifton has arranged for five or six hundred Hungarian families to be brought to Canada during 1899. Mr. Sifton is doing clever

work, but his policy is a mistaken one. The immigrants he is securing are not so desirable as those from the British Isles. They are rude, barbarous and uncultured. We do not want slaves; we want men. A despatch from Winnipeg dated April 4th, says that a Galician entered the Police Court in that city and asked to be permitted to bring an action against another Galician whose wife he had bought and who now refused to deliver her. Is this man's vote to off-set mine or that of the intelligent writer on the *Winnipeg Free Press*? Is Canada to become as rude, as uncultured, as fickle, as heterogeneous, as careless of law and order and good citizenship as the United States? Are we to have like political disorders?

Canada's immigration policy has been wrong for a number of years. It was wrong before Mr. Sifton became Minister of the Interior, therefore he is not wholly to blame. The previous Ministers of the Crown, his present colleagues, and the members of Parliament are just as responsible as the Hon. Mr. Sifton. It lies with all these gentlemen and with the public to see that this mistaken policy is rectified. Bring in Icelanders, Galicians, Doukhobors, Hungarians, and all the other riff-raff of the world if you will; but at the same time let all possible means be adopted to keep the young Canadian in Canada.

Last month I pointed out that the Federal and Provincial Governments had gone far enough in bonusing railways and that it was time to recast their policies. It was shown that two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, or an amount equal to our present Federal debt, had been given away to railway promoters since Confederation.

Announcements from the various Provincial centres and from Ottawa show that the work of bonusing new railroad companies is still proceeding merrily. The task of making more railway millionaires—almost the only kind we have—is being pursued most heartily.

PROVINCIAL GRANTS IN 1899 TO RAILROADS IN ONTARIO.

<i>Name of Road.</i>	<i>Distance.</i>	<i>Cash.</i>	<i>Land.</i>
Ontario, Hudson's Bay and Western.....	240 miles.	\$ 480,000	1,200,000 acres.
Haliburton, Whitney and Mattawa.....	30 "	90,000	150,000 "
Ontario and Rainy River	280 "	1,120,000†	
Central Ontario.....	21 "	63,000	
Central Counties Railway.....	14 "	28,000	
Ontario, Belmont and Northern	7 "	22,400	
	592 miles.	\$1,803,400	1,350,000 acres.

A further grant for an extension of this railway may be expected to follow.

† Of this amount \$615,000 had been voted previously.

Under a plea of developing new districts, the Province of Ontario has incurred a fresh liability in the way of railroad bonuses of nearly two millions of dollars, and this in a session which was opened with an announcement from the Provincial Treasurer that the revenue of the Province was not equal to the expenditure and that some new forms of taxation would be introduced. The bills for the payment of \$1,803,400 in cash and for the handing over of 1,350,000 acres of land were approved.



The land grants to two railways (see table) is 5,000 acres per mile. Now if this land is worth anything it should not be given away. If it is not worth anything, it is ridiculous to vote a cash bonus to a railroad through it. But then the principle of the thing is ridiculous. It would never be followed by a set of legislators who made any attempt to master the duties and responsibilities of their position. What the members of the Ontario Government are doing is following precedent; and it is a lamentable fact that in both Provincial and Federal politics of the last thirty years there is abundant precedent for this sort of conduct.



No doubt these legislators are anxious to do something to make the Province more populous, more prosperous, more wealthy. They are persuaded by interested parties that they will be hailed by the public as giants of wis-

dom. With a vague hope in their hearts that the thing will come out all right in the end, they yield to the lobbyists in order to oblige their friends and give the Province more railroads. The situation would be humorous were it not so tragic from a taxpayer's point of view.

A newspaper writer, sometime ago, said that the railway promoter would now have to move on to British Columbia, for all the other provinces had no need for more railroads. Apparently that writer overlooked northern Ontario.



Perhaps, before this reaches the readers of the MAGAZINE, the Dominion Government railway grants for 1899 will be announced. They will be excellent reading. The present Government promised economy when it came into power in 1896, but it is fully as prodigal of the country's resources as was its predecessor.

In one department only has the promise of economy been kept. The Post Office Revenue has increased by \$375,000. Many new post offices were opened up, nearly two million more letters were carried, yet the expenditure was about \$160,000 less than in 1897. This increase in revenue and this decrease in expenditure have reduced the deficit in the department to \$47,602. If thanks are due to any person for this, it is to the Postmaster-General, not to the Liberal cabinet.

John A. Cooper.



BOOKS AND AUTHORS

WE have no Canadian, apparently, who can give us a romantic history of our country. Parkman accomplished something; but no Macaulay has arisen to complete and extend the work. Roberts' one-volume history comes near to the mark in some chapters. Bourinot and Kingsford have little style and less imagination. Calkin's short history is much better than Clement's, but that is not extravagant praise. The Macaulay of Canadian history is undiscovered as yet. Goldwin Smith could give us something unique if he would.

But if we have no romantic history, we have many historical romances, and for a time these may suffice. Major Richardson's "Wacousta," Marmette's "Francois d'Bienville," Gaspe's "Les Anciens Canadiens," Mrs. Catherwood's "Romance of Dollard," etc., Conan Doyle's "Refugees," Barr's "In the Midst of Alarms," Kirby's "The Golden Dog," Gilbert Parker's numerous tales, William McLennan's two or three stories, Charles G. D. Roberts' "A Forge in the Forest," and "A Sister to Evangeline," and many minor works by such writers as Seranus, Fidelis and Blanche Macdonnell—all these have touched the romantic in our history. Worthy as are all these works, let us hope that they are but the forerunners of even greater works in romance and in history.

The two latest additions to our historical romances are "Marguerite de Roberval," by T. G. Marquis,* and "The Span o' Life," by William McLennan and J. N. McIlwraith.* The former comes almost unrecommended, unheralded. The latter has the approval of "Harper's Magazine," where it ran serially, in addition to the excellent reputation which Mr. McLennan had fairly won with his previous books. In spite of this it is difficult to say which book is worthy of most admiration.

Marguerite de Roberval is a niece of the famous Robert Sieur de Roberval, who attempted, in conjunction with Jacques Cartier, to plant the first French settlements in North America. This story opens in St. Malo in 1539, with a meeting of Jacques Cartier, Claude de Pontbriand and Charles de la Pommeraye. Claude is in love with Marguerite, and Pommeraye has just had a duel with Roberval arising out of an insult offered by the former to Marguerite. Finally the four men join to organize an expedition to Canada, which eventually sails in two divisions. Cartier and Pommeraye have charge of one; Roberval the other. Claude has declared his love for Marguerite, and Roberval has sternly forbade him pressing his suit. As Marguerite is to accompany Roberval, Claude steals on board the ship, and when discovered is made a prisoner by Roberval. Marguerite, two female companions, and Claude are after many troubles deserted on a barren island in the St. Lawrence, where their sufferings during two years are intense. The final downfall of the brutal Roberval and the fate of the other persons make a thrilling tragedy, which Mr. Marquis has handled with skill. Pommeraye is the most noble figure in the story, and must win every reader's admiration by his gallantry and the steadfastness of his passion for a woman whom fate had decreed should never be his. Marguerite might have been more thoroughly described; but her bravery, strength of mind

*Both books are published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto.

and sincerity of purpose mark her as an extraordinary woman. The story is never complicated, and moves rapidly from one point to another. There is scarcely a dull page, and one cannot avoid feeling that Mr. Marquis is an accomplished story-teller.

"The Span o' Life," a tale of Louisbourg and Quebec, derives its title from the stanza :

The span o' life's nae lang enough,
Nor deep enough the sea,
Nor braid enough this weary world
To part my love frae me.

Hugh Maxwell, of Kirkconnel, is hiding in London, because of his connection with the misdirected Stuart affair of 1745. Here he meets and falls in love with Margaret Nairn. Soon afterwards, Hugh discovers a woman whom as a girl he had secretly married, but who now refuses to live with him. Under the circumstances he feels that he cannot press his suit with Margaret ; he, therefore, enlists again under the French king, and is sent to Louisbourg. He has never openly declared his love for Margaret, but each realizes a strong attachment. After some years Margaret comes to Canada to seek the man she loves, and her adventures as related by herself are almost wonderful. Eventually she meets her husband during the second siege of Quebec, when the French were endeavouring to regain what in the previous year they had lost on the Plains of Abraham.

"The story is divided into three parts. The first and third are told in the first person by Hugh Maxwell, and the second gives an account of Margaret's wanderings in her own words. This surmounts some difficulties in the ordinary "first person narrative," and enables the authors to introduce a broader range of scenes and events. The book is gracefully written and carefully polished. Because of its excellence in these virtues it at times seems rather flat. The rugged vivacious descriptions which give strength to Mr. Marquis' novel, are almost wanting, yet there is no doubt that for art and purely literary style "The Span o' Life" is far above "Marguerite de Roberval." The latter possesses a simplicity and straightforwardness in plot and action which makes it a more readable story from the commoner's point of view. But both novels are worthy of a place on the first shelf of Canadian books.



THE MORMON PROPHET.*

Miss Lily Dougall, a novelist of whom Canada has no reason to be ashamed, has given us a new volume, a story with a purpose. "The Mormon Prophet" is intended to teach, and is thus quite distinct in character from those novels which aim only at describing life as it really is, without discussion of any kind. Its purpose is set forth in the preface as follows :

"In studying the rise of this curious sect I have discovered that certain misconceptions concerning it are deeply rooted in the minds of many of the more earnest of the well-wishers to society. Some otherwise well-informed people hold Mormonism to be synonymous with polygamy, believe that Brigham Young was its chief prophet, and are convinced that the miseries of oppressed women, and tyrannies exercised over helpless subjects of both sexes, are the only themes that the religion of more than two hundred thousand people can afford. When I have ventured in conversation to deny these somewhat fabulous notions, it has been earnestly suggested to me that to write on so false a religion in other than a polemic spirit would tend to the undermining of civic life.

"In spite of these warnings, and although I know it to be a most dangerous commodity, I have ventured to offer the simple truth, as far as I have been able to discern it."

* "The Mormon Prophet," by Lily Dougall, author of "The Mermaid," "The Zeitgeist," "Beggars All," etc. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

In spite of the "purpose" of the story, it will be found decidedly entertaining, much more interesting than might be expected. Joseph Smith, his new Bible of golden plates, his wife and baby, Susannah the doubter, and all the other unique American characters, catch and hold the reader's interest from the first chapter onwards. Moreover, Miss Dougall knows how to gain the reader's sympathy for her characters—a point at which many writers fail.



TWO VOLUMES OF SHORT STORIES.

It would be hard to conceive a greater contrast than there is between the two volumes of short stories published recently by William Briggs. Henry Cecil Walsh is fanciful, wordy, diffuse, and very seldom dramatic. W. A. Fraser is crisp, intense, concentrated, picturesque, and always dramatic. Mr. Walsh describes all the little details which are of importance, and then all those which are of no importance. If Mr. Fraser condescends to chronicle a detail, he gives it a significance which raises it above the ordinary level. Mr. Walsh stretches out his stories through thousands of words, and you read on and on, only to find that when he has finished there is no story. Mr. Fraser's tales are active from the start, event succeeds event, his personages are always moving, and the expected does not always happen.

"The Eye of a God," which is the title of Mr. Fraser's volume, contains six stories, four from far-away India, and two from the Canadian Northwest. Mr. Fraser has lived in these districts, and he speaks as one having knowledge. Take this extract from the speech of a Medicine Man :

"Then they drove him forth in anger, and he stood again where the trail forks. He turned to the left, and journeyed along until the smell of the sweet-grass and the sage smote upon his nostrils, and he knew that he was coming to the Happy Hunting-Ground of his own people, the Indians.

"Like the noise of the wings of the great birds that make the thunder was the sound of the hoofs of the Buffalo, that were even as the sands of the river, as the spirits of the Happy Hunting-Ground ran them in the chase."

Here we have the sweet-grass, the sage, the fork in the trail, the thunder-birds, the happy hunting-ground—all these crowded pictures of a life which must be seen to be understood. That is Mr. Fraser's secret. He is a story-teller, but he is more. He is an artist and a traveller. He has seen. Many of us are travellers, but not all of us have seen. But there is no need of praising this new volume, as five or six of Mr. Fraser's tales have already appeared in *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE*; moreover, his stories have won him a leading place among the writers of to-day in both New York and London.

As for Mr. Walsh, his attempt is a good one. He has lived a narrow life, but he has seen the French Canadian. He knows Quebec and the Quebecers very well indeed. That he does not describe them better in "*Bonhomme : French Canadian Stories and Sketches*," is because he lacks force and humour—and without these two, few men have won fame in any calling. However, there have been many worse stories published than "*A Crown Courier*," and "*The Onion in the Wheel-Rut*," two of this collection, and there have been much worse illustrations than those by Mr. Brymner.



THE BLACK DOUGLAS.

S. R. Crockett's stories are usually cheerful, but "*The Black Douglas*" (Toronto: Morang) is a decided exception. It is gruesome, forbidding, and at times revolting. Gilles de Retz, a more central figure in the story than the Black Douglas, is a hideous Frenchman of the fifteenth century, whose chief occupation is

the sacrifice of innocent children, youths and maidens to the Devil, and the drinking of their blood, in the vain hope that he may live forever. In the last fifty pages of the book his charnel-house is discovered, and we are blandly informed that "these vague forms, mostly charred like half-burned wood, these scraps of white bone, these little crushed skulls, were all that remained of the innocent children who, in the freshness of their youth and beauty, had been seduced into the fatal castle of Machecoul." There are twenty sacks full of these bones, and twenty more waiting to be filled. This is followed up by the almost completed sacrifice of two Scotch maidens and one Scotch lad—who are rescued only after the reader had been fully harrowed by the preparations made for their intended torture.

S. R. Crockett has taken the name of the Black Douglas in vain. The first half of the story is occupied with a history of his life and his death, and there the tale should have ended. What follows is no part of the tragedy in which he played so magnificent a part. When the hero of a story dies, is married, or performs the highest duties of which he is capable, his story is closed. To afterwards use his good name under which to describe one of the vilest of human beings is not fair to the hero or to his admirers.

Should any person prone to read of sensational occurrences or soul-moving horrors and atrocities, ask me if I should recommend "The Black Douglas," my answer would be in the affirmative. To the man or woman desirous of reading only what is pleasant, artistic or elevating, I would say "Shun it as you would an immoral story or a fourth-rate play." Every event may be justified by history, but their description cannot always be justified by common sense. The latter half of the book could only be equalled by the description in a New York daily newspaper of an unusually revolting murder. We have enough of the vulgar and debasing in our present life, without being called upon to revel in the vices and viciousness of past centuries.



A BOOK OF TRAVELS.

It is a relief to turn occasionally from the omnipresent love-story, and from the omniscient manufacturer of possible and impossible romances to a thoroughly wholesome book dealing with sane adventure. William Briggs has done well to give us a Canadian edition of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," a story of a trip around the world after sperm whales. The book, during the past few months, has attracted much attention in England and Rudyard Kipling has written the following letter to his fellow author :

DEAR MR. BULLEN :

"It is immense—there is no other word. I never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery ; nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the whole business of whale fishing, and at the same time given such real and new sea pictures. You have thrown away material enough to make five books, and I congratulate you most heartily. It's a new world that you have opened the door to.

Very sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

Rottingdean, Nov. 22, 1898.

This story of the methods and dangers of the South Sea whale fishers is decidedly interesting, and worthy of the generous praise which Mr. Kipling has given.



MR. DOOLEY'S HUMOUR.

Mr. Dooley's talks in book form are not so attractive as in an occasional article in a newspaper. To get him all at once is to become satiated with him.

True, he is clever, witty and wise—but with all these qualities, he is digestible only in small doses. Mr. F. P. Dunne, a Chicago journalist, has made a decided discovery in his new style of humour. It was a timely discovery. Mark Twain, Bill Nye, Artemus Ward, and even our own Sam Slick, had been relegated to the back shelves of public favour. Mr. Dunne not only used his American-Irish friend to great advantage in producing humour, but he infused into the genial gentleman's remarks a satire and a sagacity which won public approval. He spoke the people's thoughts with a pointedness, a directness and a humorous turn which made these thoughts doubly acceptable to the people who were thinking them. They laughed and said "Right you are, Mr. Dooley," and if Mr. Dooley had not been right, even his wit and humour would not have made him famous. Whether Mr. Dunne's volume will be classed as "literature" in the blue books, does not really matter; the world of readers laughs, is happy—and forgets.



NOTES.

"The Anglo-American Magazine" for April (Vol. 1., No. 3), contains "From The Great Lakes to the Ocean," by Captain Gillmore, of Ottawa, "An Open Door with Canada," by Erastus Wiman, "The Yukon Territory," by Thomas Crahan, and much other interesting material. Capt. Gillmore's article deals with the proposed canal between Georgian Bay and the Ottawa, a project which he approves with much enthusiasm.

"The Godhood of Man" is the title of a book by a Chicago man who does not approve the present religious ideas of the English-speaking Christians, because they lead to inequalities and give too much importance to church and state.

"Light Amid the Shadows" is the title of a small volume of devotional verse by Annie Clarke, a Canadian. Some of these are bright, and all exhibit a high degree of religious spirituality. (Toronto: The Revell Co.)

"Susannah," by Mary E. Mann (Unwin's Colonial Library), is a lengthy story of considerable merit. Susannah's father dies penniless, and his daughters must live with their relatives. Susannah has a difficult time with a charity-mad London widow, and later on as a maid-of-all-work in a lodging house. She bears her hard luck with equanimity, and it serves but to make her strong. Of course, the knight appears in due time, and everybody is happy.

Mr. David Boyle is an antiquarian who has done much for Canadian history. He has just presented to the Minister of Education for Ontario—at the latter's expense—an exhaustive report on the Iroquois Pagans and Paganism of the Grand River Reserve. Mr. Boyle deals very generously with his subject. Rites, dances, myths, legends, festivals, music, customs, and other matters connected with the archaeology and ethnology of this once famous race of redmen, are carefully discussed. Of course, the report will be read by only about a dozen people, but that does not lessen its bulk or its value. (Published by the Ontario Government.)

Any person interested in municipal reform will find the New York Quarterly, "Municipal Affairs," a very valuable work of reference. It is published at 52 William Street.

On June 1st Armour & Co., of Chicago, close their thousand dollar competition for the best finished coloured design (single or serial), for a 1900 art calendar. This competition has attracted much attention among Canadian artists, and several are sending designs. The effect of the modern style of advertising upon art is something which cannot be overlooked. Advertisers are certainly making the artists' calling much more lucrative.

"The Trail of the Sword," by Gilbert Parker, has been translated into French by N. Le Vasseur, and is published by Frank Carrel, Quebec, at fifty cents.

The New Brunswick Historical Society, of which S. D. Scott, of St. John, is President, and Jonas Howe, Corresponding Secretary, has published the fourth number of its Collections. The material included is very valuable indeed, and reflects much credit on the Society. Dr. Ganong's work in this connection is worthy of special mention.

Mr. Henry J. Morgan has bought back the publishing rights of "The Canadian Parliamentary Companion," which he founded in 1862. Mr. Morgan will soon get out a new issue which, it is said, will be a decided improvement on any previous annual effort.

The Longman Colonial Library contains nearly all of H. Rider Haggard's novels. The latest issue is "Swallow," a tale of the Boer and Kaffir, particularly of the great Trek of 1836. It is an historical novel with plenty of killing and dying.

The Macmillan Sixpenny Series has been increased by a selection of the poems of Alfred, Lord Tennyson. The selections include "Locksley Hall" and "In Memoriam." This is a splendid volume to slip into the summer holiday portmanteau.

THE FOUNDER OF HALIFAX.

To the Editor of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

SIR,—Permit me to invite your attention to a palpable error in Mr. J. Taylor Wood's article on Halifax in the April number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE. It was not Lord Cornwallis, as therein stated, who commanded the expedition sent to Chebucto Bay by the English Government in 1749, and which resulted in the foundation of the city of Halifax, but another member of that well-known family, namely, Colonel (afterwards Lieutenant-General) the Honourable Edward Cornwallis. He became the first Governor of the Colony, and was afterwards Governor of Gibraltar. He died in 1776 while holding the last-named appointment. I might further say that the 8th of June was for a long time regarded as the date of the foundation of Halifax, and on that day in 1849 the centenary of the foundation of the city was celebrated. According to McCord, however ("Handbook of Cana-

dian Dates,") the correctness of the date came to be questioned, and, in 1862, correspondence between the Celebration Committee and the Commissioner of Public Records (the late Dr. Akins) led to the production by him of a letter written by Colonel Cornwallis, in which he stated that he had arrived in Halifax Harbour on the 21st of June. A proclamation by the Governor then appeared in the *Royal Gazette*, appointing the 21st of June, 1862, as the anniversary of the settlement of Halifax, and on that day it has ever since been observed. But, although Cornwallis did arrive in Chebucto Bay on the 21st of June, it was only with his suite, on board the sloop of war *Sphinx*. The first of the transports carrying the settlers did not appear until the 27th, and it was not before the 30th of June that the settlers landed, and that Halifax was founded.

Ottawa, April 8, 1899.

Henry J. Morgan.

IDE MOMENTS

ANECDOTES.

A SCOTCH farmer, celebrated in his neighbourhood for his immense strength and skill in athletic exercises, very frequently had the pleasure of contending with people who came to try their strength against him. Lord D., a great pugilistic amateur, went from London on purpose to fight the athletic Scot. The latter was working in an enclosure at a little distance from his house when the noble lord arrived. His lordship tied his horse to a tree and addressed the farmer. "Friend, I have heard marvellous reports of your skill, and have come a long way to see which of us two is the better wrestler." The Scotchman, without answering, seized the nobleman, pitched him over the fence, and then set about working again. When Lord D. got up: "Well," said the farmer, "have you anything to say to me?" "No," replied his lordship, "but perhaps you'd be good enough to throw me my horse."

The story goes that when Li Hung Chang was in England an admirer sent him a specially fine bull-terrier, intended to watch over the veteran statesman's declining years. The following letter—so the story goes—was received in acknowledgment: "My Dear —,—While tendering my best thanks for sending me your dog, I beg to say that, as for myself, I have long since given up the practice of eating dog's flesh; but my attendants to whom I handed the creature, tell me they never tasted anything so nice. Your devoted L."

A delightful instance of the Prince of Wales' geniality occurred some few

years ago when he was visiting the Earl of Warwick at Easton Hall, Dunmow, Essex. He was driving through the county to make a call when, at a small village, Wimbish I believe it was called, either one of the horses cast a shoe or some damage was done to the Prince's equipage—at any rate, a halt was necessary while repairs were effected. The Prince was strolling up and down when a rustic came up to him and, touching his hat, said: "They tell us, sir, as you be the Prince of Wales?" H. R. H. affably replied that such was the case. His visitor, on receiving an affirmative to his question, continued: "Then, sir, a lot of us, me and my mates, would like to drink your Royal 'Ighness's good elth." The hint was taken and the petitioner was awarded a half-a-crown for the purpose, the Prince, as he gave the money, laughing heartily.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Father O'Leary, a well-known Catholic priest and wit, was on very friendly terms with his neighbour, the Church of England vicar. They met on the road one day, when the vicar said excitedly: "Oh! Father O'Leary, have you heard the awful news?" "No," said the priest, "what is it at all?" "Something awful," says the vicar. "The bottom has fallen out of purgatory, and all the Catholics have tumbled into hell." "Oh, dear, oh, dear," says Father O'Leary, "what a crushing the poor Protestants must have got."

CRUSHED.

A man strolled into a fashionable church before the service began. The sexton followed him up, and, tapping



TOO LATE.

MAMIE—I'm just that angry I could cry.

EDITH—Why, what's the matter, dear?

MAMIE—That horrid beast, Riply, who skipped my dance the other night, was sitting right behind me at the matinee to-day, and I only had my walking hat on.

him on the shoulder and pointing to a small cur that had followed him into the sacred edifice, said :

"Dogs are not admitted."

"That's not my dog," replied the visitor.

"But he follows you."

"Well, so do you."

The sexton growled and immediately removed the dog with unnecessary violence.



WILLING TO QUALIFY.

A few days ago a recruit was taken to be sworn in by the magistrate. Everything was going on swimmingly

till the magistrate asked the man the following question : "Have you ever been in prison?"

At this the man looked startled, but quickly recovering himself, he blurted out, "No, sir, I have never been in gaol, but I don't mind doing a few days if you think it necessary."



INQUISITIVE.

Child to nursemaid : "I say, Jane, what's the difference between English meat and Australian?"

Jane : "Why, o'course Master Reggie, English mutton's made of sheep and Orstralian of 'orse."





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THE MAN AT THE WHEEL.

A TALE OF BRITISH EGYPT.

By Gilbert Parker.

WYNDHAM BIMBASHI'S career in Egypt had been a series of mistakes. In the first place he was opinionated; in the second place he never seemed to have any luck; and, worst of all, he had a little habit of doing grave things on his own light-some responsibility. This last quality was natural to him, but he added to it a supreme contempt for the native mind and an unhealthy scorn of the native official. He never seemed to realize that, after all, the native knows, in one sure way, a good deal more about his country than a foreigner possibly can; also, that, however corrupt in character Mahommed may be, he is in touch with the mind of his countrymen. But Major Wyndham, which is to say Wyndham Bimbashi, was convinced of the omniscience of the British mind, of its universal superiority. He said as much to Vernet, the French count in the confidence of the Khedive, who had got him his billet at a time when there were scarcely any English officials in Egypt. Vernet chafed, but he had been Wyndham's guest in Sussex years before, and he contented himself with a satirical warning. In this he deserved credit, for Wyndham's manner, with his unimaginative, bullet-headed cocksureness, his yawning indifference, his un pitying endurance of foreigners' opinions, was provoking if nothing more.

Bored as he generally was, Wyndham had ideas of reform—in the army, in the state, everywhere. With all his Englishness he was for doing what is characteristic of the Frenchman; transplanting schemes of home government and administration bodily into colonies and spheres of influence. He had not that rare quality often found among Englishmen, of working the native up through his own medium, as it were, through his own customs and predispositions, to the soundness of Western administrative methods. Therefore in due time he made some bad mistakes, which, in natural sequence, were followed by dangerous mistakes. By virtue of certain high-handed actions he was the cause of several riots in native villages, and he had himself been attacked at more than one village as he rode between the fields of sugar-cane. On these occasions he had behaved very well—certainly no one could possibly doubt his bravery; but that was a small offset to the fact that his want of tact and his overbearing manner had been the means of turning the Hadendowa Arabs loose upon the country, raiding and killing.

But he could not, or would not, see his own vain stupidity. The climax came in a foolish sortie against the Hadendowas. In that unauthorized melee, in covert disobedience to a general order not to attack, unless at ad-

vantage—for the Gippies under him were raw levies—his troop was diminished by half, and cut off from the Nile by a flank movement of the Hadendawas. He was obliged to retreat and take refuge in the well-fortified and walled house of a friendly sheikh, which had previously been a Coptic monastery.

Here, at last, the truth came home to Wyndham Bimbashi. He realized that though in his six years' residence in the land he had acquired a command of Arabic equal to that of others who had been in the country twice that time, he had acquired little else. He awaked to the fact that in his cocksure schemes for the civil and military life of Egypt there was not one element of sound sense; that he had been all along an egregious failure. It did not come home to him with clear accurate conviction—his brain was not a first-rate medium for illumination; but the facts struck him now with a blind sort of force; and he accepted the blank sensation of failure. Also, he read in the faces of those round him an alien spirit, a chasm of black misunderstanding, which his knowledge of Arabic could never bridge over.

Here he was, shut up with Gippies who had no real faith in him, in the house of a sheikh whose servants would cut his throat on no provocation at all; and not an eighth of a mile away was a horde of Arabs: a circle of death through which it was impossible to break with the men in his command. They must all die here if they were not relieved.

The nearest garrison was at Berber, fifty miles away. Five hundred men were stationed there. Now that his cup of mistakes was full, Wyndham Bimbashi would willingly have made the attempt to carry word to the garrison there. But he had no right to leave his post. He called for a volunteer. No man replied. Panic was upon the Gippies. Though Wyndham Bimbashi's heart sickened within him, his lips did not frame a word of reproach; but a blush of shame came into his face, and crept up to his eyes, dimming them. For

there flashed through his mind what men at home would think of him when this thing, such an end to his whole career, was known. As he stood still, upright and confounded, someone touched his arm.

It was Hassan, his Soudanese servant. Hassan was the one person in Egypt who thoroughly believed in Wyndham Bimbashi. Wyndham was as a god to Hassan, though this same god had given him the taste of a belt more than once. Hassan had not resented the belt, though once, in a moment of affectionate confidence, he had said to Wyndham that when Wyndham got old and died he would be the servant of an American or a missionary, "who no whack Mahomed."

It was Hassan that now volunteered to carry word to the garrison at Berber.

"If I no carry, you whack me with the belt, Pasha," said Hassan, whose logic and reason were like his master's, neither better nor worse.

"If you do you shall have fifty pounds and—the missionary," answered Wyndham Bimbashi, his eyes still cloudy and his voice thick; for it touched him in a tender nerve that this one Soudanese boy should believe in him and do for him what he would give much to do for the men under him. For his own life he did not care, his confusion and shame were so great.

He watched Hassan steal out into the white brilliance of the night.

"Mind you keep a whole skin, Hassan," he said as the slim lad, with the white teeth, oily hair, and legs like ivory, stole along the wall, to drop presently on his belly, and make for some palm trees a hundred yards away. The minutes went by in silence, an hour went by, the whole night went by; Hassan had got beyond the circle of trenchant steel.

They must now abide Hassan's fate; but another peril was upon them. There was not a goolah of water within the walls.

It was the time of low Nile, when all the land is baked like a crust of

bread, when the creaking of the shadoofs and the singing croak of the sakkia are heard all the long night like untiring crickets with the throats of frogs. It was the time succeeding the khamseen, when the skin dries like slaked lime and the face is forever powdered with dust; and the felahéen, in the slavery of superstition, strain their eyes day and night for the Sacred Drop, which tells that the flood is flowing fast from the hills of Abyssinia.

It was like the Egyptian, that nothing should be said to Wyndham Bimbashi about the dearth of water until it was all gone. The house of the sheikh, and its garden where were a pool and a fountain, were supplied from the great Persian wheel at the water side. On this particular sakkia had been wont to sit all day a patient fellah, driving the blindfolded buffaloes in their turn. It was like the patient fellah, when the Arabs in pursuit of Wyndham and his Gippies suddenly cut in between him and the house, to deliver himself over to the conqueror, with his hand upon his head, in sign of obedience. It was also like the gentle Egyptian that he eagerly showed the Hadendowas how the water could be cut off from the house by dropping one of the sluice gates; while, opening another, all the land around the Arab quarters might be well watered, the birkets filled, and the bersim kept green for their horses and camels. Which was how it was that Wyndham Bimbashi and his Gippies, and the sheikh and his household faced the fact the morning after Hassan left, that there was not a goolah of water for a hundred burning throats. Wyndham understood now why it was that the Hadendowas sat down and waited, that torture might be added to the on-coming death of the Englishman, his natives and the "friendlies."

All that day terror and a ghastly hate hung like a miasma over the besieged house and garden. Fifty eyes hungered for the blood of Wyndham Bimbashi; not because he was Wynd-

ham Bimbashi, but because the heathen in these men cried out for sacrifice; and what so agreeable a sacrifice as the Englishman who had led them into this disaster and would die so well—had they ever seen an Englishman who did not die well!

Wyndham Bimbashi was quiet and watchful, and he cudgelled his bullet-head, and looked down his long nose in meditation all the day, while his tongue became dry and thick, and his throat seemed to crack like roasting leather. At length he worked the problem out; then he took action.

He summoned his troop before him, and said briefly:

"Men, we must have water. The question is, who is going to steal out to the sakkia to-night to shut the one sluice and open the other?"

No one replied. No one understood quite what Wyndham meant. Shutting one sluice and opening the other did not seem to meet the situation. There was the danger of getting to the sakkia, but there was also an *after*. Would it be possible to shut one sluice and open the other without the man at the wheel knowing? Suppose you killed the man at the wheel—what then!

The Gippies and the friendlies scowled, but did not speak. The Bimbashi was responsible for all: he was an Englishman, let him get water for them, or die like the rest of them, perhaps before them!

Wyndham Bimbashi could not travel the sinuosities of their minds, and if he could have done so it would not have affected his purposes. When no man replied, he simply said:

"All right, men, you shall have water before morning. Try and hold out till then." And he dismissed them.

For a long time he walked up and down the garden of straggling limes, apparently listless, and smoking hard. He reckoned in his mind how long it would take Hassan to get to Berber, and how long it would take for relief to come. He was fond of his pipe, and he smoked now as if it was the thing he most enjoyed in the world.

He held the bowl in the hollow of his hand almost tenderly. He seemed unconscious of the scowling looks around him. At last he sat down on the ledge of the rude fountain, with his face towards the Gippies and the Arabs squatted on the ground, some playing *mankalah*, others sucking the dry lime leaves, some smoking apathetically, and others still gasping and staring.

One man with the flicker of insanity in his eyes suddenly ran forward and threw himself on the ground before Wyndham Bimbashi.

"In the name of God the Compassionate, the Merciful—water!" he cried. "Water—I am dying, *effendi*, whom God preserve!"

"Nile water is sweet; you shall drink it before morning, Mahommed," answered Wyndham quietly. "God will preserve your life till the Nile water cool your throat."

"Before dawn, O *effendi*?" gasped the Arab.

"Before dawn, by the mercy of God," answered Wyndham; and for the first time in his life he had a burst of imagination. The Orient had touched him at last.

"Is not the song of the *sakkia* in thine ear, Mahommed:

Turn, O *Sakkia*, to the right and turn to the left:
The Nile floweth by night and the balasses
are filled at dawn—
The maid of the village shall bear to thy bed
the dewy grey *goolah* at dawn:
Turn, O *Sakkia*!"

Wyndham Bimbashi was learning at last the way to the native mind.

The man rose from his knees. A vision of his home in the *Mirkaz* of *Minieh* passed before him. He stretched out his hands and sang in the vibrating monotone of his people:

"Turn, O *Sakkia*, to the right, and turn to the left;
Who will take care of me if my father dies!
Who will give me water to drink, and the
cucumber vine at my door:
Turn, O *Sakkia*!"

Then he crept back again to the wall of the house where he huddled between a Berberine playing a *darabukkeh* and

a man of *Fayoum* who chanted the *Fatihah* from the *Koran*.

Wyndham looked at them all and pondered. "If the devils out there would only attack us!" he said between his teeth, "or if we could only attack them!" he added, and he nervously hastened his footsteps; for to him this inaction was terrible. "They'd forget their thirst if they were fighting," he muttered, and then he frowned; for the groans of the horses behind the house came to his ear. In desperation he went inside and climbed to the roof, where he could see the circle of the enemy.

It was no use. They were three to one, and his Gippies were demoralized. It would be a fine bit of pluck to try and cut his way through the *Hadendowas* to the Nile, but how many would reach it?

No, he had made his full measure of mistakes, he would not add to the list. If Hassan got through to Berber his Gippies here would be relieved; and there would be no more blood on his head. Relieved—and when they were relieved, what of himself, Wyndham Bimbashi? He knew what men would say in Cairo, what men would say at the War Office in London town, at "the Rag," everywhere! He could not look his future in the face. He felt that every man in Egypt, save himself, had known all along that he was a complete failure. It did not matter while he himself was not conscious of it, but now that the armour-plate of conceit protecting his honest mind had been torn away on the reefs of foolish deeds, it mattered everything. For when his conceit was peeled away, there was left a crimson cuticle of the Wyndham pride—of the Wyndham Bimbashi pride! Certainly he could not attack the *Hadendowas*; he had had his eternal fill of sorties!

And he could not wait for the relief party, for his Gippies and the friendlies were famishing, dying of thirst. He prayed for night. How slowly the minutes, the hours, passed; and how bright was the moon when it rose; brighter even than it was when Hassan

crept out to steal through the Arab lines !

At midnight Wyndham Bimbashi stole softly out of a gate in the garden wall, and, like Hassan, dropping to the ground, crept towards a patch of maize lying between the house and the river. He was dressed like a fellah, with the long blue yelek, a poor wool fez, and round the fez was a white cloth, as it were to protect his mouth from the night air, after the manner of the peasant.

The fires of the enemy were dying down, and only here and there Arabs gossiped or drank coffee by the embers. At last Wyndham was able to drop into the narrow channel, now dry, through which, when the sluice was open and the sakkia turned, the water flowed to the house. All went well till he was within a hundred yards of the wheel, though now and again he could hear sentries snoring or talking just above him. Suddenly he heard breathing an arm's length before him, then a figure raised itself and a head turned towards him. The Arab had been asleep, but his hand ran to his knife by instinct—too late, for Wyndham's fingers were at his throat, and he had neither time nor chance to cry "Allah" before the breath left him !

Wyndham crept on. The sound of the sakkia was in his ears, the long, creaking, crying song filling the night. And now there rose the Song of the Sakkia from the man at the wheel :

"Turn, O Sakkia, to the right, and turn to the left :

The heron feeds by the water side—shall I starve in my onion field !

Shall the Lord of the World withhold his tears that water the land ;

Turn, O Sakkia !"

. . . . The cold white stars, the deep cold blue the far-off Libyan hills in a gold and opal glow, the smell of the desert, the deep *swish* of the Nile, the Song of the Sakkia !

Wyndham Bimbashi's heart beat faster, his blood flowed quicker, he strangled a sigh in his breast. Here, with death on every hand, with immediate danger and a fearful peril before him, out of the smell of the desert

and the ghostly glow of the Libyan hills there came a memory—a memory of a mistake he had made years before with a woman. She had never forgiven him for the mistake—he knew that now. He knew that no woman could ever forgive the blunder he had made—not a blunder of love but a blunder of self-will and an unmanly, unmannerly conceit. It had nearly wrecked her life ; and he only realized it now, in the moment of clear-seeing which comes to everyone once in this life. Well, it was something to have seen the mistake at last !

He was near the sluice-gate now. It was impossible to open it without the fellah on the water-wheel seeing him.

There was another way. He crept close and closer to the wheel. The breath of the blindfolded buffalo was in his face, he drew himself up lightly and quickly beside the buffalo—he was making no blunder now ! The fellah still sang :

"Turn, O Sakkia, turn to the right, and turn to the left :

For the chargers that ride the bersim waits . ."

The great jars on the wheel emptied their splashes of water into the trough for the channel.

Suddenly Wyndham Bimbashi leapt from behind the buffalo upon the fellah and smothered his head and mouth in the white cloth he had brought. There was a moment's struggle, then, as the wheel went slower and slower, and the patient buffalo stopped, Wyndham Bimbashi dropped the gagged but living fellah into a trench by the sakkia, and calling to the buffalo, slid over swiftly, opened the sluice-gate of the channel which fed the house, and closed that leading to the Arab encampment.

Then he sat down where the fellah had sat, and the sakkia droned its mystic music over the river, and the desert and the plain. But the buffalo moved slowly—the fellah's song had been a spur to its travel, as the camel-driver's song is to the caravan in the waste of sands. Wyndham Bimbashi hesitated an instant, then as the first trickle of water entered the garden of the house where his Gippies and the

friendlies were, his voice rose in the Song of the Sakkia:

"Turn, O Sakkia, turn to the right, and turn to the left:

Who will take care of me, if my father dies!
Who will give me water to drink, and the
cucumber vine at my door:

Turn, O Sakkia!"

If he had but one hour longer there would be enough water for men and horses for days—twenty jars of water pouring—pouring all the time!

Now and again a figure came towards the wheel, but not close enough to see that the one sluice-gate had been shut and the other opened. One hour passed, an hour and a half, and then the end came.

The gagged fellah had managed to free his mouth, and though his feet were bound also and he could not loose them at once, he gave a loud call for help. From dying fires here and there Arab sentries sprang to their feet with rifles and lances.

Wyndham Bambashi's work was done. He leapt from the sakkia, and ran towards the house. Shot after shot was fired at him, lances were thrown, and once an Arab barred his way suddenly. He pistoled him and ran on. A lance caught him in the left arm. He tore it out and pushed forward. Stooping once, he caught up an Arab sword from the ground. When he was within fifty yards of the house, four Hadendowas intercepted him. He slashed through, then turned with his pistol and fired as he ran

quickly towards the now open gate. He was within ten yards of it, and had fired his last shot, when a bullet crashed through his jaw.

A dozen Gippies ran out, dragged him in, and closed the gate.

The last thing Wyndham Bimbashi did before he died in the grey of dawn—and this is told of him by the Gippies themselves—was to cough up the bullet from his throat, and spit it out upon the ground. The Gippies thought it a miraculous feat and that he had done it in scorn of the Hadendowas.

Before another sunrise and sunset had come, Wyndham Bimbashi's men were relieved by the garrison of Berber, after a hard fight.

There are Englishmen in Egypt who still speak slightly of Wyndham Bimbashi; but the British officer who buried him hushed a gossiping dinner-party a few months ago in Cairo by saying:

"Lightly they'll speak of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck if they let him sleep on
In the grave where the Gippies have laid him."

And he did not apologize for paraphrasing the famous ballad. He has shamed Egypt at last into a sort of admiration of Wyndham Bimbashi, to the deep satisfaction of Hassan the Soudanese boy, who received his fifty pounds and to this day wears the belt that once kept him in the narrow path of duty.



A NEW NATIONAL POLICY.

BEING A PLEA FOR FREE TRADE WITH GREAT BRITAIN IN ORDER
TO PRESERVE OUR TAXABLE POWER.

By Senator Boulton.

THE policy of the open door is the policy of the Imperial Government. It is not a party policy ; it is an Imperial policy. Wherever the influence of the Imperial Government extends to the commercial life of nations directly under its control that system prevails and sound government is the result. It is an announcement to the nations of the world that the British are prepared to compete with them upon their own soil or under their own flag without fear or favour. In the self-governing branches of the British Empire, the attitude of the Imperial Government is one of neutrality ; it virtually says : " You have to work out your career as nations ; you have to gain your own experience. Canada, you are two centuries old ; Africa, you have passed your first centennial ; Australia, three-quarters of a century has passed over your head. All we can do is to set you an example drawn from the experience of generations, and so far as you can bring yourselves to accommodate the necessities of your national lives to our policy, we can safely recommend you to follow it."

I do not think any one will deny that the rule of the Imperial Government has been for good. Its principles have been cast in a high mould, and its government of inferior races has been productive of the best results. That is the verdict of the world at large. That rival powers are disposed to view with jealousy the solid advance of the Imperial Government of Great Britain and Ireland as leader of the world is not to be wondered at. Their fighting powers have not been brought into play against it, but they have sought to make their commercial powers do duty to overcome the absolute indiffer-

ence of the Imperial Government to competition in trade or in finance. By means of protective duties, export bounties and artificial methods they have attempted to exclude British trade from not only their own bounds, but wherever their flag waves in distant portions of the earth. Increasing their armaments and testing the financial strength of Great Britain to keep pace does not produce a ripple on the surface of British finance, and the determination to keep the power of the navy equal to that of any other two nations is not beyond the annual resources of the revenue. The process of exhaustion has been heavier on the constitutions of foreign powers than it has been on that of the British Isles.

The national constitution should be just as much an object of care and solicitude as his own constitution is to an individual. Wisdom has guided those upon whom devolves the responsibility of preserving the constitution of the British Empire in a healthystate. What are its characteristics ? Liberty of action, liberty of conscience and liberty of commerce to find its own level.

We have a place in the British Empire. Our political rule of life is moulded upon its constitution ; but with that liberty of action which is its basic principle, we have to exercise wisdom to preserve our constitution in a healthy state, and upon us as Canadians devolves the whole responsibility. We have a place on this continent which is our own, alongside of a friendly neighbour with whom we are closely allied by natural ties. To work out our national life, not as a counter-irritant to theirs, but with collateral aims, seems to be the path of duty. We have attained a vigorous manhood, our national boun-

daries are fairly well defined, and within their radius we have our own problems to solve in carving out the future of Canada.

A careless, or off some tongues a designed, expression is often used, that "Posterity has done nothing for me. Ergo, it is my privilege to drink to the dregs the present life which is mine." The sentiment is weak. The man or the woman who cares little what comes after them in private, municipal, provincial or national life does a wrong which dips far into the future, and a wrong which it is difficult to remedy. Wasting our national resources is just as bad as wasting our individual physical resources. The first duty of our national Government in order to maintain its national strength, which is proportioned to the respect it is able to maintain among the nations of the earth for good government, is to preserve its financial strength. The plea that the national Government is responsible for the prosperity of the individuals composing the nation does not hold good except in the wisdom of the laws which regulate their action one towards another.

What is the financial strength of our national Government or of any Government? It is its taxable power, the revenue from which should be a reflex of the prosperity of the people; to the extent that it divides that taxable power with class or corporate interests, to that extent is its financial strength weakened and its power for good in the national life of the people is also weakened. We have drifted into a policy that produces this result. The people are taxed upon their necessities of life for protective purposes; a small portion of our industrial classes are protected by a tax against outsiders. To the extent which that taxation is imposed the revenue derived from that taxation is divided between the manufacturers and protected industries on one side, with the Government on the other, whereas the whole of the taxation the people are called upon to bear should be diverted solely into the treasury.

Take our iron industry for an ex-

ample; a protective duty was imposed upon our pig iron of \$4.00 per ton, now reduced to \$2.50. At the end of fourteen years this has resulted, in 1898, in a production of 77,000 tons in the whole of Canada, while our neighbours to the south produce 15,000,000 tons, and Great Britain 12,000,000 tons. That duty on pig iron necessitated duties all along the line of iron industries ranging up to forty per cent., entailing last year a direct tax of \$3,500,000 on imports which went into the revenue, and a corresponding amount of taxation induced by the monopoly, the proceeds of which went into the pockets of protected classes. What for? To bring into life the production of raw material to the extent of 77,000 tons, valued at \$770,000! Whereas by giving the iron workers free iron they would be in a better position to hold the home market, and also to compete in the foreign market, and a tax of \$9,000,000 divided between the revenue and private parties would not be resting upon the people.

Another example; take spirits; the excise is \$1.90 per gallon, the duty is \$2.40, the difference, fifty cents, should go to the treasury but it goes to build up private fortunes. In England the excise is \$2.50, the duty is four cents less, consequently the Government get all there is in the taxation.

And so you can go through the whole range of customs taxation. In England the whole of the taxation goes to revenue; in Canada it is divided with favoured classes. In the United States it is the same. A forcible feature has presented itself there from the fact that the excess of exports over imports is enormous. Twelve hundred and sixty millions was the value of the exports last year, and the imports are six hundred and fifty millions less; twice as much of their material resources has gone out of the country as has been returned to it. The why and the wherefore has yet to be ascertained; it is presumably the effect of high protective taxation which drains the country and paralyzes the revenue.

In Great Britain the reverse condi-

tions prevail, and there is a great redundancy of revenue, because no private interest divides with the Government the taxes which the people bear. That principle does not retard the accumulation of wealth, for their statistics show that the same rate of income tax produces for the revenue ten million dollars a year more to-day than it did ten years ago.

Their navigation laws are based on liberty of action which, with the fostering principles of free trade, have made the British Isles the greatest maritime power in the world. The Imperial Government acts upon the principle that competition brings the reserve power of the people into the fullest play for the benefit of the nation, while coddling enervates the powers of those large interests which act as the main-spring of our national life.

To cite an example of the efforts of our people to make water run up hill. The town of Midland has just voted a bonus of fifty thousand dollars for smelting works, to be constructed by some of our large protected capitalists in Montreal. The taxation of the people commences there. Then the people as a whole are to be taxed on the product by the protective duty. Again, there is a bonus of three dollars a ton on iron produced by the Dominion Government, and two dollars a ton by the Ontario Government.

Here the taxable power of the people is used up for class interests. In the Mesaba range, south of the Canadian boundary on Lake Superior, iron ore is laid ready for shipment for fifty cents a ton, is conveyed cheaply to Cleveland or other places where it meets untaxed coal and is converted into iron which is sold for nine dollars a ton. We donate by burdensome taxation eight dollars before we can secure the production of a ton. Now, the harbour of Midland, at the terminus of the Midland Railway system, is for progressive purposes away ahead of any industry bolstered by such a false system, but here protective taxation again intervenes. We have burdened the railway with enormous tax-bearing securities,

and we have made our Canadian marine a close preserve, satisfied with a small business but large profits. Consequently, while the great lakes to the west are covered with shipping and industrial life, Midland, the most natural outlet, only hears the hum from a distance. The remedy is, allow the freest competition for the American marine to come to Canadian ports, which will put fresh blood into Canadian shipping. Canadian shipping is at liberty to compete, and does compete with American shipping in carrying from a Canadian port to an American port, or from an American to a Canadian port, but it has a different rate in carrying from a Canadian port to a Canadian port where it has a monopoly.

There is another phase of this large question which experience is opening out to our senses. Why should we not have free trade with Great Britain? Why should we not give greater attention to production which is the creation of new wealth? Protection to manufactures is a tax on production, and the market for manufactures under a different system might be enlarged in foreign markets, while all that producers ask is to be relieved of the manufacturers' tax. The principle of exchange in an international sense has not been sufficiently studied. Great Britain admits our products free, the United States takes them. We tax the product of British labor 28 or 29 per cent. She is debarred from purchasing from us, except what she actually requires because we refuse to allow her trade to return. The statement can hardly be questioned that if there were no tax on the product of British labour except through our excise laws they would become larger purchasers, and Canadian producers would get better prices for what they sell to them.

Inaccommodating our trading powers to new conditions, our attention is naturally first attracted to that market that furnishes us with a constant and ever-growing free sale. It must be admitted that Great Britain is our best and most profitable customer; how to enlarge our trade with her, so that we

can add to the material wealth of Canada from the natural resources with which our country abounds should be our first care. We have fostered our manufactures for twenty years until they have outgrown the small market Canada offers, and a different stimulus requires to be applied. That is cheaper raw material and an enlarged market by an application of the Canadian view of free trade, which is, "free on both sides." The only market we have the opportunity of applying that principle to is the British market. The idea that we must first force it to become a protective market in our favour before we can apply those principles is not sound. We ourselves have the opportunity of applying the principles of free exchange; it is for us to adopt them. If our exports are admitted free and we tax the return trade 30 per cent. somebody besides the producer of those exports gets the difference, that is clear. By the removal of that 30 per cent., unquestionably production becomes more profitable.

Take iron ore as an example. England requires ore to aid in the production of her twelve million tons of iron. Tax her trade and she cannot purchase it. Remove the tax and she will come here and look for it. Iron ore is now being placed ready for shipment at the head of Lake Superior for fifty cents a ton for American smelters twelve hundred miles distant, and this enables them to produce cheap iron. It is equally advantageous on the Canadian side. Take off the tariff against British trade and we will open out a large market for Canadian ore, which is excluded from the United States market by a tax of fifty cents a ton. The production and transportation of that trade would grow to large dimensions, without absorbing any of the taxable power of the Canadian people; the additional water transportation would not be a bar to the trade with the United Kingdom.

The market for wood pulp would under like conditions be transferred from the American market to the Brit-

ish market. In the case of lumber it would be the same, and so we might go through the whole list of Canada's resources. No one will deny that our farmers will have their productive capacity increased by the removal of the burdensome tax against their principal and most profitable customer. Production from the soil is the great source of Canada's wealth, and no industry suffers so much from the tax on the international trade for their surplus products as our agricultural community. No one appreciates that more than our western farmers. Remove the tax on our trade with Great Britain on the broad principle of free exchange, and there will be fresh life run through every artery of Canadian industry. By increasing the productive capacity and the consequent increase in wealth of Canada's resources, no injury will befall any industry. Add free iron, coal and coal-oil to the general free-list and a great impetus will be given to the industry of our iron-workers.

These are principles of trade which new conditions force upon our attention. We find that under our present system of monopoly, which gathers force under protective taxation that the taxable power, which should alone exist for national strength, is being transferred in undue proportions to private or class interests. The effort in our political life is a race for selfish control, and is fastening by legislation the chains of commercial and political serfdom. The welfare of the nation, or the prosperity of the masses has little place in our political controversy under these circumstances.

The alienation of taxable power is most easily shown in coal oil. South of the boundary it retails at ten cents a gallon, north it retails at 25 cents a gallon. The consumption is 19,000,000 gallons refined oil, of which about 11,000,000 is produced and 8,000,000 imported. The difference represents the taxable power. Fifteen cents on 19,000,000 gallons is \$2,850,000, of which the Government only receives \$400,000, or five cents a gallon on the eight million gallons imported. The strength of the

national Government depends upon keeping under its own control, so far as possible, the taxable power of the people. A strong national Government based upon wisdom and justice redounds to the welfare and comfort of the whole population. A national Government weakened by the alienation of its taxable power necessarily becomes subordinate to those influences that have absorbed the taxable power.

In the days of old, when chivalry was at its height, Robin Hood took from the rich and gave to the poor, and ran his risk of the gallows; in these days the reverse obtains, and

tribute is now levied on the poor and given to the rich by a system of legislation that is termed by the opponents of the system "legalized robbery." The people of Great Britain have learned the lesson, and the secret of their great strength in a national sense is the result of sound experience in governing, and broad principles in finance. To save the taxable power from undue private exploitation, so that the wealth of the country will respond to the requirements of revenue, for national strength in proportion to its acquisition is the duty of the hour in Canada.

C. A. Boulton.

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY.*

I. THE INFERNO.

THE place of Dante in the first rank of the literary men of the world is, like that of Homer and Shakespeare, established and unassailable. His great poem, called by him *La Commedia*, to which a sure human instinct has added *Divina*, is, by universal consent, one of the great possessions of the human race. It is called a comedy, Dante says in his dedication to Can Grande della Scala, because it "begins with adversity. . . . but its matter ends prosperously." The succession of visions recorded in this poem was granted to Dante on the intercession of Beatrice for the establishment of his faith, and for the removal of his doubts. He was to be conducted by Virgil first through the abodes of the lost and then through the place of purification; and, afterwards Beatrice was to guide him through the regions of the saved. The first (Hell) was the place of retribution and despair; the second (Purgatory) the place of cleansing and of hope; the third (Paradise) the place of fruition and of intimate communion with God.

Dante, writing in his thirty-fifth year, ("in the middle of the journey of our life") tells how he finds himself endeavouring to climb a mountain in order to escape from a forest in which he had become entangled. Here he was encountered by three beasts, a panther, a lion, and a she-wolf, (a reference to Jeremiah v. 6; cf. 1 John ii. 16) representing the vices of voluptuousness, pride and avarice; and in their second intention, Florence, France, and the Papal Court. Whilst overwhelmed with fear and losing all hope of ascending the mountain, Dante was met by Virgil who told him of his purpose to lead him first through the "spirits of old tormented," and next those "who dwell content in fire." After some hesitation he consents to accompany him whom he regards as his master (*il maestro*), and they arrive at the gate of hell.

Very remarkable and noteworthy is the inscription they found there. Every phrase of it deserves study.

"Through me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye,

*The first of three papers by Professor William Clark, of Trinity College, Toronto.

Justice, the founder of my fabric moved,
 To rear me was the work of power divine,
 Supreme wisdom and primeval love.
 Before me things create were none, save
 things
 Eternal, and eternal I endure.
 All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Let us remember we are here coming to the abode of the lost, the impenitent, the hopeless. We have no reason to doubt that Dante held the doctrine of his age and of the great doctors, like S. Thomas Aquinas. But we may also see in the pictures of misery which he presents to us, the fruits and consequences of sin in this life. In the case of the impenitent this loss is insuperable. In the second class, the dwellers in Purgatory, there is purification with the hope of bliss; and in Paradise fellowship with God. We have here represented what theologians call the punitive state, the purgative, the illuminative, and the unitive.

We note here that the inscription declares Hell to be the work of Justice and of the Holy Trinity, represented by Power, Wisdom and Love. Hell is the first of created things, inasmuch as law enters along with existence and exists for ever.

In regard to the structure of hell, Dante departs to some extent from the theory of the school-men. They represented Hell and Purgatory as being beneath the earth, and divided into four compartments: 1. Hell, the abode of devils and the lost, the place of despair. 2. Purgatory, the place of penance and purification, adjacent to Hell, but different, the place of hope. 3. Limbus Infantum, the place of unbaptized children. 4. Limbus Patrum, or Abraham's bosom, inhabited by the righteous who died before Christ. They further taught that Heaven consisted of three parts: 1. The visible Heaven, or the firmament. 2. The spiritual Heaven, the abode of angels and saints. 3. The intellectual Heaven, where the blessed enjoy the vision of God.

Dante's representation is different. According to him, there is outside hell proper, but within the gate, a vestibule

occupied by the cowards and the undecided, hateful to heaven and hell alike. Hell itself is a conical gulf in the earth made by Lucifer when he was precipitated from heaven, and the making of this cavity within the earth caused the formation of a conical erection outside, which became the hill of purgatory. Within the inverted cone of hell there are nine circles in all, larger at the top and naturally narrowing as they descend. Sins resolve themselves into two great classes, those of infirmity, and those partaking of malice. Generally they are represented as the perversion of good and of man's powers. Sins of weakness are less heinous in their nature, but comprehend larger numbers of men and women. As, in the descent, they gain in intensity, they lose in extension; yet the subdivisions increase, for example, there are ten kinds of fraud.

The seven cardinal sins represented in the Inferno are: 1, Incontinence; 2, gluttony; 3, avarice; 4, anger; 5, heresy; 6, violence; 7, fraud. The sins are enumerated in a somewhat different manner, and in an inverse order, in the Purgatorio, as we shall see. But we return to the vestibule of the cowardly and undecided. Here all Dante's scorn and contempt breaks forth. If a sense of justice had not restrained him, his indignation would have sent them deeper. As it is, he brings out the loathsomeness of such a character. Dante would seem to have good authority for his estimate. We are all familiar with the passage in the song of Deborah in which Meroz is cursed because of the indifference of its inhabitants. Even more striking is the imagery in which the Lord of the Church sets forth his feeling of disgust towards lukewarm Laodicea, and if we may pass from these lofty heights to modern secular literature, we have in the "Tomlinson" of Mr. Rudyard Kipling an admirable and powerful picture of one who is "too bad for blessing and not bad enough for banning." It is of this class that Virgil speaks the words so often quoted: "Speak not of them, but look and pass them by." (*Non raggoniam di*

loro, ma guarda e passa.) Dante adds :

"Forthwith
I understood, for certain, this the tribe
Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing
And to His foes."

One figure was singled out for special notice, "the shade of him, who to base fear yielding abjured his high estate." (In the original the often quoted words, "*Che fece per villate il gran rifiuto*.") The reference is generally supposed to be to Pope Celestine V., who gave up the papal throne from a sense of unworthiness. It was characteristic of Dante to lack sympathy with such a character. Still to ordinary mortals it is satisfactory to know that the Church took a more favourable view, for Celestine was canonized A.D. 1313.

They now came to the River Acheron, identified by Virgil with the Styx. Across this river the lost are ferried by Charon. The sights and sounds of horror, the earthquake and lightning flame which followed, Dante says, "all my senses conquered," and he dropped down, "as one with sudden slumber seized." But he was awakened by "a crash of heavy thunder" which "broke the deep slumber in my brain"; and now he found himself on the brink of the "lamentable vale." In the first circle he finds the Limbus of the unbaptized, those who have been guilty of no wilful sin against God. With a fine discrimination Dante represents those dwelling in Limbus as suffering no torments, but only experiencing longings which are never satisfied. Even if we do not follow Dante in his picture of the unseen world, we have here a striking representation of the longing of the world without God. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain." And there is a hint given that the doors of Limbus are not hermetically sealed. Virgil gives an account of the visit of "a puissant one," who had removed some from that place (a reference to 1 Peter iii. 19). They soon encounter a band of five poets, from Homer downwards. Dante is admitted to their number, and Virgil being one, he be-

comes the seventh. Next they encounter heroes and sages, and pre-eminent among the latter, the great Aristotle whom Dante describes as "il maestro di color che sanno" (the master of those who know), a grand phrase which Cary translates, not with his accustomed felicity, "the master of the sapient throng."*

We now come to the second circle, containing the first class of sinners, those guilty of concupiscence, passion, incontinence. Minos examines those who enter, and determines their place. We note here, of Dante, in his intercourse with the lost, the union of pity and compassion with inexorable justice. With profound insight he represents the occupants of this circle, the incontinent, as tossed about incessantly in the dark air, and swept along by hurricanes.

"Now gin the rueful wailings to be heard,
Now am I come where many a plaining
voice
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there
groaned
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By waving winds—the stormy blast of hell,
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirled round and dashed amain with sore
annoy.

When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
Their shrieks are heard, their lamentations,
moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the good power in
heaven,
I understood that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemned, in whom
Reason by lust is swayed."

Of all the inhabitants of the second circle there were two who principally attracted the attention of Dante, and whose names are familiar to all students of the *Commedia*, Francesca da Rimini and her lover and brother-in-law, Paolo, son of Malatesta, Lord of Rimini. Loving Paolo, she had been married against her will to his brother Lanciotto, who one day surprised them and slew them. Francesca tells the pathetic story to Dante, feeling the pain of it :

*On the whole, the writer has no hesitation in regarding Cary's translation of Dante as the best representation of the original.

"No greater grief than to remember days
of grief when misery is at hand."

These beautiful words have often been imitated, by Italian poets, by Chaucer in his "*Troilus and Crescide*" (xiv. 100), but by none more nobly than by Tennyson in "*Locksley Hall*" :

"This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrows is remembering happier things."

The humanity of the story comes out in several parts. Thus in all the grief and suffering of Francesca it was a satisfaction to know that she would never be separated from Paolo. Telling the story of their love, she says :

"Then he who ne'er
From me shall separate, at once my lips
All trembling kissed."

So, in speaking of the husband and brother, who had killed them, she says :

"Love brought us to one death : *Caïna* waits
The soul who spilt our life."

Lanciotto, at least, was doomed to *Caïna* in the lowest hell.

They next pass on to the third circle in which the second form of sensual sin, gluttony, is punished. The gluttons, certainly including the drunkards, although these are not mentioned by name, are condemned to lie in the mire under a heavy storm of hail, snow, and discoloured water. *Cerberus*, the three-headed dog of hell, "barks as a dog."

"He tears the spirits, flays them, and their
limbs piecemeal disparts," while they lie
"howling,"

as :

"Curs under the rainy deluge."

The sin of avarice, together with that of prodigality, is punished in the fourth circle. Here are two different sides of the same order of evil. This circle is appropriately guarded by *Plutus*, the god of wealth. When we remember that Aristotle ascribes a worse character to avarice than to prodigality, and that this is the popular judgment, we may venture to attribute a deeper insight to Dante, who represents both

classes as rolling great weights and smiting against each other, hurling mutual reproaches of giving and withholding, without attempting to adjust the balance of guiltiness.

From these they pass on to the fifth circle, in which is the fourth form of sin, the Stygian lake of hatred and sadness, the sin of anger. Here the irascible and the sullen are immured. Only a few lines are given to these forms of evil, but how striking they are. Here is violent anger :

"A miry tribe, all naked, and with looks
Betokening rage. They with their hands
alone
Struck not, but with the head, the breast,
the feet,
Cutting each other piecemeal with their
fangs."

And thus the sullen, lying in slime, are represented as describing themselves :

"Sad once were we
In the sweet air made gladsome by the sun,
Carrying a foul and lazy mist within :
Now in these murky settlements are we sad."

With anger pride is associated, and rightly. Moreover, pride was regarded by the great doctors as the very essence of sin ; and this is perhaps the reason why it has no special place here, as in the *Purgatorio*. Here the forms of evil are punished ; there the principles are purged away.

We now come to the city of Dis (*Lucifer*), the beginning of the lower Hell, in which the more heinous sins, those of malice, are punished. In the sixth circle we meet with something intermediate between infirmity and malice, the sin of Heresy. The description of this circle extends over four cantos. The heretics are thrust into fiery tombs, not to be closed until the day of judgment. From beneath the coverings of the tombs, suspended above them, there come the moans of tortured spirits of heresiarchs and their followers. Dante meets here with some whom he had known on earth, *e.g.*, *Farinata degli Uberti*, insolent and heretical, assuming a superiority, a reproach which the poet flung back upon him—in both cases, a reminiscence of some experiences on earth.

In the seventh circle we come upon the sixth class of sins, that of malice; there are several divisions. First we come to the violent malicious (Cantos xii. to xvi.); and these are divided into three classes. The descent is by a precipitous chasm, formed by the earthquake which convulsed hell at the descent of our Lord thither, when He came to carry "off from Dis the mighty Spoil." They came to the river of blood, in which those are punished who have injured others by violence. The three rounds of the violent are those guilty of violence, first, to their neighbours; secondly, to themselves; thirdly, to God; and in each case it may be either to person or to property. 1. First come murderers and tyrants in a torrent of boiling blood (1) Alexander, Attila, etc.; (2) robbers, etc. 2. Next come, in the second class (1) suicides, (2) gamblers. Under this head he incidentally inveighs against envy:

"The harlot who ne'er turned her gloating eyes
From Cæsar's household, common vice and pest."

Dante confessed to much pride in himself, although but little envy; and he is specially bitter in his denunciation of this vice as that which had chiefly contributed to his expulsion from Florence. 3. The third kind of violence is that which is committed against God; and the two classes of offenders are (1) blasphemers, and (2) sinners against Nature and against Art. Among the first they met Capaneus, one of the seven kings of Thebes, who "held God in disdain," presenting an example of inveterate rebellion. "Such," he says:

"Such as I was
When living, dead such now I am."

And here sin is seen in the punishment of sin. The sin against Nature is represented by Brunetto Latini, a friend and teacher of Dante; and here come out his affectionate remembrances of all the man's excellences, coupled with condemnation of his sin; and he would rather dwell upon

"the dear benign paternal image, such as thine was, when so lately thou didst teach me;"

than upon the darker side of his history. Last in the seventh circle came the usurers.

This brings us to the eighth circle in which and in the following and last is the seventh form of sin. Fraud is punished (Cantos xvii. to xxxii.) Arriving at the torrent of Phlegethon, they are carried across by the ruler of the fraudulent, Geryon, a personification of fraud, whose appearance agrees with his character. Like the Centaurs and the Harpies, he combines the forms of man and beast—a man above and a creeping snake and deadly scorpion below. His face is that of a righteous man, kind and gracious, his body that of a speckled serpent. "That image vile of fraud" is thus described:

"His face the semblance of a just man's wore,
So kind and gracious was its outward cheer;
The rest was serpent all; two shaggy claws
Reached to the armpits, and the back and heart,
And either side were painted o'er with nodes
And orbits. Colours variegated more
Nor Turks nor Tartars e'er on cloth of state
With interchangeable embroidery wove,
Nor spread Arachne o'er her curious loom. . .
So on the rim that fenced the sand with rock
Sat perched the fiend of evil. In the void
Glancing his tail upturned its venomous fork,
With sting-like scorpions armed." (xvii. 7 H.)

The eighth circle is divided into ten gulfs or pits, and presents various differences from the seventh which contained the violent. (1) These were placed on a wide plain; the fraudulent are sunk in deep trenches; and the craftier they had been, the deeper the cleft. (2) The holes are hewn in rocks hard as iron, as if to show that a more hardened heart is needed for fraud than for violence. (3) In the upper circles the passage is from left to right; here they are from right to left, as showing a more tortuous character. There are in this circle no fewer than ten circular and concentric trenches, showing the numerous varieties of fraud.

These ten trenches are peopled as follows: (1) By the seducers of women and panderers, marching along in opposite directions, scourged and lashed

by horned demons. (2) By flatterers, buried to the mouth in horrid filth, flattery being a more hidden evil. The flatterers, like dogs, licked filth on earth, and are therefore condemned to a like punishment. (3) Next come Simonians, followers of Simon Magus, trafficking in sacred things, here plunged head foremost into burning holes, their feet projecting. (xix. 26.) Dante regards their punishment with great satisfaction. Although several popes are among them, Dante disowns all disrespect to the papal see. (l. 104.) (4) In the fourth trench are soothsayers, astrologers and those who, by unlawful means, pried into the future, who are now condemned to have their faces turned, looking backwards. (5) Next come corrupt officials, barterers, or public speculators. Dante's experience of Florence taught him; but Lucca, he says, was worse. (6) Next come the hypocrites, walking with downcast eyes, golden outside, leaden within. Among these are Caiaphas, Annas and other members of the Jewish Sanhedrim, trodden on by all who pass. (7) Next are thieves tormented by venomous and pestilent serpents. (xxiv. 89.) (8) Next are evil counsellors, men who have put their talents to bad purpose in misleading others by their advice. They are hidden within the flames from which their voices come forth. In one of these sheets of flame, parted at the summit, are the souls of Ulysses and Diomedes, devisers of the wooden horse. (9) Next come sowers of schism and strife, children of the devil, as the peacemakers are children of God. A demon hews their bodies asunder and cuts off their tongues and hands. The body of Mahomet is rent from head to foot. (10) Last in this circle are forgers and coiners, liars and calumniators, and impersonators. Coiners are in the last agony of dropsy; calumniators are in

burning fever, abusing and striking one another.

The ninth and last circle is still occupied with the sin of fraud, but in a yet more malignant form. We have here traitors and abusers of confidence. The sinners here appear as giants because of the greatness of their sins. They are immured in four chasms (1) Caina, where are betrayers of relatives; (2) Antenora—traitors to their country; (3) Ptolomea—deceivers under the form of kindness; (4) Giudecca—betrayers of benefactors. In the midst of them Lucifer. The Coeytus, the fourth river in Hell, here forms a vast sea of ice. It "liker seemed to glass than water." In this frozen lake the worst sinners are imprisoned, the icy cold representing selfishness and isolation. The sufferers regard each other with mutual rage and hatred. In Giudecca, Satan is at the centre of the gulf, with wings like the sails of a gigantic windmill, freezing all around. At the centre of the earth he is wedged in eternal ice, half of his form toward his awful kingdom, while his legs protrude towards the southern hemisphere. He has three faces, symbolic of the three kinds of sin, and of the three powers which prevent Italy and man from realizing their destiny. In each of his three mouths he champs a sinner; in the middle one, Judas, the betrayer of Christ; in the two others Brutus and Cassius, the murderers of Cæsar. Here we see Dante's Ghibelline tendencies.

In this great poem there is much material for thought. Dante is indeed a preacher of righteousness, who has the deepest insight into the things of man, and the things of God. He has received the homage of the best and the wisest of men for many centuries, and we may do well to try our own spiritual vision and insight by our success in wrestling with his thoughts.

William Clark.



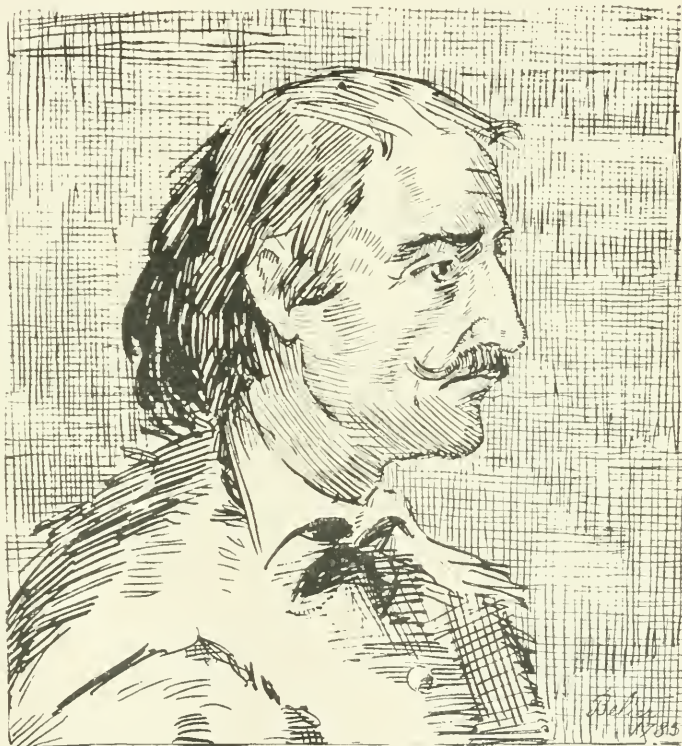
PIERRE RADISSON, BUSHRANGER.

BY BECKLES WILLSON.

✓ NOTE.—In the May number of the CANADIAN MAGAZINE were described the exploits of Radisson and Groseilliers, the two fur-traders to whom the inception of the Hudson's Bay Company is due. It will be recalled that they captured Fort Nelson (afterwards York Factory), and carried off the English, their former associates, prisoners to a French fort. But in spite of this betrayal, Radisson seems to have banked after the Company's good-will and employment. He soon afterwards returned to France, leaving Chouart, his nephew, in charge of Fort Bourbon. These chapters, full of highly important unpublished material, form part of the history of the Hudson's Bay Company, shortly to be published under the title of "The Great Company."

LORD PRESTON who held in the year 1684 the post of Ambassador Extraordinary of King Charles II. at the Court of Versailles, was advised of the return to Paris of the bushranger Radisson in these terms:

"My Lord: It has just reached our ears and that of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, Governor of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company, that the person who has caused all the recent trouble in the Hudson's Bay regions whereby our merchants have suffered so much at the hands of the French, is at this moment in Paris. As it is much in the interests of the nation as of the company that there should be no repetition of these encroachments and disturbances it might be advantageous for your Lordship to see this Mr. Radisson who, it is believed, could be brought over again to our service if he were so entreated by your Lordship. His Royal Highness, together with the other Honourable partners, are con-



RE-DRAWN FROM A RARE OLD PARIS PRINT.

PIERRE ESPRIT RADISSON.

vinced from his previous conduct that it matters little to Mr. Radisson under whose standard he serves, and that, besides, he is secretly well-disposed toward us, and this in spite of his late treacherous exploits which have given great offence to the nation and damage to the Company."

This private note was signed by Sir

John Hayes and Mr. Young on behalf of the company. On its receipt by Lord Preston, he at once sent an emissary, Captain Godey, to seek out Radisson and make overtures to him. On the third floor of a house in the Faubourg St. Antoine, surrounded by a number of his relations and boon companions, the dual traitor was discovered, deeply engaged in drinking healths and in retailing his adventures to the applause of an appreciative circle. Upon the walls and mantelpiece of the apartment and such meagre furniture as it boasted, were disposed numerous relics and trophies, bespeaking a thirty years' career in the Transatlantic wilderness.

"Radisson himself," remarks Godey, "was appparelled more like a savage than a Christian. His black hair, just touched with grey, hung in a wild profusion about his bare neck and shoulders. He showed a swart complexion, seamed and pitted by frost and exposure in a rigorous climate. A huge scar, wrought by the tomahawk of a drunken Indian, disfigured his left cheek. His whole costume was surmounted by a wide collar of marten's skin; his feet were adorned by buckskin moccasins. In his leather belt was sheathed a long knife." Such was the picture presented by this uncouth, adventurous Huguenot, not merely in the seclusion of his own lodgings, but to the polished and civilized folk of Paris of the seventeenth century. What were the projects harboured in this indomitable man's mind? In spite of his persistent intrigues it is to be doubted if he, any more than Médard Chouart des Groseilliers, was animated by more than a desire to pursue an exciting and adventurous career. Habitually holding out for the best terms, he does not appear to have saved money when it was acquired, but spent it freely. When he died he was in receipt of a pension from the Company, so far insufficient to provide for his manner of living that they were forced to pay his remaining debts.

Unabashed by the surroundings thus presented to him, Captain Godey an-

nounced himself, shook hands with the utmost cordiality with Radisson, and pleaded to be allowed to join in the convivial proceedings then in progress. The better to evince his sincerity, without further ceremony he accepted and drank as full a bumper of bad brandy and applauded with as much heartiness as any man of the party, the truly astonishing tales of their host.

Godey was the last of the guests to depart.

"Look you," said he, when he and Radisson were alone together, "you, monsieur, are a brave man, and it does not become the brave to harbour vengeance. Nor does it become a brave nation to think hardly of any man because of his bravery, even though that nation itself be a sufferer. You know," he pursued, "what is said about you in England?"

Radisson interrupted his guest by protesting with suspicious warmth that he neither knew nor cared anything about such a matter.

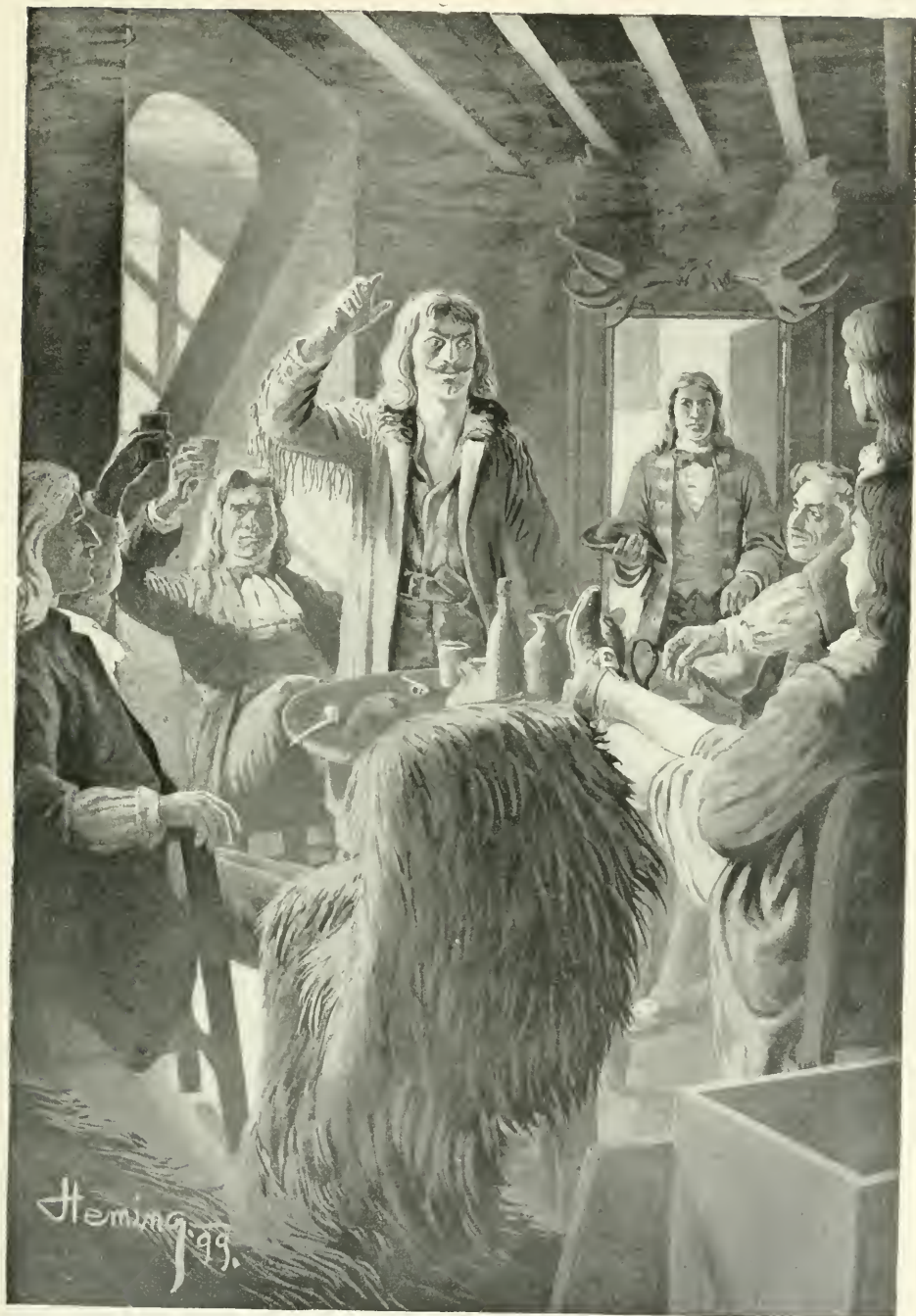
"It is said, then," answered Godey, "that you have been a traitor to the king, and that there is no authority or defence for your conduct. You and Groseilliers, whilst professing friendship for the English Company have done them great injury, and endangered the peace between the two crowns."

To this Radisson made rejoinder:

"I am sorry; but all that I and my brother-in-law have done, is to be laid at the door of the Hudson's Bay Company. We wished honestly to serve them, but they cast us away as being no longer useful, when now they see what it is they have done, and how foolishly they have acted in listening to the counsels of Governor Bridgar. We really bear them no ill-will, neither the company nor his Royal Highness."

*In "Radisson's Relation" there occurs the following passage:

"I acknowledge the disappointment I felt at being obliged to leave the English service on account of the ill-treatment I had received and that I would not be sorry to return, being in a better position than before to render service to the king and nation if justice were done me and my services recognized."



DRAWN FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE BY ARTHUR HEMING.

RADISSON IN PARIS.

"The dual traitor was discovered, deeply engaged in drinking healths and in retailing his adventures to the applause of an appreciative circle."

The gallant emissary reported the tenor of this conversation forthwith to his master, and both were agreed as to the sort of man they had to deal with. Godey expressed himself convinced that there would be little difficulty in inducing Radisson to return to the Company's service. On this advice Preston at once wrote off to Mr. Young telling him not to further press the Company's memorial to the king, nor to seek to have the French court take cognizance of and award recompense for the wrongs done the English interests. "Radisson has done this thing out of his own head, and he is the one man competent to undo it. He is, I learn, well-disposed to the English, and there is no reason if proper overtures be made him, why he should not do more for the English interests in that region than he has yet done."

At the same time La Barre, the French governor, was urged to make the most strenuous efforts to retain the advantages gained for the French by the two adventurers. A royal despatch of August 5th, 1683, and signed by Louis himself, runs as follows :

"I recommend you to prevent the English as much as possible from establishing themselves in Hudson's Bay, possession whereof was taken in my name several years ago ; and as Colonel d'Unguent,* appointed Governor of New York by the King of England, has had precise orders on the part of the said king to maintain good correspondence with us and carefully to avoid whatever may interrupt it, I

doubt not the difficulties you have experienced will cease for the future."

Louis was by no means desirous of rendering the position of his fellow monarch over the Channel uncomfortable. He was disposed to yield in a small matter when he had his own way in most of the large ones. Had Charles yielded to French representations about Port Nelson he would have given

great offence to his brother the Duke of York. Indeed, there is little doubt that had the Company not boasted members of such distinction or the patronage of royalty, the French would have at this juncture forced their demands and overwhelmed the

* This is M. de la Barre's quaint fashion of spelling Dongan.



PRINCE RUPERT.

From the Painting of Sir Peter Lely in Hudson's Bay House, London.

English possession. Radisson appears to have got wind of the situation and this was, perhaps, to him a greater argument for returning to the service of the power likely to be most permanent in Hudson's Bay. He, however, hung about idle in Paris for some weeks in a state of indecision. Had M. de Seignely exerted his full powers of persuasion, he might have induced our bushranger to remain in the service of Louis. But no such inducement was offered. There is some reason to believe that M. de Seignely undervalued Radisson; but in any case the apathy of the court influenced his actions.

The bushranger was, on the other hand, exhorted to return to his first engagement with the English, Lord Preston assuring him that if he could in reality execute what he proposed he would receive in



FROM AN OLD PRINT.

A DOG CARIOLE IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY.

England from his Majesty, from his Royal Highness, from the Company, and from the nation "every sort of good treatment and entire satisfaction." The Duke's especial protection was also guaranteed. Our not too punctilious hero at length made up his mind as to the course he would pursue.

"I yielded," says he, "to these solicitations and determined to go to England forever, and so strongly bind myself to his Majesty's service, and to that of those interested in the nation, that no other cause could ever detach me from it."

But in order that he might have an excuse for his conduct, the very day that

he arrived at this decision he is found writing to the French Minister demanding a certain grant in the north-west of Canada as an alternative to a former proposal that "in consideration of his former discoveries, voyages and services he should be given every fourth beaver, trapped or otherwise caught in those territories." M. de Seignely had no suspicion of the depth of Radisson's duplicity. The minister thought him "a vain man, much given to boasting, who could do much harm, and had therefore best have his vanity tickled at home."

Up to the very eve of his departure, April 24, 1684, he is seen to be a daily attendant on the minister or his subor-

ordinates of the Department of Marine and Commerce. He is not always favoured with an audience; but when listened to speaks vaguely of fitting out and equipping vessels for

trade on voyages similar to those he had already undertaken. His *naïveté*, to use no harsher term, is remarkable.

"In order," says he, "that they should not suspect anything by my sudden absence, I told them I was obliged to take a short trip into the country on friendly family matters. *I myself made good use of this time to go to London.*"

He arrived in the English capital on the 10th of May, and immediately paid his respects to Mr. Young. The project for regaining possession of York Factory was canvassed. Radisson estimated that there would be between fifteen and twenty thousand beaver skins in

the hands of his nephew, awaiting shipment. The partners appeared more than satisfied, and Radisson met with a most cordial reception. He was assured that the company had entire confidence in him, and that their greatest regret was that there had been any misunderstanding between them. They would, it was declared on their behalf, make all amends in their power.

For a few weeks the Hudson's Bay bushranger found himself a lion. He was presented to the king in the course of a *levee*. Charles listened with the very greatest assumption of interest to

law. He was not wont to dress so when he was last here, but he has got him a new coat with much lace upon it, which he wears with his leather breeches and shoes. His hair is a perfect tangle. It is said he has made an excellent fortune for himself."

After a number of conferences with the partners, Radisson finally departed from Gravesend on May 17. Three ships set sail, that in which Radisson was embarked being named "The Happy Return." The elements being favourable, the little fleet reached the Straits more speedily than usual. The



A VISIT TO AN ENCAMPMENT OF INDIANS.

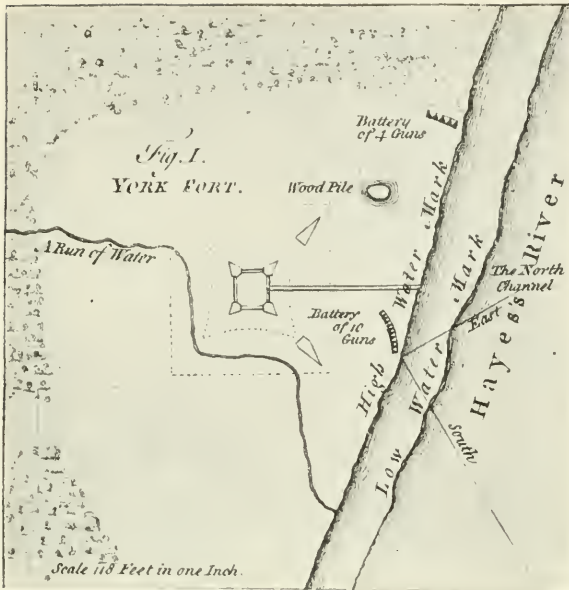
Reproduced from West's "Journal during a residence at the Red River Colony 1820-3."

the adventurer's account of himself, and to his asseverations of loyalty and good will. Radisson in the evening was taken to the play-house in the suite of his Royal Highness, and there by his bizarre attire attracted almost as much attention amongst the audience as the play itself.

"To the Duke's Play-house," writes John Selwyn to his wife, "where Radisson, the American fur-hunter, was in the Royal box. Never was such a combination of French, English and Indian savage as Sir John Kirke's son-in-

chief figure of this expedition, who had never borne a part in any joint enterprise without being animated by jealousy and distrust, found here ample scope for the exercise of his characteristic vices. During nearly the entire period of the voyage he evinced a perpetual and painful apprehension that one of the other ships carrying officials and servants of the company would, with malicious intentions, arrive before him.

His first concern on awaking in the morning was to be assured that the



MAP OF YORK FACTORY.

Reproduced from an old engraving in Robson's "Six Years Residence in Hudson's Bay."

companion vessels were in sight, and although the "Happy Return" was the most sluggish sailer of the trio, yet to such good purpose were plied the bushranger's energies and promises that her commander's seamanship made her a capital match for the others.

But just before their destination was

or sleep, the entrance to Nelson River was reached. Imagine Radisson's surprise, as well as that of his companions, on beholding two ships at anchor, upon one of which a complete stranger to them, floated the Royal Standard of England.

It was the English frigate which had

entered at Port Nelson. The other ship was the "Alert," commanded by Captain Outlaw, having brought out the company's new governor, William Phipps, the previous season. Radisson boldly headed his boat for this vessel, and when he drew near, perceived Bridgar's successor, with all his people in arms on the quarter-deck. The Governor, in a loud voice,



THE WINTERING CREEK IN HAY'S RIVER.

From an old print in Ellis' "Voyage to Hudson's Bay in 1746."

instantly demanded to know who Radisson was. Upon his making himself and his allegiance known, they decided to permit him to board the Company's ship. The bushranger first made it his care to be informed how the land lay, and he was inwardly rejoiced to learn that the Governor and his men had not dared to land out of fear of the French and Indians, who were considered hostile to the English interests. This was precisely the situation Radisson most desired; a thought seems to have struck him that after all, his nephew, Chouart, might prove intractable, and by no means so easily won over as he had anticipated. It therefore behooved him to act with adroitness and circumspection. Taking with him two men, Radisson proceeded up country in the direction of the abandoned York Factory, hourly hoping that they might discover something, or at least they should make someone hear or see a friendly Indian by firing musket shots or making a smoke. The attempt was not fruitless, as he tells us, for after a while they perceived ten canoes with Indians coming down the river. At first, he says, "I thought some Frenchmen might be with them, whom my nephew might have sent to discover who the new arrivals were." Upon this supposition Radisson severed himself from his comrades and going to meet the savages he made the usual signs to them from the bank, which the Indians at first seemed to respond to in no amiable spirit. Albeit, on addressing them in their own tongue, he was immediately recognized, the Indians testifying by shouts and playful postures to their joy at his arrival. He quickly learned from them that his nephew and the other Frenchmen were above the rapids, four leagues from the place where they then were. They had expected Groseilliers would accompany Radisson, and when they expressed surprise that this was not the case, Radisson did not scruple to tell them that Groseilliers awaited him at a short distance.

"But what," asked Radisson, "are you doing here? What brings you

into this part of the country and in such numbers?"

The savage leader's sudden confusion betrayed him to Radisson. The circumstance of the Indians voluntarily seeking trade with the English greatly simplified the situation.

"Look you," said he heartily, at the same time calling to Captain Geyer, who was in ambush hard by, "I am glad to find you seeking trade with the English. I have made peace with the English for the love of our Indian brothers; you, they and I are to be henceforth only one. Embrace us therefore in token of peace; this (pointing to Geyer) is your new brother. Go immediately to your son at the fort yonder and carry him these tidings and the proofs of peace. Tell him to come and see me at this place, while the others will wait for me at the mouth of the river."

It should be mentioned that the chief of this band had previously announced himself as young Chouart's sire, according to the Indian custom. He now readily departed on his mission.

Radisson, as may be imagined, passed an anxious night. The sun had been risen some hours before his eyes were gladdened by the sight of a canoe in which he descried Chouart. The young man's countenance wore, as well it might, an expression of profound amazement; and at first hardly the bare civilities of relationship passed between the pair. Chouart waited patiently for his uncle to render an explanation of the news which had reached him. Silently and slowly they walked together, and after a time the prince of liars, traitors, adventurers and bush-rangers began his account of his position.

Radisson states that his nephew immediately acquiesced in his scheme. A memoir penned in 1702, the year of Radisson's death, by M. Barthier of Quebec asserts that the young man received with the utmost disgust and flatly declined to entertain his relative's proposals. He expressed on the other hand the greatest grief on hearing the news; for he had begun to

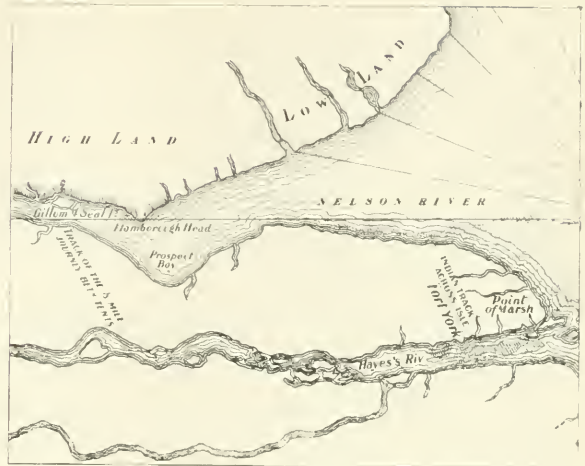
believe that it was through their efforts that the dominion of the king had been extended in that region. Now it appeared that this labour had all been in vain. It was only his love for his mother, Radisson's sister, which prevented an open rebellion on the part of Chouart against the proposed treachery.

No rupture took place; the stronger and more crafty spirit prevailed. Chouart surrendered on the following day his command of the fort. He had, he complained expected a far different fate for the place and his men. The tattered old *fleur de lis* standard brought by the *St. Anne's* captain from Quebec was lowered and the English emblem with the device of the company, run up in its stead. All the forces were assembled and amidst cheers for King Charles and the Honourable Adventurers, the Company's Governor took formal possession.

But the French bushrangers and sailors watched these proceedings with melancholy dissatisfaction, not perhaps as much from patriotic motives as from the frailty of their own tenure. They could no longer be assured of a livelihood amongst so many English, who bore themselves with so haughty a mien.

Radisson proceeded to make an inventory of all the skins on hand, together with all those concealed in *caches* in the woods. The results showed 239 packages of beaver, or about 12,000 skins together with merchandise sufficient to barter for seven or eight thousand more. Instructions were now given by Radisson, the Governor remaining passive, to have all these goods taken in canoes to the ships.

It now only remained for the bushranger to accomplish only one other object before setting sail with the cargo for England. Radisson speaks of himself as having a secret commission,



MAP SHOWING YORK FACTORY ON HAY'S RIVER.

Redrawn from a map in Robson's "Six Years Residence in Hudson's Bay."

but I can find no authority for his statement. It involved the retention in the company's service of his nephew and the other Frenchmen, and even assuming that Radisson were armed with any such instructions, the plan was not likely to enjoy the approval of Governor Phipps who, if he were at the outset of his term of office, determined upon any one thing, it was that Port Nelson should be cleared of Frenchmen. Exactly how this was to be transacted was not quite clear, especially as there was yet no open rupture between the two authorities. But for such a rupture they had not long to wait. They were destined on the very eve of his departure to be involved in a quarrel.

Some years before an Assiniboine chief named Ka-chou-touay had taken Radisson to his bosom and adopted him as his son with all the customary ceremonies. This formidable chief who had been at war with a neighbouring tribe at the time of his adopted son's arrival in the country, now put in an appearance. Instead of the joy Radisson expected it was with reproaches that he was greeted. Ka-chou-touay informed him that a brother chief of his, named La Barbé, with one of his sons had been killed while expos-

tulating with a party of English. The consequences of this rash action might be so grave that Radisson felt it to be his duty to resort to the Governor and demand that his servants should be punished for the crime, or else he would not be answerable for the consequences. The Governor does not appear to have taken Radisson's demand in good part, declining altogether to intervene in the matter. The other now proceeded to commands and threats. He asserted that as long as he remained in the country the Governor was his subordinate, which greatly angered that official and high words passed.

The task the Governor had set himself was by no means easy, especially if he wished to avoid bloodshed. But the plan of overpowering and disarming the French was finally accomplished through strategy. All were escorted aboard the ship, even to Chouart himself, and on the fourth of September sail was set.

On this voyage Radisson's state of mind rivalled that which he had experienced when outward bound. His late anxiety to be the first upon the scene at Port Nelson was paralleled now by his desire to be first in London. If, happily, the company should first hear an account of what had transpired from himself he felt convinced full measure of justice would be done him. If, on the other hand, Governor Phipps' relation were first received there was no knowing how much prejudice might be raised against him.

Great as was his impatience he managed to hide it with adroitness, so that none save his nephew suspected the intention he shortly executed. The captain, crew and company's servants left the ship leisurely at Portsmouth. Those going up to London lingered for the coach, but not so with Radisson, who instantly made his way to the post-house, where he hired a second-rate steed, mounted it and without the courtesy of an adieu to his late comrades, broke into a gallop, hardly restrained until London bridge was reached.

His arrival took place close upon

midnight, but late as was the hour he took no thought of securing lodging or of apprizing his wife of his advent. He spurred on his stumbling horse to the dwelling of Mr. Young, in Wood Street, Cheapside. The honourable adventurer had retired for the night, but, nevertheless, in gown and night-cap welcomed Radisson with great cordiality. He listened, we are told, with the greatest interest and satisfaction to the bushranger's tale, garnished with details of his own marvellous prowess and zeal for the company. Nor, perhaps, was Radisson less satisfied when, on attaining his own lodging, he pondered on the day's exploits. He slumbered little, and at eleven o'clock Young was announced, and was ushered in, declaring that he had already been to Whitehall and apprized the Court of the good news. His Majesty and his Royal Highness had expressed a wish to see Radisson, the hero of these great doings, and Young was accordingly brought to escort the bushranger into the Royal presence. It was a triumph, but a short-lived one. Radisson had hardly left the precincts of the Court, his ears still ringing with the praises of King and courtiers, than the Deputy-Governor, Mr. Dering, received Phipps' account of the affair, which was almost as unfair to Radisson and the part he had played in the re-capture of Port Nelson, as Radisson's own account was flattering.

On the receipt of the report, a General Court of the Adventurers was held on September 26th. By the majority of members the bushranger was hardly likely to be accorded full justice, for great offence had been given by his presentation at Court and the extremely informal manner of his arrival. Despite the friendliness of Hayes, Young and several other partners, Radisson was suspended from any active employment in the Company's service. Not long afterwards, I find him in receipt of a pension of ten pounds a month from the Company, which he continued to enjoy for many years to the time of his death at Islington, in 1702.

To be Continued.

BIRDS OF THE GARDEN.*

I.—SPRING.

EACH spring many birds return from far Central America to our north land where they were born and where they will this season raise their own young. The marvellous instinct which guides them in their great immigration has been a matter of wonder and conjecture to men from time immemorial. We know now nearly where each species goes to spend the summer and winter, the time of their arrival at their destinations and at many points on their road, the routes by which they travel, and their rate of travelling. All this has been carefully observed and recorded; but how they are guided on their course and why they should leave the far south and pass over what would appear to be suitable localities to reach the far north merely for nesting purposes is a still unsolved mystery.

THE ROBIN.

Two of our familiar birds whose coming is eagerly looked for are the robin and the blue bird. They always arrive by the end of the first week in March. If, however, the weather should be mild the pioneers may reach us by the end of February. These are both very hardy birds whose winter distribution is governed by the food supply rather than the temperature. The bulk of the robins winter in Louisiana and in eastern and southern Texas; but some stay all through their summer range wherever they find a sufficiency of berries hanging to the trees through the winter. Even in southern Ontario some few always remain wherever they can find shelter and feed. At this season they are generally very subdued and only show themselves in the open on very fine days. It is these winter birds whose appearance in January and February

generally produces the "early robin" paragraph in our daily papers. These birds do not fare so well as those that go south. Their plumage is always noticeably dingy, the red breast is decidedly bricky, and the black cap dull and rusty, in marked contrast with their southern friends whose Easter clothing has been acquired before they arrive.

The earliest robins to arrive are usually adult males. These are followed about a week later by the main body, and our woods, gardens and orchards are then full of them for a few days. But they soon hurry on and distribute themselves over the country; so that by the first of April the great majority of them have settled down into their summer quarters. No sooner have they done so than they select their nesting site and commence building operations. I have seen nests completed on the 23rd of April.

The nest is a bulky structure composed of all sorts of material plastered together with mud and lined with dead grass. It may be placed anywhere. I have found them in all sorts of places from the top of a tree down to the lowest rail of an old snake fence and there seems to be no particular desire for concealment on the part of the birds. Four or five beautiful greenish-blue eggs are laid and the robins will produce two broods each season.

Young robins appear to be about the most imbecile little creatures in the feathered world. As soon as they gain a little strength in their awkward baby legs they are sure to climb up on the edge of the nest and from there topple over to the ground. When this occurs about our towns and villages the vagrant cats grow sleek. The parent robins at this period are kept in

*The first of a series of three articles on the commoner Canadian birds. Each will be illustrated from drawings specially made for the use of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

a continued state of agitation and fuss over their truants. No doubt they mean well, but if they would learn to be quiet about their troubles they would find it better for them. As it is their useless scolding and noise only attracts attention to their helpless youngsters who would be unnoticed if the old birds were silent.

From the time the robins first arrive until the strawberries are ripe they are most assiduous in well doing. Their food consisting entirely of insects and such berries as may remain on the bushes from the previous autumn. When the first brood of young have attained full size and are able to supply their own wants, the strawberries are also just fit for use and the robins soon find it out and act accordingly.

THE BLUE BIRD.

Some years ago the blue bird was one of the most abundant and perhaps the most familiar of the birds that frequent our gardens and orchards. Its gentle ways, beautiful plumage and charming song rendered it a favourite everywhere. It had attained almost the same degree of popularity and immunity from persecution as the real robin of Europe, but for some reason it has almost deserted us lately. We see and hear them pass over us in early spring, and they occasionally drop down and remain

with us for a few days if the weather is unfavourable for travelling, but they soon pass on again and only a few pairs remain to occupy the old nesting-holes. Where they go to spend their summer I have not yet been able to ascertain. Their course from Toronto is north-easterly in the spring, and in the autumn they return from that direction and go south-westerly from here, on a course about parallel with the shore of Lake Ontario.

The blue bird's average winter range is about the same as that of the robin, but it is very rarely that any stragglers are to be found north of latitude 39 in the cold season, and none ever stay in Ontario. They evidently require a larger proportion of insect food at all times than the robin, and are, therefore, obliged to resort in winter to the south where the cold is not severe



FIRST BIRD OF SPRING—THE ROBIN.

and the ground not liable to be covered with snow. They are hardy birds, however, and when, as sometimes happens after their arrival here, they meet with severe weather and heavy snow storms, they adapt themselves to circumstances and get what nourishment they can from sumach berries and such dormant insects as their sharp eyes may discover about the bark of trees in sheltered places.

In the days when the blue birds stayed

with us they would build their nests in any hole or crevice about the premises that came handy. The deserted winter home of the little downy woodpecker bored in an old fence stake was a favourite location; so too was a hole in an apple tree. I have more than once seen the letter-box hung on a gate used. These same nesting-places were occupied year after year probably by the same pair of birds, or at any rate one of them, and so tame and confiding were they that the females would allow themselves to be stroked while sitting, without exhibiting either fear or displeasure. The eggs, four or five in number, are very pale blue.

Young blue birds are very much wiser than young robins and do not often leave the nest until they have acquired sufficient wing power to enable them to avoid all four-footed enemies.

But before leaving the nest they are liable to be destroyed by that nimble little pirate, the red squirrel; this little beast is quite carnivorous and seems to be as fond of young birds as a professional invalid is of spring chicken.

THE SONG SPARROW.

A few days after the first robins and blue birds have come we shall see and hear the song sparrow, the most abundant of that large class of birds com-

monly known throughout the country as grey birds, but which may be distinguished from all the others, when he allows you a clear front view, by the dark blotch on the breast. While these little creatures are not by any means wild, yet they are unobtrusive and of secretive habits. If not too closely approached they will mount to the topmost twig of a bush on the lawn and sing; but an unguarded movement will cause them to drop like

a stone to the ground and in a second they disappear among the roots and dead leaves which they closely resemble, and through which they wriggle and twist like mice.

A few days after the scouts appear the bulk of this species arrives. They at once select their summer quarters and settle their love affairs. During the few days of courtship the

birds are more easily observed than at any other time. They then lay aside their hiding propensities and the little males in their anxiety to please their demure brown sweethearts will go through all sorts of antics, frequently springing up into the air on quivering wings and singing most ecstatically. This is soon over and the mated pairs quiet down to regular house-keeping after bird fashion.

The nest is built usually on the



EARLY COURTSHIP—THE SONG SPARROW.

ground under a tuft of grass or some slight shelter. One I found last year was in an old lobster can that had been used as a paint pot and which was lying on its side amongst some weeds. The eggs are four or five in number, greenish white, speckled all over with greyish brown; but they vary a good deal both in ground colour and markings. Two or even three broods are raised in a season. On one occasion I found the same nest used in raising two broods. This is very unusual with this species.

In the early part of the season that miserable parasite the cow-bird frequently victimizes the song sparrows and causes the loss of the first brood of its young. Later in the season when nests are more plentiful the cow-bird distributes its favours pretty generally among all our small birds and probably destroys more useful bird life than all other enemies put together.

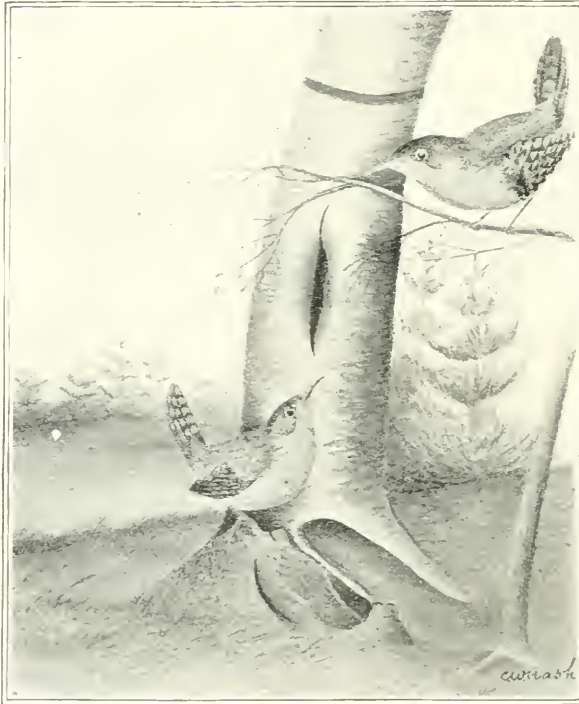
Song sparrows do not go very far south to spend the winter, their centre of abundance during that season being Southern Illinois, Missouri, Eastern Kansas and Texas. I have occasionally found a few remaining over in sheltered places in Southern Ontario; but as they haunt the very thickest of weed grown places, and are quiet at this season, they are easily overlooked.

THE BRONZE GRACKLES^b

Shortly after the middle of March the bronze grackles, or crow black-birds as they are usually called, appear and take possession of their nesting places in the evergreens about the lawn or in the rows of tall Lombardy poplars. These birds always build in colonies and are gregarious at all seasons.

Although they certainly destroy a large number of insects, particularly of those sorts that live underground,

such as cut-worms, wire-worms and the like, yet they can hardly be considered as desirable tenants of the garden. They are destructive to the young of other birds more valuable than themselves, and they are great fruit and grain eaters. It is a pity that their evil deeds should out-balance their good qualities as they are certainly very beautiful creatures.



HOUSE HUNTING—THE HOUSE WREN.

The bronze and purple metallic lustre on the feathers of the mature male is not surpassed by the colouration of any bird except, perhaps, by the jewel-like gorget of the ruby-throated humming-bird. The peculiar keel-like arrangement of their tail feathers is also very graceful and quite unlike that of any other of our birds.

These birds build a coarse nest of twigs, grasses and mud, and lay four or five very handsome eggs. The ground colour is a curious smoky blue

with dots and irregular streaks of purplish brown. They vary so much that hardly any two are alike.

The great bulk of the grackles spend the winter in Mexico, but some few are said to remain along the Mississippi River as far north as Illinois. Why these birds should require to go further south than the robins and blue birds is difficult to understand. They are strong and hardy, and being practically omnivorous, should be able to obtain an ample food supply where birds that are more particular in their diet would fail in doing so.

After the arrival of the species I have mentioned there is generally a stop in migration for a few days so far as new species are concerned, but the number of individuals of each of the species that have already arrived is increased daily.

THE PHÆBE.

About the end of March we generally find our little Quaker friend the phæbe returned to take possession of its old nest, on a beam in the shed, or in some out-of-the-way corner of the buildings. This quietly attired flycatcher is one of the most desirable of all our feathered friends. Its appearance is not very striking, but there is a quiet neatness about its olive grey coat and white waistcoat that is very attractive. Its manners, too, are so easy and so thoroughbred that the bird has acquired a popularity second only to that of the blue bird. Besides this, the bird is of great economic value in our garden. Its food consists entirely of insects, the most of them being taken on the wing. Amongst these insects so taken are large numbers of the moths which lay eggs to produce the foliage-eating caterpillars; and so the capture of each female moth means the destruction at one swoop of a whole brood of these injurious insects.

The phæbe is one of those birds whose habit it is to return year after year to the same nesting place. The old nest is added to and repaired each season, so that after a time it becomes quite a bulky structure. As I have said, it is generally placed on a beam or some

projection of the woodwork either in or outside a building, no matter how much the place may be frequented. Another very favourite site is under a bridge or culvert; so frequently is this selected that I doubt if there are many bridges in our rural districts without their phæbe's nest.

The eggs of the phæbe are four or five in number and quite white; as a rule, only one brood is raised in the season.

I am afraid that this is one of the birds likely to suffer from the introduction of the European house sparrow. Its nest is built of just such material as the sparrow prefers for his mattress; and the phæbe likes to occupy places about our premises that are easily accessible to our emigrant friend. The result will be that our gentle and useful phæbe will have to retire from the neighbourhood of the aggressive and acquisitive European.

About the end of September the phæbes leave us and start off on their journey to Mexico, where the bulk of them spend the winter, a few stragglers only remaining in favoured localities north of that country.

THE COW BIRD.

Almost at the same time that we see and hear the phæbe we may have our attention called to a glossy black bird with a rich chestnut coloured head, rather larger than the European sparrow. This is the male cow-bird, the female of which is dull, sooty black. Its love-song is apt to remind one of the squeals made by the rusty wheel of a wheelbarrow when that useful implement is being first used after a long winter's rest exposed to all weathers.

This bird cannot be called properly a bird of the garden; in fact, it is a vagrant, and does not have a home anywhere; nor has it any morals worth mentioning. Its food is gleaned principally from the open fields, and consists of insects and seeds in about equal proportions during the summer; in the fall it is a grain eater. But it is not with its diet that we are con-

cerned in the garden, but with its very reprehensible habit of depositing its eggs in the nests of other small birds.

These creatures do not mate, neither do they build a nest. The female seeks out the completed nest of one of the sparrows, finches, thrushes or warblers, and in it she deposits an egg of her own, and leaves it there to be hatched by the bird on whose home she has trespassed. In due course all

the eggs are hatched, and then the trouble begins. In a few days the young cow-bird has far outgrown its fellow-nestlings in size, strength and voracity, and requires, so and manages to get, the greater part of the food brought by the parent birds for the family. This results in the proper occupants of the nest being either crowded out or starved to death by the

interloper, who then taxes to the utmost all the energies of its foster parents to supply the cravings of its ravenous appetite. After the young cow-bird leaves the nest it still follows its foster parents through the trees, clamouring like a great spoiled baby for food. This continues until the cow-bird has fully developed its faculties (a slow process in this case), when it goes off to join a flock of its real relations in raiding the farmers' oat fields.

These cow-birds are very abundant,

and as each one of them has been raised at the cost of a whole brood of one of our useful small birds it is easy to see that they do a good deal of injury to the country.

The eggs of this bird are whitish, thickly covered with small greyish brown dots. It is not positively known how many each bird lays in a season, but probably four or five. I have only once found two of them in the same nest, and I did then, as I always do, promptly destroy

them, though it might have been interesting to note how the two young thieves would have arranged matters between them.

The cow-birds winter in the Southern States, usually going south of the State of Illinois.

THE KINGLETS.

From the middle to the end of April we are usually visited by the

kinglets. These tiny little creatures are, with the exception of the humming-birds, the smallest birds of North America. There are two species of them, the most abundant, both in spring and autumn, being the golden-crowned kinglet, the other being the ruby-crowned. Both are olive green above and yellowish white below, but may easily be distinguished by the colour of the crown, which in the golden-crowned is yellow bordered by black, while the adult ruby-crowned



"SWEET CANADA"—WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

has a partly-concealed rich scarlet patch on the crown. In the young this is not visible, but then the absence of any colour will distinguish it from its relative.

The ruby-crown is strictly a migrant, arriving here from the southern borders of the Southern States, and soon passing on to the coniferous forests of the north, where it breeds. It usually travels through this province singly; small scattered parties occasionally drift along through the woods, but they are exceptional. The most noticeable feature about this little bird is its loud, ringing song. When first noticed it seems hard to believe that such a volume of sound can be produced from such a minute body, the notes being almost as loud as those of the song-sparrow. Besides this song, it often utters a sharp, chiding note, somewhat like that of one of the wrens.

The little golden-crown resembles its relative in its general habits, but it usually travels in small parties, and does not appear to have any musical powers; it is also much harder than the ruby-crown, our Canadian winter even having no terrors for them. However, as winter residents I will refer to them later on. They all go north to breed, and with the other kinglets return in October.

THE HOUSE WREN.

After the tenth of April, if the weather is fine, we may any day expect the first real wave of migration. This will bring a number of new species. In some cases the main body will arrive all at once; in others only the advance guard will come. We shall get the flicker or high-holder, the yellow-bellied woodpecker, white-throated sparrow, chipping sparrow, brown creeper, house wren, white-breasted and barn swallows and the myrtle warbler.

Of these the most familiar and one of the most useful is the pert little house wren. It returns regularly to its old nest in the bird box or any hole or crevice into which it can stuff its apology for a nest. Then whilst Mrs.

Jenny is attending to the arrangement of her household affairs her husband will devote his energies to singing and scolding all the four-footed animals that venture to trespass on what he is pleased to consider his private hunting ground.

In spring and early summer the wren sings almost incessantly all day, with short intervals for refreshment; but as the weather gets hot, he is silent from morning until after sundown. Then he makes up for it by singing all night if the weather is fine and there is any moonlight at all. Wrens usually lay five or six eggs, white spotted with reddish brown, and sometimes raise two broods in the season.

There are no more industrious insect hunters than the house wrens, and they do their work principally amongst the plants we cultivate so that the benefit we derive is direct. It is quite easy to induce a pair to take possession of any garden large enough to give them a hunting ground by providing them with a suitable nesting box and it will be found decidedly profitable as well as interesting to do this.

The house wrens remain in Ontario until about the middle of October when they move southward to their winter range in the Southern States.

THE WHITE-THROATED SPARROW.

The white-throated sparrow is one of the few birds whose song can be rendered into words, but even of this song there are several versions; some people hear "Poor Tom Peabody, Peabody, Peabody," and call it the Peabody bird; others hear "All day whittling, whittling, whittling." I prefer the version given by Mr. Van Dyke in "The Century" some time ago. He makes the bird say, "Sweet, sweet Canada, Canada, Canada," pronounce Canada as the French Canadians do, and you get the best representation of the song that can be given in words. At any rate, if the white-throat does not say this in so many words, that is the meaning of his song, and he utters it because he rejoices in

having again reached his home, the place in which he was born and where he hopes to raise his own little family in the coming season.

A very handsome bird is our white-throat, quite the beau of the sparrow tribe. In it he has only two rivals, the fox sparrow and the white crowned; neither of them, however, quite equal to him in appearance. The fox sparrow, though, is far his superior as a musician, while the white-crown has no very great pretensions in that direction.

The great majority of the white-throats go north of us to breed, but a few pairs stop at suitable places all the way from our southern border. I have every year found two or three pairs nestling close to the city of Toronto.

During the warm weather they rarely sing except in early morning and during the night, so that as they are usually concealed in the rank underbrush, they easily escape notice.

The nest is rather a coarse affair of weeds and grass placed low down in the bushes, and the eggs, four or five in number, are greenish, spotted and blotched with brown.

In September the white-throats, young and old, arrive from the north, and occasionally make an effort to sing; but the song lacks the spirit and tone of spring, and is not often repeated. As October draws to a close the birds vanish away to the Southern States, where they remain for the winter.

C. W. Nash.

CANADIAN HYMN.

STRONG daughter of heroic birth, whose throbbing veins combine
The Lilies and the mighty Cross in pure and royal line,
For thee thy true sons ever hold their hearts and lives in hand
To lay them at thy gracious feet whene'er thy need demand!

Haut Canada! Bas Canada! Canadians all are we,
Sons of the North, the brave, true North,
Land of the Maple Tree.

Above us floats the olden Cross, our fathers' and our own,
We deck it with the Maple Leaf Canadian land has grown;
On to the West, o'er half a world, we bear from sea to sea
The glorious symbol of our pride, our badge of ancestry!

Haut Canada! Bas Canada! Canadians all are we,
Sons of the North, the brave, true North,
Land of the Maple Tree.

Fair are thy spreading lakes and plains, thy purple mountains high,
For thee who would not proudly live, who would not gladly die?
Freedom and Law thy brows entwine and bless thy sacred sod.
May ne'er thy stainless sword be drawn but in the cause of God!

Haut Canada! Bas Canada! Canadians all are we,
Sons of the North, the brave, true North,
Land of the Maple Tree.

Charles Campbell.

THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.

A Criticism of Some of their Social Peculiarities.

THERE is no doubt that the Canadian people believe themselves quite the equal of those of the United States and of Great Britain, and more than the equal of those of any other country on the face of the globe, and justly so. Some of the best blood of the British race flows in our veins; and our system of government, our social organization and our social habits are of a standard which is scarcely equalled in any country in the world. But the Canadian people are peculiar, and it is to some of these peculiarities I wish to draw attention, for as Principal Grant has well said, "The destiny of a country depends not on its material resources; it depends on the character of its people."

The Canadian people are religious and generous. They contribute liberally to the building of

RELIGIOUS churches. In Quebec, the PECULIARITIES. churches usually cost as much as all the other

buildings in the town or village combined. In the other provinces, the people are not quite so extravagant but the churches are numerous and creditable. In every part of Canada the preachers are well paid and highly respected. The people give generously to foreign missions, thousands of dollars being sent each year to Africa, India and China. Yet on the street corners of any Canadian city you may see a blind man begging, a one-legged, patient individual with his crutch and tin cup, or a wrinkled old woman turning a wheezy hand-organ. The business streets are regularly patrolled by ragged, worn-out females, soliciting coppers or selling bone collar-buttons. Ian Maclaren tells the story of a woman who went to the meeting of a "society to help the poor," in London,

to seek a position. She was asked her name, address, age, number of children and various other particulars. She was then asked to pay a shilling for registration, and a situation would be hunted up for her. Poor woman, she had no shilling and could not secure help. We have the same spirit in Canada. We build large buildings to accommodate unfortunates and name these edifices after the men who donate the most money. But we initiate no system which will seek out the dying and the unfortunate, no system which will permanently rescue the fallen, no plan whereby the aged and the needy will be able to live without begging. A man will subscribe—with a flourish—a thousand dollars to foreign missions, and on the same day he will dismiss a man ten years in his employ, who has been earning but twelve dollars a week, without a thought as to how this man is to support his wife and five children. Truly we are a peculiar people.

Canadians claim to follow the rule, "the greatest good for the greatest number," and much of

THE SPOILS our legislation embodies SYSTEM. that principle. We have excellent educational systems in the various provinces; not as well administered as they should be, but still doing a great deal for the common people. We have a splendid criminal code for the punishment of all crimes, except political crimes; we have good laws regulating commerce, and honourable judges to administer these laws. Nevertheless ninety per cent. of the discussions in parliament pertain to subjects other than these. It is the good of the party which is considered, not the good of the country. During its eighteen years in

power, the Conservative Party filled all senatorial, civil service and judicial vacancies with men to whom the party was "under obligation," men of its own political stripe; and its whole aim during that period was to so arrange and compromise everything that it might retain power. The Liberal Party has had control just three years, but it has clearly shown that it is determined to give Conservatives a dose of their own medicine. Unnecessary bonuses, suspicious deals, surrenders to selfish capitalists, appointment of self-seeking politicians to important administrative positions, a ceaseless pandering to the desires of districts where the party wishes to strengthen its hold—these are the marks which show the Liberal party to be as careless of the general good as were its predecessors. Mark you, I do not mean that the Liberal Government has done no commendable actions. There are a few moves here and there which reflect credit upon them; but the balance is on the side of "power-seeking," not "general good."



But another peculiarity of the Canadian people is that while essentially moral, they are encouraging political immorality. A citizen very seldom thinks of doing an evening's work on the voters' list, of assisting to organize the vote of his division, or of doing a day's scrutineering on behalf of a prospective alderman or a member of Parliament without pay from the candidate. The word citizen conveys no responsibilities to the mind of the ordinary voter. He sees no duty which he owes to the state. He owes his party a vote whenever called upon; and the party owes him a day's pay when he earns it, and a small job now and again if he has "influence," or makes an occasional contribution for the good of the cause. The average earnest and thoughtful citizen rests at home in the bosom of his family, while his unthinking, less moral brother does the political work

necessary in Canada to the making and unmaking of governments. We are all Canadians, but we often pay more attention to down-trodden Cuba or benighted China than we do to the country which gives us a name and a home. Because our duty to the state rests lightly upon us, our larger municipalities are in the hands of men of broad easy morals; ~~the~~ ^{city} politics are controlled by small-minded self-seeking men who do not hesitate to bribe constituencies or to barter franchises. In neither provincial nor federal politics, does the average voter rise above party considerations when, with uncovered head, he approaches the ballot-box.



Nor are our women possessed of the highest moral sense. For example:

one day, as I was riding
LACK OF home in a street-car, a
FINER MORAL well-dressed lady and her
SENSE. daughter came aboard.

The lady took out two yellow tickets and held them in her hand. The conductor passed her and repassed her. She didn't offer the tickets, and he didn't ask for them. As she got up to go out she smiled significantly at her daughter, replaced the two tickets in her purse, and gathering her magnificent skirt in one hand and her gold-handled umbrella in the other, rustled her silks through the aisle and down the steps.

If, in a store, a woman gets five cents more change than she should, why, it is a small thing, and she smiles complacently. If the clerk cuts her off half a yard more than he should, why that is her luck. No large dry-goods store in Canada can get along without private detectives—and the persons they watch are not the needy.

In her dealing with the prospective husbands of her daughters, a Canadian mother, especially a city mother, does not always insist on morality. She desires wealth and social position. The young man's moral nature may be utterly depraved, and his offspring sure to be tainted with moral weaknesses—but the mother accepts him if he has

an income. She seldom considers possibilities, but always present conditions. Truly our mothers are lovable and worthy of all honour and admiration—but they are fond of the rustle of silks. They spend two thousand a year with scarcely a thought of their sisters who have but two hundred. To make their husbands M.P.'s they would sacrifice much; to bear the title "Lady" they would almost sacrifice honour itself.



Walking along street with a young clergyman the other day, I was startled by the remark: "Our

PRINCES ministers do not need to
OF COMPRO- compromise so much!
MISERS. They think they do, but
they don't." That word

compromise! Would that it were banished from the religious world, from our political life and from even our business life! There is too much compromise altogether. It has its basis in politeness, but the necessity does not justify one half of what exists. We compromise with evils and immoralities until they eat us up. And the princes of compromisers are the sleek, self-admiring, oratorical ministers of the gospel. These epithets exclude a number of my best friends, men who in a small but honest way are pursuing the prize of a high calling. The compromisers are the men who do not preach morals, but whose complex morality is printed on pages of eloquence and bound in pliable smiles, and whose sermons are literary essays fit to adorn the pages of some nobleman's latest magazine.



If a city minister were to condemn stock gambling, political corruption, and the other dozen shady
STEALING methods by which people
MILLIONS. amass large fortunes in
a few years at the expense of their fellow-men, that pulpit would be vacant. Of course it never occurs to the minister to let it be vacant. So the immorality remains. A man respects another's property un-

less he can get it under cover of the law. For example, he may form a mining company and sell his "promoter's" stock at ten, fifteen or twenty cents on the dollar. That is called "able financing," and the more worthless the claim, the more able the financing and the more praise the man receives. The trusting but ill-informed public is never praised—not even pitied.

Or he may desire to build a railway. The cost will be \$8,000 per mile, and it may be bonded for, say, \$4,000; leaving a net investment of \$4,000 per mile of road. He goes to the Dominion Government and gets a grant through the influence of paid lobbyists. He then visits the Provincial Government with the seal of federal approval. He gets another grant. Then he repairs to the municipalities. Altogether he gets \$12,000 a mile. As the net investment is \$4,000, the profit is \$8,000. On a hundred miles there will be enough to give him a fair claim on the title of "millionaire." It is by just such means as these that most of the rich men of Canada have been made.

There are those who have made their money by hard work and persistent saving, but they are not quite so numerous, and they are never so prominent. It is a common occurrence to hear men remark over their pipes and whiskey—men of the world who know—that to get rich to-day, a man must have neither heart nor conscience. I have heard half-a-dozen wealthy men give utterance to such sentiments.

"'Tis true, 'tis pity; and pity 'tis, 'tis true."



But why go on in this somewhat doleful strain? The answer is another question. Why does the
OUR YOUNG bird sing? It is given to
MEN. certain men to preach the
gospel of regeneration to their fellow-men, when inclination meets opportunity. Canada would not be wholly bad if all the preachers and teachers and writers were banished. But she is the better of those she possesses—most of them. To write some-

thing which would give one young man a broader view of citizenship is a reward sufficient for any would-be teacher. To make a dozen young men THINK would be glory and honour.

For, after all, it is the young men in whom lies the hope of Canada's future greatness. There is always hope because there are always young men. Many of these will follow precedent, but a few will not. If the few are too few, our politics and our social life will become no better; but they will not degenerate greatly.

The young man who studies nothing but John Bunyan and the Bible may go to Heaven, but he certainly will not make the world much better for his having sojourned here. This is a day when citizens are required—citizens with a broad, understanding knowledge of what Canada was, is, and might be; citizens who will inquire as to what Canada requires of her sons; citizens who will study the history, the institutions, the literature, the political conditions of their native land. The man who exclusively pursues his own ends, his own purposes, and the almighty dollar is not a citizen. A citizen is a man of a higher, a nobler, a more unselfish type. To the citizen our poet Kernigan cries:

"Shall the mothers that love us, bow the head,
And blush for degenerate sons?
Are the patriot fires gone out and dead?
Oh, brothers, stand to your guns!"

And Roberts also:

"Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.

Tho' faint souls fear the keen, confronting
sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendour
wait;

Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
'Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy
fame!
And stretch vain hands to stars; thy fame is
nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth and home, and
name."

We may have telephones and electric railways, Pacific cables, fast Atlantic steamboats, miles of canals, hundreds of cabinet ministers, scores of companions, knights and baronets; but if we have not a patriotic citizenship we shall not last. Commerce alone never made a nation great.



It is becoming clearer that if Great Britain is to maintain her supremacy among the nations she will have to be regenerated from the fresher blood of the colonies. If this is the destiny of Canada's greater sons, we should be prepared for it. If we are to become a part of the greater Anglo-Saxon unity, the northmen will be needed to reorganize and purify the body politic of the south. If this is the destiny of Canada's greater sons, we should be prepared for it. If we are to build up on the northern half of this continent a new Britain, with the maple leaf flag proudly floating above it, we must breed and bring forth citizens whose excellence cannot be measured in dollars. If this is the destiny of Canada's sons, let them anoint themselves with wisdom.

Norman Patterson.



A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A Romance in Twelve Chapters.

BY JOANNA E. WOOD, AUTHOR OF "THE UNTEMPERED WIND", "JUDITH MOORE", ETC.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealousy of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. She makes him promise, however, that he will never take her away from Dole, the little village close at hand, and asks him also to train himself for the position of successor to the Rev. Mr. Didymus, the present Congregational minister and sole clergyman of the village. Vashti's idea is that as wife of the minister she will be mistress of Dole with all the power for which her flinty, worldly soul craves. And when this "Daughter of Witches" so influences this young man that he consents to enter the holy profession, she feels that her hour of vengeance will not be long delayed.

CHAPTER IX.

IT was nearly two years after Sidney went forth to prepare for the pastorate of Dole, when he stood one morning reading and re-reading the brief words of a telegram :

Come at once. Mr. Didymus is dying.

VASHTI LANSING.

The old man had been failing fast since the springtime.

The first April showers were quickening the earth when one day Sally found Mrs. Didymus dead in her chair, her Bible upon her knee, her spectacles pushed up on her brow, her dead face turned to where upon the wall hung a faded and discoloured portrait of Martha.

"It won't belong now," Mr. Didymus had said to Sidney upon that occasion, and Sidney felt it would be cruel to contradict his hope.

All summer long as Sidney read Vashti's accounts of the old man's fluctuating health he had thought of the solemn gladness of the moment when the summons should come. His loins had been girded for months past and now he was to set forth.

He had said to Vashti in a wistful letter, "When the hour comes be sure you send for me yourself. Let it be your personal summons which brings

me to your side." And now such a summons lay before him.

He had no preparations to make. All that required to be done could be arranged afterwards. But, ere he set out for the new life, he had one visit to pay. He had always promised himself that when the hour came he would not taste of its joy till he had gone to the man of whom he had thought during the first gladness of his engagement.

Surely it was a curious thing that a minister of the Gospel should seek counsel of an unlearned agnostic. Nevertheless Sidney went confidently. At each step he took towards his destination he grew more and more ashamed for that he had so long withdrawn himself from this man.

Sidney found him in his old place amid the whirring wheels of the great factory in which he worked. His grizzled hair was a trifle grayer, his strong figure a little more bent; but his clear cut mouth was as firm as ever, his eyes as wistful and eager. They had that expression of receptiveness which so often marks the true sage, who, very wise, is yet always eager to learn.

Between the sliding belts Sidney encountered his delighted gaze fixed straight upon him. The visitor threaded his way with difficulty through the

maze of machinery to where he stood with such a welcome in his eyes that Sidney's impulse had been to brave the wheels and go straight.

"How I wanted to come and meet you," said the man holding out a begrimed hand eagerly. "But you know my hand must be on the lever always."

"Ah," said Sidney, "I felt your welcome even before I saw you, and when I saw you formalities were discounted."

The man looked at him, a shade of awe solemnizing the gladness of his face.

"There are some things which almost frighten one," he said. "Do you know that all day long I have been thinking of you, remembering the lectures you used to give us at the Shelley Club and wondering if I should ever, ever hear from you again?"

"And now I am here!" said Sidney.

"Yes," said the man, looking at him lovingly. "And it is so good to see you."

In the midst of his happiness Sidney remembered to say "And how does the Shelley Club progress? Are you president yet?" The man shifted his feet awkwardly.

"Yes, I am," he said.

"Ah, the right man in the right place," said Sidney cordially. "So the club goes on."

"Yes, we have nineteen members now and there are often fifty at the meetings."

"There's a stride!" said Sidney. "We used to be proud of ourselves if we could say 'we are seven,' didn't we? Well, I would like to hear your addresses."

"You have some news to give me, I am sure," said the man, who, during the conversation manipulated his lever with the mechanical precision of a man whom practice has made almost automatic.

Sidney flushed.

"Could you come out for a few minutes' quiet talk?" he asked.

"I sahl see," said the man, turning a knob which arrested the wheels. He went to a man almost as grimy as

himself, but who wore a coat. Sidney looked about him with shuddering disgust at the surroundings.

The machinery beside him shivered with the suppressed energy kept in check by the knob the man had turned. It seemed to Sidney a symbol of the eager soul of the man whom he had come to see, prisoned by circumstances within the circumference of petty cares, yet quivering and throbbing with divine energy.

The man was returning pleased with the little boon of time he had gained. The circumstances gripped Sidney's heart. He felt his own freedom and ease a reproach.

The man led the way, turning down the sleeves of his grey flannel shirt. He passed broad shouldered between the whizzing belts, one touch of which meant mutilation. Sidney edged his way gingerly after him. The spaces between the whirling wheels seemed very narrow.

The workman led the way out into a desolate but sunny little courtyard. A high wall enclosed it; great heaps of packing cases filled one corner; a freight car, run in upon a little row of rails, stood just within the gate.

"Sit down," said the man, waving Sidney to a place upon a pile of boards. It struck Sidney that there was a sense of luxury in the way in which he let his frame relax; it was an unaccustomed treat, evidently, these few moments stolen in the midst of the sunshiny forenoon.

"Now for your news," said the man. "Is it about yourself?"

"Yes," said Sidney, "and it will surprise you greatly. I am about to become, in fact already am, a Minister."

"Of what—to whom—where?" asked the man.

"A preacher of the Christian gospel," said Sidney. "To a pious little community in the New England hills."

There was silence for a moment. The whir of the wheels came to them, they heard a postman's whistle in the street outside and the chirping of some sparrows which fluttered about the empty car.

"You are disappointed," said Sidney; you disapprove, but—"

The man raised his hand.

"It's for a woman, I suppose," he said. "Would nothing satisfy her but your soul?"

"Oh," cried Sidney, "I will do my duty by them. I will preach the truth to them. They shall know how noble and lovely life may be. They shall be shown what real beauty is, and told that righteousness for righteousness' sake is the highest good."

His friend sat silent still; Sidney looked at him almost pleadingly, and saw that his eyes were blurred by tears.

"Listen," he said to Sidney. "Give it up. You don't know what you are doing. It will kill you. I know you so well. You are salving your conscience now by good resolutions. When you see the fruitlessness of it all you will torture yourself with thoughts of your responsibility and what not, and the end will be chaos."

"Do you think I have not nearly gone mad already?" said Sidney, growing very white. "Surely you must guess how I have questioned my ability to do them good. But I think the worst of that is by now. I shall have a stay, a support, an inspiration which will never flag. The most beautiful and best woman in the world has promised to marry me the day I become minister of Dole."

"I've heard of the devil baiting his line with a woman," said the workman contemptuously, but yet in such a manner that Sidney could not take offence. Then he went on:—

"You say you'll do your duty by these people, but it's not that I'm thinking about. It's you. Remember this, you are to work in the vineyard of human nature, its soil is the shifting quicksand of human weakness. When you feel that sucking you down, to what will you turn? Upon what secret source of strength can you draw? Do you think the men who preach the Christ word in the slums could live and eat and continue their work unless they drew strength from some unseen reservoir? No, a thousand times no. Of course,

I think their belief a delusion, but it is real to them, as real as the Divinity of Truth, and Truth alone, is to me. To preach a personal God without belief in one is to court destruction; at any moment, by disappointment or self-reproach, you may be thrown back upon your own beliefs. Shall the mother whom you have denied open her arms to you? Or shall the personal God in whom you do not believe sustain you? No, you will fall into the void. Sidney, give it up."

There was a pause.

"I will never give it up," he said. "I have promised that I shall devote myself to the work, and I will. You speak as if I had denied Nature and spat upon Truth. I have done neither. These two things will bear me through. There was one night in the fields—there was a new moon, and the young grain was springing. I saw things very clearly just then. I felt I could do good, and that it was my bounden duty to try. Bid me good-speed."

The workman rose. He took Sidney's hand and pressed it in both of his.

"I think," he said, "no human being ever began a hopeless course with more sincere and honest good wishes." As he held Sidney's hands and looked into the grey eyes of the younger man his own keen eyes dimmed and grew seerlike. The look of the visionary illumined his face.

"You will toil and strive and suffer," he said. "You will spend and be spent for others. You will have griefs, but you will never realize them, for you will be too absorbed in the sorrows of others to feel your own. You have bound yourself to a wheel, and until you are broken upon it, and your spirit spilt into the bosom of the Eternal, you will never know you have been tortured."

A half sob arrested his speech.

"Good-bye," he said, "good-bye!"

"Good-bye," said Sidney, who was much moved. So the two men parted. The one went into the sunshine; the other back into the hot atmosphere, where the deleterious dust was eddied into maelstroms by the whirling wheels.

The one murmured, "Vashti, Vash-ti;" the other, as he oiled the wheels and bent strenuously over his work, thought long and sorrowfully of many things. It chanced to be the meeting-night of the Free Thinking Vegetarian Club, of which he was president, and in his little speech he said much of a man who bartered his soul for a mess of pottage. But he told the story in such fashion that this man seemed to shine as an unselfish hero before their eyes, instead of as a weakling, spend-thrift of a precious heritage of independence.

Thus an author has sometimes such wholesome charity for his villains that we love them more than their betters.

As Sidney was borne towards Dole that day, he relived as in a vision all the events which followed that first haphazard visit of his. And yet, could such a vital event be born of chance?

How well he recalled the peculiar fancy he had had when Dr. Clement, after his visit to the country, gave him old Mr. Lansing's invitation.

It was as if a little bell set swinging in his father's boyhood had suddenly tinkled in his ear, bidding him turn in his youth to those scenes where his father had been a boy.

He remembered the day when dear old Temperance first opened the door to him. He knew now the enormity of his going direct to the front door. In Dole only ministers and funerals went there. Sidney never really acquired the etiquette of the Dole doors. One has to be born in a court to properly appreciate its etiquette.

With epicurean delay the gentle stream of his recollections took him down the road, past Mullein meadow (O! place of promise!), to the "unction sale," at Abiron Ranger's, and then his memory leaped the bounds, swept aside intervening incidents, and dwelt upon the glorified vision of beautiful Vashti. Ah! "Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

Then followed his long visit with its rhythmic lapse of happy days.

Then, the Holy Grail of her heart had been won.

And afterwards came the long waiting. The short visits to Dole. And now!

The marriage of Mabella and Lanty had taken place a month or so after Sidney left Dole the first time. Their little daughter Dorothy was more than a year old now.

Temperance and Nathan were not yet married, but three months before Temperance had bought a new black cashmere dress in Brixton, and Nathan was known to have priced a china tea set, with gilt rosebuds in the bottoms of the cups. Dole felt, therefore, that matters were approaching a crisis with Temperance and Nathan.

Old Mr. Lansing had grown very frail. He had had a stroke of paralysis, and had never been the same man again. His eyes always had an apprehensive look which was very painful to witness; and strangely enough this quiet self-contained old man, who all his life had seemed so content with the little village where he was born, so scornfully unconscious of the world which fretted and throbbed beyond its quiet boundaries, now showed a great eagerness for word from the outside. He subscribed to several newspapers. And when Sidney came the old man would question him with persistent and pathetic eagerness about the details of different events which he had seen chronicled with big typed headings, and Sidney found himself often sore at heart because he knew nothing whatever about the matter. American journalism has some grave flaws in its excellence, and surely the hysterical lack of all sense of proportion and perspective in presenting the picture of the times is a deplorable thing. It does grave and positive harm in the rural districts where it is impossible for the people to gauge the statements by comparison with events.

Sidney was greatly touched by the misconception of old Mr. Lansing in regard to these things.

"Ah," said the old man once, laying down the paper in which he had read a grotesquely exaggerated account of some political caucus which was made

to appear like a meeting of the national powers, "Ah, there's no wonder dear old Sid went to Bosting." He shook his head and sat with his elbows upon his chair, looking before him into vacancy. What fanciful vista of possibilities did he look upon? What vague regrets beset his mind? To Sidney this was unspeakably pitiful. This old man with his young dreams—and it was the more sad, inasmuch as the dreamer himself knew their futility.

Old Lansing had always been a "forehanded" man with his work. He had never left over one season's duties till another, but he had forgotten to dream in his youth, and now he was striving in his age to overtake the neglected harvests of his garden of fancy.

When the train stopped at Brixton the first person whom Sidney saw was Lanty. Lanty tall and strong, and debonair as ever. He greeted Sidney very heartily.

"You've come for keeps this time," he said, as he led the way to where the roan, a trifle more sedate than formerly, stood waiting between the shafts of a very spick-and-span buggy.

"We will go straight to the preacher's," said Lanty. "I hope we'll be in time."

"Is he so low?"

"Dying," said Lanty simply. He touched the roan with the reins and it sprang forward. Sidney's heart fled before. The landscape upon either side stretched dimly before his eyes. He was conscious that Lanty was speaking to him, and he made suitable replies. But all his mind was glamourised by one thought, for Vashti had promised that Mr. Didymus should marry them.

Was this then THE DAY?

They passed Lanty's house, a square building with heavily timbered porch, and Lanty drew rein to call "Mabella, Mabella!" But there was no reply.

"She must have gone into Dole," said he, and once more they went on. Ere long they were driving up the

streets of Dole. The women stood at the doorways with elaborate pretence of being occupied. The men endeavoured to infuse surprise into their recognition of Sidney, although most of them had purposely elected to stay in the village "choring" around the house instead of going to the fields or the woods.

The wise wives of Dole, knowing the amiable weakness of their husbands, had preferred special requests that day to have work done about the house. In Dole a man always thought he was conferring a personal favour upon his wife if he straightened up a leaning garden fence, mended a doorstep, or banked up a cellar for winter. There were six cellars banked up in Dole on the day when Sidney entered it. Upon the spring air the odour of fresh-turned earth speaks of new plowed fields and fresh harvests, but in autumn the earthy smell is chill and drear, and brings with it a sense of mortality, a hint of the end. And this atmosphere hung heavy over the little village as Sidney entered it.

As the buggy drawn by the roan horse passed, the ranks of Dole closed up. That is, each woman crossed to her neighbour, and the men rested from their labours to discuss the arrival.

There was one thing that never was forgotten about Sidney's entry—a circumstance viewed severely by the many, leniently by the few—he wore a grey suit of clothes. Dole murmured in its heart at this infringement of the ministerial proprieties, but Dole was destined to experience a succession of such shocks, for its young and eager pastor trod often upon the outspread skirts of its prejudices.

Sidney himself was profoundly moved as he drove up the street, for he was entering the precincts of his holy city. In the geography of the heart there are many cities. There is the place where we were born; the place of our dreams; the Rome which under one guise or another fills the foreground of our ambitions; and above all there is the place where first we tasted of

love, ah, that is where the Temple Beautiful stands. And Sidney's first and only love had been born in Dole.

Eager eyes were watching for them from the parsonage windows; Mabella, the habitual happiness of her face masked and subdued by tender-hearted concern; Mrs. Ranger a bustling important woman of many airs and graces, filled with a sense of her own importance, and knowing that her every action would be reported to Temperance Tribbey (her sworn enemy) by Mabella; Mr. Simpson who had nursed Mr. Didymus from the beginning; and, waiting alone and silently in the tiny hall upstairs, Vashti Lansing.

She saw the two men coming up the street, side by side in the buggy, and her heart leaped up and cried for the one who was denied her. Again an angry gust of passion shook her as she looked. For the one moment her decision wavered. That pale slight man whose grey eyes were so eager, so alight with hope and love was nothing to her compared to the blue-eyed, fair-haired young countryman. Why should she condemn herself to the torture of the continual contrast? But this way her revenge lay, unplanned yet, but so eagerly desired. She would surely, surely find means to make them feel her power when as the preacher's wife she was First Lady in Dole. So Vashti Lansing filled with Samson-like courage to wreck her enemies at any price, slowly descended the stairs as Sidney entered the front door. Then she went towards him.

Mabella saw them and with adroit sympathy endeavoured to detain Mrs. Ranger in the kitchen. But that worthy woman saw through Mabella's artifice, and leaving her question unanswered made for the door which led from the kitchen into the little front hall; whereupon Mabella deliberately placed herself in Mrs. Ranger's way, and animated by the courage which springs from consciousness of a good cause dodged every attempt of that irate person to pass her. Mrs. Ranger endured this as long as she could, then, without more ado, she put out a strong

arm and brushed Mabella aside. "Take care," she said and passed into the hall. But Sidney had had his greeting and Vashti's calm face baffled her inquiring looks.

"I could see there had been something," she said in reporting the matter, "but what had happened I don't know."

"My sakes," said Mrs. Simpson when Mrs. Ranger told her this, "I'm sure you *must* have been busy in the kitchen if you couldn't spare time to watch 'em meet. My soul! If Len was worth his salt for observation he'd have kep' his eyes open. But sakes! Men's that stoopid—. But with you there I thought we'd know how things was goin'—"

"Well," said Mrs. Ranger tartly, "you can thank Mabella Lansing for that. First as I was going out she ups and asks me a question. I paid no attention to that for I knew 'twas done to hinder (them Lansings is all in the same boat), and then when she seen I wasn't to be took in with that she deliberately put herself in the way, and dodged me back and forward till I had all I could do to keep from giving her a good shove."

"Well, M'bella Lansing had better look out. It's a bad thing to be set up. Pride goes before a fall. And M'bella's certingly most wonderful sure of self. But Lanty wouldn't be the first young chap to—. Of course I ain't sayin' anything, but they do say—"

Mrs. Ranger waited eagerly to see if her friend would commit herself to a definite statement. But Mrs. Simpson was much too wary for that; so Mrs. Ranger nodded her head, and pursed up her lips, and managed to convey the impression that "she could an' she would" unfold a tale.

But this was some days after Sidney met Vashti in the narrow hall of the Dole parsonage.

"I am here, Vashti," he whispered, kissing her.

"Yes, how glad I am!" she answered simply.

"Can I speak to you just a moment, dear, before I go to see him?"

"What is it?"

"Do you remember," he whispered hurriedly, "that you promised old Mr. Didymus that he should marry us? Vashti, I have waited so long. I tremble before the responsibility of the life I have chosen. Strengthen me with the fulfilment of your promise to better keep mine."

Just then Mr. Simpson came in.

"He's askin' if you be come yet," he said to Sidney. "I—wouldn't wait long before seein' him if I was you; he's sinkin'."

"I will come in at once," said Sidney. Mr. Simpson turned and re-entered the sick room.

Sidney turned to Vashti. At that moment Mrs. Ranger, flushed and a little ruffled by her combat with Mabella, entered the hall.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Martin," she said, holding out her hand. "We'd be right glad t' see you if the time wasn't so sad."

"I am pleased to see you," said Sidney, in his gentle genial way, shaking hands with her. She looked from his face to Vashti's with an almost ridiculously eager scrutiny, but found herself baffled.

"You better go right in and see Mr. Didymus," she said. "He's bin askin' for you." At this juncture Mabella appeared, an adorably matronly Mabella.

"How are you Sidney?" she asked. "Mrs. Ranger, I'm afraid your pies are burning or running over or something, I smelt them."

"Laws," said that good woman, disappearing like a shot. "Didn't you have sense enuff to go to the oving instead o' coming t' me?"

"If you want to talk," said Mabella coolly to Sidney and Vashti, "go into the sitting-room, and when she comes back I'll tell her you've gone in to see Mr. Didymus."

"You're an angel," said Sidney, and drew Vasti through the doorway just as Mrs. Ranger came back angrily.

"Them pies ain't half cooked," she said, "let alone burning!"

"Well, I'm sure I thought I smelt

them," said Mabella, "and I know you didn't want to leave the pie-making for Temperance to do when she came this evening."

"If the pies had burned I'd have made others, depend on that," said Mrs. Ranger. "I guess Temp'rins Tribbey never had to do anything over after me! I 'spose he's gone in to see Mr. Didymus now?"

"We may as well go," said Mabella. "He won't be back for awhile likely."

So the two went back to the kitchen where Lanty, after watering the roan, stood eating biscuits from the heap upon the bake board.

"Vashti," said Sidney, taking her in his arms, "Say yes. You know that I adore you—and—Vashti, you will—"

She looked into his eyes. For one moment a womanly hesitation prevailed in her heart. The next she questioned herself angrily: "Why wait, why delay, why not begin to lay the threads of your revenge?"

"But"—she paused and looked down. He drew her closer.

"Darling, it is the knowledge that you are really mine that I want. You surely do not think I would be exacting to you? You shall come to me when you will; say yes, dear—"

"It is so hurried—so—you *are* good," she said, with charming affectation of hesitancy.

"Send Lanty over for your father," said Sidney, "and Temperance and I will go in and ask Mr. Didymus."

"I—yes, Sidney, I will do as you wish," she said, then for one instant, abashed by the great glad light in his eyes, she let fall her face upon his breast.

"And Vashti—after—you won't keep me waiting too long."

She looked at him, arch rebuke in her eyes.

He reddened.

"There," he said, "I'm spoiling it all I know. Go, dear, and send Lanty." She moved away a step. He followed her swiftly and caught her to his breast with passion.

"Tell me, Vashti," he said, "that you love me as I love you; tell me that

life together seems the only thing possible to you." She put her arms about his neck.

"I love you dearly," she said, "I could not look forward to life except with you."

With those words and with the embrace of her soft warm arms, every doubt or shadow of doubt died in Sidney's heart. He returned her embrace, too moved to speak, and left her to enter the room of the dying man.

Vashti went to the kitchen door and called her cousin.

"Lanty," she said, "will you speak a moment?"

He left Mabella and came to her.

"Come outside," she said, "I want you to do something for me." Then as they got beyond Mrs. Ranger's hearing she continued: "I want you to go over and fetch father and Temperance. Sidney is bent upon being married by Mr. Didymus and—I have consented." There was a kind of agony in the regard she gave Lanty. "Will you go?" she said, her voice sounded far away to herself, and all at once it seemed to her as if she could hear the blood rushing through her veins, with a roaring as of mill-streams. And Lanty, all unconscious of this, stood smiling before her. Truly, if Vashti Lansing sinned, she also suffered.

"It's a capital idea," said Lanty heartily. "You are a lucky girl, Vashti. I'll go at once; have you told Mabella yet?"

The pent up forces of Vashti's heart leaped almost beyond the bounds.

"Go," she said, with a strange sweet shrillness in her voice. "Go, at once."

"I will, of course, I will," said Lanty, and he suited the action to the word. He paused an instant to tell Mabella, and added: "You go and talk to Vashti, she's as nervous as you were."

Then he departed and Vashti watched him, wondering a little why she had been born to such a perverse fate. As she turned from the empty distance where he had disappeared it was to be met by Mabella's arms, and kisses,

and congratulations, and exclamations. Poor Mabella! All was so well meant, and surely we would not blame her; and yet, though a creature be worthy of death, we do not like to see it tormented and baited. Vashti Lansing, with her lawless will, her arrogant self-confidence, her evil determination was yet to be pitted that day.

The short autumnal day had drawn down to night. Lamps twinkled from every room in the parsonage. A great stillness brooded over the house.

The kitchen was filled with whispering women, groups of men lingered near the house and horses were tied here and there to the palings. The word had gone abroad that the old man who prayed for them so long was leaving them that night. There would be little sleep in Dole during its hours.

"The license has come," whispered Mabella to Temperance, and Temperance slipped out from among the women and found Nathan where he loitered by the door.

Soon they were all gathered in the sick room. Old Lansing, and Mabella, and Lanty with their baby Dorothy in his arms, and Temperance and Nathan, and another guest, unseen and silent, to whom they all did reverence, who was nearer to the old clergyman than any of them.

And in a moment the door opened, and Sidney and Vashti came softly in, both pale, both calm.

The old clergyman looked up at them lovingly. His face was the colour of ivory, and the spirit seemed to shine through its imprisoning tabernacle like a light.

In few and feeble words he married them. Then he essayed to speak a little to them, but he stumbled and faltered, and instead of saying "You, Vashti," he said "You, Martha," and when he sought to find Sidney's name he could only say "Len."

The composure of the women gave way. Mabella buried her face in Lanty's arm and cried unrestrainedly. Tears streamed over Lanty's face also. Those words, Martha and Len, showed how lovingly, despite his stern denial

of their suit, the old man had thought of his daughter and her sweetheart.

His voice wandered and failed. Sidney and Vashti knelt beside the bed.

Temperance stole forward and touching them, motioned for them to go.

As they rose the old man looked at them. A little bewilderment flickered into his eyes.

"It's not Martha and Len"—then his eyes cleared. "I am going to them and the mother." Then he looked at Sidney, "Be thou faithful unto death," he said, the solemnity of the words gaining an incalculable force from the weakness of the voice. Then he began to murmur to himself, "I have fought

the good fight, I have finished my course."

Dr. Harrow and Mr. Simpson entered the room, and the others quitted it, and hardly were they gone ere the unseen guest stole out from the shadows and looked into the old man's eyes. There was neither fear nor reluctance in them, nothing but welcome, and a trust which was transcendent; and in a few moments the unseen guest folded the longing spirit of the old man in a strong embrace and bore it to where "beyond these voices there is peace."

Thus Sidney was married. Thus the mantle of the pastorate of Dole fell upon his shoulders.

(To be Continued.)

THE NEW INVASION.

I AM the North.
 Though I lacked men to till the soil
 And reap its fruits with modest toil,
 My sons went forth
 By many thousands year by year,
 With health and strength and sturdy cheer;
 Went all untaught
 The land of Golden Ease to find,
 Not recking that they left behind
 The thing they sought.

I did not speak,
 Yet did my broad deep bosom hold
 Unmeasured store of that same gold
 Which they did seek;
 And all around the fertile plains
 Lay groaning deep in labour pains;
 Earth's womb replete,
 Called but for hands with patient care
 To ease the burden and to share
 Reward full mete.

They would not heed,
 But hastened, each to cast his lot
 With that Fair South which loved him not,
 And scorned his breed,

But lured him with that lustre fair
Which he in vain thought he might share
Did he but strive ;
And so they wandered one by one
Yet to their Mother's task undone
All un-alive.

At length there came
Men of the South who spake my tongue
Yet did not to my race belong,
And O the shame !
They cleft my sides and from me tore
The treasure that my bosom bore
For mine own kin.
Swift too came hordes with fevered haste
From Iceland bare and Russian waste
With Babel din.

These tread the plain ;
They see what mine own failed to see,
They plod with patient industry ;
Full great their gain.
I grudge it not, yet do I grieve
Lest these unwelcome guests should weave
From Race and Tongue
A web so strong that evermore
Shall fright the Saxon from my shore,
And that ere long.

Ye do not need
That serfs long trained beneath the rod
Or men of any other blood
Should taint your breed.
Ye are enough if ye be true
And cherish me as you should do,
To hold your own.
But 'ware the Tartar and the Slav,
Or if with them ye commerce have,
Your fate bemoan.

Northmen ! Awake !
This bond of alien thralldom break,
Your lawful place and station take.
Awake ! Awake !
Hold fast the land, hold fast your speech,
And to the rash intruder teach
That ye are Lords,
Who govern in your Mother's name,
Who will not see her put to shame.
These are my words.

H. H. Godfrey.



NORTHERN ONTARIO—PULLING CANOES UP A SHALLOW RAPID.

WITH RIFLE AND ROD IN THE MOOSE LANDS OF NORTHERN ONTARIO.

ILLUSTRATED FROM AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHS.

By W. R. Wadsworth.

IN this degenerate, moribund nineteenth century, in Southern Ontario, as well as in the Eastern States, the "forest primeval" is rapidly becoming a thing of the past,—the lumberman and his enemy, the forest fire, have both been at their work of destruction. And year by year game, especially of the larger kinds, is retreating before the ever advancing axe and plough, while fish are, alas! becoming remarkable, more on account of their scarcity than their size. Perhaps, then, a short sketch of a great land, most of which is still covered with virgin forest, may not prove wholly uninteresting.

In these days of feverish bustle and ceaseless hurry the sportsman's time is

too precious to waste in sitting from early morn till dewy eve waiting phlegmatically for the cautious nibble of a satiated cat-fish, or in tramping the country-side, staggering for weary miles under the weight of a trusty rifle, in hot pursuit of chattering squirrels and deriding carrion crows. If he really wants to catch something when he "goes fishing," or to shoot something when he "goes shooting," he must strike for the wilds. But "the wilds" are somewhat elusive. You put your finger on the map and say "Here!" But Canada, and especially Ontario, is being opened up so rapidly that the mere fact that a locality is situated some hundreds of miles from home and possesses

an Indian name that defies pronunciation is no guarantee that the ever-advancing wave of civilization has not already encroached upon, perhaps even engulfed, the place of your random choice. For instance, some half dozen years ago, fired with tales of the possibilities of Northern Ontario from the sportsman's standpoint, a party of us invaded the headwaters of the Ottawa—Lake Quinze, Lake Kippewa and Lake Temiscamingue—and made them our scene of operations for the summer. But go where we would the ubiquitous lumberman haunted us to remind us of a civilization from whose restraints we were seeking to escape. The most beautiful of the lakes and rivers were robbed of half their charms by the unromantic "Come in and have a snack of beans!" of some hospitable shanty-cook, or the hearty "Bonjour" of a boat load of wild river-drivers. It

was disappointing; but adapting ourselves to circumstances we had a jolly time, and incidentally became initiated into the mysteries of camp-life. For no man knows instinctively how to keep a canoe, especially when deeply laden, from being swamped in a heavy sea; how to guide it down a broken rapid, or even to portage it for long distances through underbrush or marsh and over broken ground. A canoe trip that covers some eight hundred miles of waters of all kinds and includes three-score portages is a good apprenticeship in the *voyageur's* calling.

The following year we again spent

the summer in Northern Ontario. For let a man once contract the camping fever, he is subjected with the return of each spring to a recurrence of the malady. With the advent of the first robin unmistakable symptoms show themselves, and the attack increases in violence until business becomes an impossibility and city pleasures pall. He has but one remedy—a flight to the wilds with rifle and rod. As Kipling says:—

"He must go—go—go away from here,
On the other side the world he's overdue.
'Send your way is clear before you, when
the old spring-fret comes o'er you

And the Red-
Gods call for
you!

"So for one the
wet sail arching
through the rainbow
round the
bow,

And for one the
creek of snow-
shoes on the
crust;

And for one the
lakeside vigil
where the
bull-moose
lead the cow,

And for one the
mule-train
coughing in
the dust.

Who hath smelt
wood-smoke
at twilight?
who hath
heard the



A 25-FOOT CANOE.

This large canoe belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company was photographed at Lake Temagami. These canoes are used by the Company for distributing supplies to their various posts.

birch-log burning?

Who is quick to read the noises of the
night?

He must follow with the others, for the
young men's feet are turning

To the camps of proved desire and known
delight."

On our second trip North, profiting by the experience of the preceding year, our party struck in a northwesterly direction from the head of Lake Temiscamingue, an expansion of the Upper Ottawa, across country by various canoe-routes to Fort Matagami, a Hudson's Bay Company's post on the northern slope of the "Height of Land," the watershed between the

Great Lakes and Hudson Bay, and here we found an ideal country for the paddler and sportsman, as yet wholly unsurveyed, and only explored along the main water routes used by the Hudson's Bay Company. Avoiding these usual waterways, we passed through a track of forest and rock, utterly wild and desolate save for the occasional visit of an Indian hunter or trapper. We found, too, an additional charm in this trip from the fact that we were dependent for guidance upon a rough sketch of our route, made for us by Big Paul, an Indian from the Hudson's Bay Company's post on Lake Temagami.

Nipissing district has well been called a "Paddler's Paradise." From Lake Huron as far north as James Bay it is intersected in all directions by rivers and dotted with lakes. Some of these lakes are mere ponds; others, like Lake Abitibi and Lake Temiscamingue, are sheets of water sixty or seventy miles in length. Some are open; others studded with rocky islands. Temagami's islands outrival those of the far-famed St. Lawrence in their number and variety. In some places they form a veritable labyrinth; at every

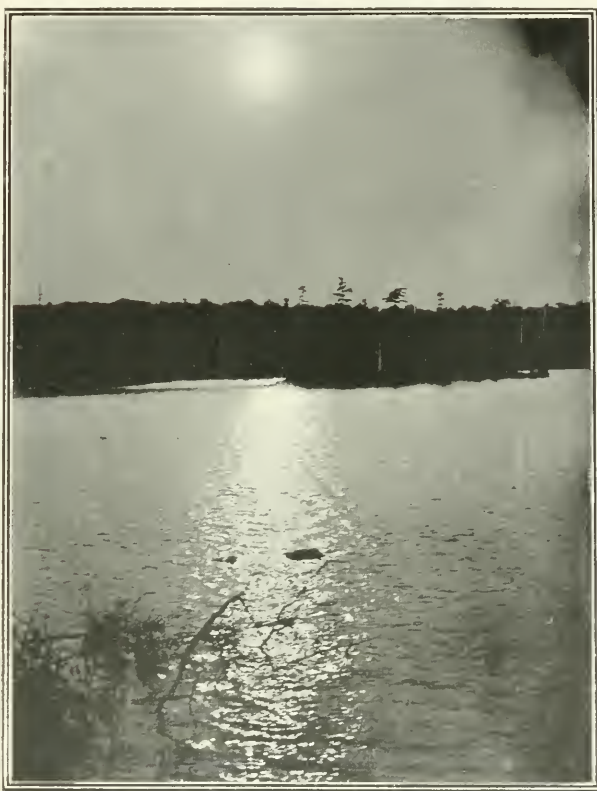
turn the channels seemed blocked—here by a bald fantastically-shaped rock, there by a pine-clad hill rounded and symmetrical. Or take some other lake, nestling deep among its hills: here the shore rises, rocky and bare, hundreds of feet sheer out of the water; there the hills fall back and the giant pines crowd down to the water's edge. Into this little bay a stream comes tumbling down and loses

itself in the midst of countless water-lilies that glisten in the sun and fill the air with fragrance—one of Nature's inimitable gardens.

Favoured though this land be, life is almost unbearable here during the early summer, save to the Indian or Half-breed; for then there is an active and unceasing demand for animal food from countless epicurean black flies, stag-

flies, and mosquitoes—to say nothing of the diminutive but blood-thirsty sand-flies. The supply of blood is limited, the capacity of these insects unbounded; so woe betide the unfortunate *voyageur* with an epidermis less than a quarter of an inch in thickness.

I was in the woods with a survey party one year during the fly season, and look back upon that experience as



NORTHERN ONTARIO—MOONLIGHT ON LAKE TEMAGAMI.



LAKE TEMAGAMI.



TEMAGAMI INDIAN AND HIS GRAND-DAUGHTERS.

"Old Blacknose" is supposed to be over a hundred years of age.

upon a nightmare. I doubt, however, whether man's sufferings are as great in this respect as those of the unhappy deer and moose. These poor creatures are to be seen on every lake and river standing in the water with but their heads exposed, oblivious in their efforts to escape from their tormentors, even to the presence of man. However, by the first of August the studies in vivisection of these pests are well-nigh ended; for this reason the canoeist will be wise to postpone his start North until that date.

For exciting work to which a spice

of danger lends a charm commend me to running a rapid. The ordinary wooden canoe is not so well adapted for such work as the Indian's birch-bark, which is so broad amidships that it can be turned as upon a pivot, while the long, narrow wooden canoe is far more inclined to obey the dictates of the rushing boiling water—dictates prompting it to hurl itself on some knife-like ledge of rock—than to yield to the wishes of the steersman expressed through the medium of a light paddle. That there is an element of danger in the sport is evident when one recollects that the gunwale of a loaded canoe is but a few inches above the water line.

You glide out on that dark smooth slide of water at the head of the rapid. The die is cast, there is no turning back. Just ahead the dark water suddenly breaks into white, and the stream goes tumbling down in mad tumult through its avenue of trees. The canoe hurries on toward the broken water, headed for a narrow opening between two projecting rocks. She rushes safely through the passage, but the current snatches her and hurls her straight towards one of the partially-covered boulders with which the channel is filled. Too late the bowman sees it. The danger is imminent; to strike would entail consequences too serious to think of. The bow of the canoe is almost on the rock, but a desperate stroke of the paddle thrusts her to one side, and she flies past the danger with no worse results than the loss of some paint. Down, down, in a cloud of spray, grazing rock after rock! A moment only of this wildly exhilarating work and already the foot of the rapids is reached. Here perhaps lies the greatest danger, for the water is piled up

into great broken waves that come leaping after the canoe, which is torn along with irresistible force. On, on! A final plunge! She tosses for a moment like a cork, then shoots out into calm water, whose circling eddies betray the struggles of the mighty current still surging below the surface.

The portage-paths are usually quite distinct and easy to follow on the customary canoe-routes, but away from these a path, or even an apology for one, is an unknown luxury. Here the only guide that one has through the thick underbrush is an intermittent line of "blazed" trees, and when the marks of the axe become partly obliterated by age or hidden by the underbrush, what is there to guide one? Nor are the difficulties of keeping in the "narrow way" lessened to any material extent when one is buried under a canoe and overwhelmed, in addition, with a crushing load of camp-impedimenta. How jauntily you sling the canoe upon your shoulders, adjust your load, and set out at a trot over some portage. For the first hundred yards the forest is quite open, but the underbrush becomes thicker, and your pace soon slackens. Here a large tree has blown down across the portage, and you must push your way through the bushes to get around it. It is difficult to force the canoe through the tangle of branches, but at length the obstacle is passed. Now you find yourself in a damp marshy spot where the feet sink deep at every step. You are cheered, however, by the sight of a stretch of bare rock ahead—anything but this awful bog. The rock is reached but all trace of the path disappears. Not a "blaze," not even a broken twig! You are confident of the direction, however, and

push on and on, until a perpendicular cliff bars your advance, and bears unmistakable witness to your faulty judgment. Nothing for it but to turn back! But it is soon certain that you have lost your bearings. You put down the canoe and look around for some landmark. None! Profanity affords so little relief that in despair, you determine to strike again into the thicket vainly hoping to find the line of blazed trees once more.

Only one who has actually experienced it knows the tremendous expenditure of moral courage it takes to



POLING UP A RAPID.



THE MATAGAMI RIVER.

Emptying the water from the canoes after running the Two-Mile Rapid.

shoulder that load again in cold blood. The spirit says "Go," the flesh, "Stay." You go and prove the superiority of mind over matter. The deeper you go the thicker becomes the underbrush. Despair seizes you. The weight of the canoe bruises your shoulders, the dunnage-bag on your back becomes a combination of corners and lumps, the rifle in your hand catches in every bush. You stagger on, nearly blinded by perspiration; your knees are ready to collapse. In utter anguish you groan and say with the poet, "The burden laid upon me is greater than I can bear,"—But all things, good or bad, must end sometime. The supreme moment comes

when you feel that you *must* give up—when Joy!—a broken twig, ablazed tree—you have found the portage.

But one soon becomes reconciled to portaging and towards the end of a trip even welcomes it as a change from paddling. Much de-

pends, of course, on the way in which the load is adjusted and pack-strap fastened. When portages of two and even three miles are not infrequent, every extra pound counts, and supplies must be curtailed as much as possible if everything is to be carried across the portage in one trip. Only the plainest and strongest foods should be taken—"multum in parvo" is the motto. Flour, pork, beans, salt and tea are necessities—so perhaps are rice, dried apples and a few pounds of sugar. On such fare, supplemented by fish, game and berries a man can live like a prince.

This canoe-trip through Northern Ontario offers great opportunities to a

man with anything of the sportsman in him. At different times during the last six summers I have paddled through this district in all directions—as far north as Lake Abbitibbi and Fort Matachewan, the Hudson Bay Company's post on the Montreal River, and as far west as Lake Matagami and Lake Biscotasing. Matagami and Abbitibbi lie to the north of the Height of Land, and their waters flow into James Bay. The more one sees of the land the more he is impressed with the fact that the country is simply a vast natural park stocked with game, fish and fur-bearing animals of many varieties.



INDIANS FINISHING A BIRCH-BARK.

It is very seldom that the "Tenderfoot" comes across a bear in this thickly-wooded country, no matter how ardent a sportsman he may be; for Bruin has an instinctive knowledge that his hide is worth some fifteen dollars at any Hudson's Bay Company's post, and con-

sequently always tries to avoid notice. Only in the early summer or when wounded and brought to bay will he attack man. Personally I have assisted at the shooting of but one bear (and a cold-blooded murder it was), but the Indians get a great many—generally, however, in the autumn or spring and with the aid of traps. Fastened on the trees in front of one Indian but I counted no fewer than eighty-four bear-skulls. Near Fort Matachewan another Indian has set up a similar proof of his prowess. Last winter two Indian boys from Lake Temagami, one thirteen and the other fifteen, trapped and killed nine bear

during the season. For six months these two boys lived alone in the forest, many miles from home. It is a rough school, but one that turns out men of splendid physique and great endurance. No "degenerate red men" are these Indians, whose lives are spent in the toils and hardships of hunting and trapping.

My first experience with a bear long furnished a subject of banter in camp. It was long, long ago, so I do not mind telling the story. Two of us, "The Waif" and myself, had left camp in a canoe to get a pailful of berries. We were young and very verdant, and had great faith in the traditional ferocity of the bear nature. A short paddle brought us to an open space which promised to be a good spot for blueberries. The ground was very rough and broken, and was

strewn with large masses of rock which had fallen from the cliff above. We landed, leaving the rifle in the canoe, and set to work. The berries were plentiful; in a quarter of an hour, having filled my pail, I was ready to return to camp. "The Waif," I knew, was near me, because for several minutes I had

heard him moving about just on the other side of the large mass of fallen rock behind which I was seated picking. I stood up to tell him that I was ready to go. "Come on—," but I got no further. It is rather disconcerting, to say the least, to glance over a rock expecting to see a friend, and instead to find oneself face to face with a bear in the act of raiding your berry-patch. But this was the predicament in which I found myself. I am naturally impulsive, and now, acting on the impulse of the moment, I ran—ran for the rifle (as I have always maintained, though opinions have differed on this point). Neither did Bruin altogether retain his composure; he had evidently been as much taken by surprise as I had, for a heavy wind blowing directly towards us

had played havoc with his powers of scent. So, considering his hide of more value to himself than to the Hudson Bay Company, Bruin ran too, in groundless terror, and with such precipitation that he failed to notice "The Waif," who was still calmly picking berries some fifty yards away.



A GORGE ON THE ABBITIBBI.



FALLS ON BRUNSWICK HOUSE RIVER.



NORTHERN ONTARIO—EVENING IN THE HUNTING GROUNDS.

unconscious of the stirring events that were taking place so near him. Crash! "The Waif" looked up. A bear! Thirsting for human blood, perhaps! The occasion called for presence of mind and immediate action. Would he, like David, attack the bear unarmed and slay him, or would he get the rifle and despatch him in the orthodox manner? It would certainly be far more picturesque to dash his brains out with the tin berry-pail, but death by shooting appeared less painful. Far be it from "The Waif" to cause unnecessary suffering; and, like myself, he also ran for the rifle. Perhaps there was some little delay while we collected our thoughts and firearms, perhaps we were a little too cautious in our advance—whatever the reason, when we reached the berry-patch the bear was gone. As soon as we were convinced that he was really nowhere in the neighbourhood, we redoubled our efforts to find him, but, alas! in vain—that bear's discretion had saved his life.

Among the victims immolated on the camp-fire as votive offerings to appease

or no sport, being stupid and tame to a degree. I have seen a whole covey brought down one by one from a tree in which they had taken refuge—decapitated with the rifle. It was interesting work from the markman's standpoint, but no doubt unsportsmanlike; but then it is also unsportsmanlike to feel hungry or long for a change from fish and salt pork. Even the most scrupulous sportsman could, doubtless, compound with his conscience while demolishing a liberal helping of pot-pie with partridge as the main ingredient.

"Porcupine" does not sound appetizing, but roasted in the ashes, quills and all, it is delicious. Among the Indians it used to dispute with beaver the title of the *pièce de résistance* at their great feasts. Porcupine are still plentiful, but the days of the beaver seem numbered. The "beaver-meadows" that one finds on every little stream show how numerous at one time these valuable animals were. But nowadays it is only on the most remote rivers and lakes that they can be found. They are, however, by no

therighteous fury of that exacting Deity, the Canoeist's appetite, appear partridge—"birds," as the back-woodsmen call them—duck, and porcupine. The partridge of these Northern woods afford little

means yet extinct, for every winter a considerable number are trapped by the Indians. In spite of our Ontario Game Laws the traders buy all the skins they can obtain, to hold them till the close season for beaver expires in 1900, when they will place them on the market. In the early days before the advent of the white trapper, and even in recent years, each Indian had a recognized district in which he trapped. Thus, when a man found a colony of beaver, he could often leave them undisturbed for a couple of years to multiply and grow in size. Nowadays in self-defence he must kill the goose that lays the golden egg, for fear that some stranger will find his treasure—for a colony of beaver are a valuable asset, when the Hudson Bay Company will give from eight to ten dollars worth of goods for a large skin.

I have several times seen the large conical "beaver-lodges" built of the trunks of saplings in a sandy bay of some lake, but only once have I come across one of the famous "beaver-dams." Returning to camp one after-

noon with a bag of partridge, I was pushing my way through a thicket of small saplings, endeavouring to follow the course of a creek, when I came upon a place where many of the smaller trees had apparently been chopped off near the ground. Nothing but the stumps remained, and everywhere there were scattered large chips; the work was done as neatly as if with an axe. I knew that I must be near a colony of beaver, and a short distance farther down stream found the village of these woodcutters. The creek widened out into a fairly large pond; in it were four of the unmistakable beaver-lodges. The reason for the widening of the stream was not far to seek, for across the foot of the pond was a convex line of branches and saplings, denuded of bark and partly covered with mud, perhaps not the marvel of engineering skill, of which we read in our school-books (for the branches were certainly not dovetailed into one another), but an extraordinary piece of work, nevertheless.

(To be concluded next month.)

MUSIC.

MUSIC, what art thou not ! The soul of things :
 The lyre of Amphion in the Theban eve
 Moving the stones ; or when great Orpheus sings,
 The trees and rocks Olympian places leave.
 Music ! the soft employment of far spheres,
 Where they alone can hear their drifted song ;
 The deep inspirer of the joy divine
 That wakes returning years ;
 The blissful voice of the great vernal throng,
 That from Apollo brought their lyrics fine.

O ! nightingale, singing o'er Orpheus' grave,
 At lone Libethra, in the Grecian night,
 What classic woe is thine ! What love can save
 Thee from thy grief and from thy mournful plight !
 Yet sing, thou kin of singing stars sublime ;
 Orpheus yet hears thee on Olympus' side ;
 His lyre and soul move with thee through the spring,
 Hymning the golden time,
 And Argonauts upon the ocean wide,
 And sirens, his unmatched song silencing.

John Stuart Thomson.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. IV.

BYRON EDMUND WALKER.

IT has often been said that so far in her history Canada has produced no great divines, no great linguist, no poet of more than ordinary merit, and no prose writer whose works are much above mediocrity. This may be true, and the wonder would be if it was not so. The conditions of Canadian life up to a very recent date have not been favourable to those who would excel in literature or the sciences. The battle for the necessities of life for the vast mass of Canadians has been too keen to permit parents to give their children, even if of exceptional ability, the benefit of early and constant scholastic training. The consequence has been that, though Canada may, and doubtless does, possess men who, under more favourable circumstances, would have become noted in the literary or scientific world, these latter have become mere units in the "*οἱ πολλοί*" of everyday life. They are excellent in their way and in their own circle, "only that and nothing more."

But true as the foregoing assertions may be as regards the men who have devoted their lives and energies to literature in its various forms, to theology or to the fine arts, the same thing cannot be said of the men who have taken up the financial and business concerns of the Dominion. They have succeeded in making Canada not a mere cluster of disjointed provinces, cities, towns and villages, so far as business is concerned, but a great commercial nation with a vast export and import trade, and with credit on the Exchanges of Europe second only to that of the Mother Country itself.

For able bankers, for shrewd financiers, for the most capable of employers of labour, Canada has never had to go outside her own boundaries. These men have been home grown,

of native production, "racy of the soil."

One of the most notable among the men who have done yeoman service to Canadian commerce is Mr. B. E. Walker, the general manager—the commander-in-chief, so to speak—of the small army of managers and clerks who, subject to the Board of Directors, conducts the affairs of the Canadian Bank of Commerce. This bank, with its branches in all parts of the Dominion, with its correspondents in all the chief cities of Great Britain, Ireland and Europe, with agents in India, Ceylon, Japan and Australia, is, as are some other similar concerns, one of the marvels of Canadian progress. Forty years ago such institutions were not even dreamed of; most people thought they were not wanted, that they could not be made to pay. Far-seeing men were, though, of a different opinion, and acted on it; the supply of banking facilities created a demand, and at the present time the amount on deposit in the various country branches of our banking institutions, excluding the cities *in toto*, is greater in amount than was the case forty years since in the entire district formed by the present provinces of Ontario and Quebec. It is but sixty-five years ago that a customer established a "record" at the Bank of Upper Canada by depositing and having to his credit "all at once" the then enormous sum of £3,000 sterling, or \$15,000!

Byron E. Walker is a native Canadian, was born in Haldimand, Ontario, a little more than fifty years ago, and was educated at the public schools. He commenced his business career in Hamilton as a clerk to his uncle, Mr. J. W. Murton, a private banker in the "Ambitious City." In 1868, before he had completed his

twentieth year, he had entered the Bank of Commerce. So zealously did he discharge his duties, so well did he fulfil the apostolic injunction, "whatsoever thy hand findeth thee to do, do it with thy might," that in four years' time he, a mere stripling of twenty-four years, was accountant in the head office, Toronto. After this he became third agent of the bank in New York; Manager at Windsor, Ont.; Manager at London, Inspector of the bank, Manager at Hamilton, joint agent at New York, and finally, in October, 1886, General Manager of the bank.

Mr. Walker has opposed, and opposed successfully, all attempts to assimilate our system of banking with that pursued in the United States. He has been chairman of the banking section of the Board of Trade; first a vice-president then twice president of the

Canadian Bankers' Association; and is also a trustee and senator of Toronto University. In addition to these offices he is president of the Canadian Institute, a Fellow of the Geological

Society of England, and also a director of the Canada Life Insurance Company.

But this is not all: he can on occasion spare time to preside at a meeting of the Women's Art Association or to attend a banquet given by Canadian authors. He has himself written most lucidly and forcibly on banking, on Italian art and on bimetallism. These include a tol-

erably wide range of subjects and thought, yet Mr. Walker has written on no subject which has not acquired increased interest to the reader of

his articles, from the mere fact that he has discussed it.

Politically Mr. Walker is said to be a Liberal. He is probably more of a



MR. B. E. WALKER—TO-DAY.



IN 1870.



IN 1885.

"Philosophic Radical" than anything else, his publicly-expressed views coinciding in many important respects with those of John Stuart Mill, Henry Fawcett and Auberon Herbert. With vain theories such as the abolition in Canada of all monarchical forms of government and the substitution of a pure democracy, Mr. Walker has no sympathy—they are of no practical value; he has to use a homely phrase, "no use for them or their supporters." He is a man of the people, whose aim is to serve well those from whom he has sprung. He is not insensible to honours when duly earned; what thoughtful man is? And he appreciates, as he has the right to do, the comfortable home and pleasant sur-

roundings which are his. He owes them to his own industry, his own energy; and may he be spared many years to enjoy them.

Mr. Walker married just twenty-five years ago Miss Alexander, of Hamilton. It may be remarked without being considered impertinent that in his choice of a wife Mr. Walker displayed his usual excellent judgment. Mr. and Mrs. Walker have a son who bids fair to take a prominent place in the scientific world.

It is to be hoped the time is yet distant when the epitaph of Mr. Walker will have to be written. But he would wish no better than this: "Write me as one who served his fellow-men."

T. E. C.

FRANCOIS LEBOEUF, THE OLD VOYAGEUR.

A LEGEND OF THE EARLY CANADIAN HEROES.

"**H**OSANNA! Hosanna! Béni soit Dieu. Gloire à celui qui vient sauver le monde," sang a quaint voice on the shores of the Ottawa one May evening just as the sun was setting.

"I say, Jack, that last bit sounds very well in French—I like it better than in English," said a cheery voice.

The speaker, Tom Shelton, was a large, powerful, good-natured medical student, who, after a winter of severe study, was taking a canoe trip from Ottawa to Montreal as a much-needed recreation. His companion, Jack Halborough, was of a delicate, nervous disposition, passionately fond of music, and the possessor of a voice fascinating in its quaintness.

It was the evening of the third day of their voyage, and they had decided to pitch their tent on the west shore below the Long Sault Rapids, which they had just "run." In choosing the spot for the camp, they discovered the little Rideau River which falls over the abrupt bank of the Ottawa at this

part. The beauty of the stream with its enticing trout pools was not to be resisted, and they soon had their canoe hauled up, tent pitched, and preparations made for the night. Tom had his rod out trying to increase their bill-of-fare, and Jack was watching him from the tent and singing snatches of familiar songs. The echoes of the song had scarcely died away when an old, weather-beaten man came up the bank carrying a peeled willow fishing-pole in one hand and a long string of fish in the other. The old fisherman appeared slightly stooped and very wrinkled in countenance. His straight black hair, with all its lustre retained in spite of his ninety years of age, his high cheek bones, dark restless eyes, and copper-tinted skin, all proclaimed a taint of Indian blood inherited from his forefathers.

It was evident that the song had attracted him, for he came over to a seat by the tent exclaiming the while: "*C'est beau! c'est beau! encore! encore!*" Jack rather hesitated at first,

but, after renewed demands on the part of the old fisherman, sang song after song, chiefly in French, with the effect of fascinating his listener more and more. In fact, Tom realized that the listener had been passing through the stage of admiration and fascination until he approached that stage of mental subjugation which is akin to mesmerism. As Tom had given up fishing and gone to prepare supper, Jack, hoping to draw out the old man, complimented him on his fine string of fish and offered to buy some of them. The old fisherman was greatly incensed at being offered money for them by the "*bourgeois*," and immediately began to prepare them after his own primitive way. The boys watched him with interest, and could not but admire his results in cooking. The meal over, the old man produced his pipe, and, with that deliberation of movement seen only after a satisfying meal, proceeded to fill and light it. As in shadowy curls the smoke arose in the cool night air, the smoker glanced from it to the face of the singer and back again. In the wreaths of rising smoke he seemed to see some ghostly visitor, and his rapidly-shifting gaze suggested the idea that he was comparing the living with the dead. After a few minutes of uninterrupted observation, he appeared satisfied, his face relaxed, and he gave a grunt of conviction. Jack, hoping to learn more of their singular visitor, remarked: "This must have been a fine hunting-ground years ago."

For some time this remark elicited no response, but finally the old hunter turned to Jack and said: "You know all 'bout mon grandpere Francois Leboeuf? Non? C'est curieux, because he use for sing jus' like you." After gazing into the fire and silently drawing his pipe a few breaths he resumed: "Francois, he's be great hunterman—de bees man for catch de *castor* I never see. He's leev on de wood all de tam, an' never sleep on de house. He's show me how for catch de fish, an' shoot de moose an' caribou; but one day he pass on hees canoe for make a

long *voyage*. He paddle down de Ottawa an' St. Lawrence so far as de Richelieu, an' den he pass up de Richelieu till he reach de big lake. Dere he's *caché* his canoe an' pass on dose ole Iroquois hunting-ground. I 'pose he go over dere for die, for he never come back no more. You see hee leev dere long time ago, was 'beeg man' in Iroquois camp, when lots of Iroquois stay dere. *Mon grandpere*, he never say much 'bout dat time, but *ma grandmere* she be Iroquois squaw, and she tole me lots, all 'bout his fader an' his grandfader. She tole me dat his gran'fader was so great man for sing, dat when he be *prisonnier*, de beeg medicine-man was come to his wigwam for make de talk wid him. I be sure me, dat *le bon Dieu* was help him much, for after dat he's be make *marié* wid de daughter of de chief, and den be great medicine-man."

The old man had such an earnest way of speaking that his listeners were carried away with him, and pictured to themselves a lone, weary captive, in a cheerless wigwam, expecting a horrible death by torture, raising his voice in prayer and song to the great God who rules us all.

After a few moments Jack queried: "And did he not try to escape?"

"No use for dat," resumed the hunter, "he's kill too many brave in battle to be loose like dat."

"You see dat bush on de fiel' near by the reever side? *C'est bien!* dat is where he fight—long time ago—avec le Capitaine Dollard.

"De Iroquois on dat time be great warrior, have many village wid plenty wigwam on de oder side de St. Lawrence. All de tribe have decided for pass on Canada in de spring and kill all de Frenchman, get plenty scalp, and boss all de countree. Dollard was brave sodger man from *La Belle France*. He's take wid him sixteen *camarade*, an' a'er dey say deir las' mass, dey pass on canoe up de Ottawa to meet *les sauvages*. I tink, me, dose man be more brave dan dey be now, for dey make prepare to die, an' pass up so far as here where de Sault stop

dem—and all de time dey know so well dey never see deir frien' again. Over dere by dat bush dey was place deir camp an' make use some ole palisade dey find. In few day de Iroquois was shoot le Sault, an' be very please dey find some scalp so soon."

A few more puffs at the pipe, and a careful study of the rising smoke followed this, and he resumed :

"On stormy night when I smoke by de fire it seem to me I see jus' how dat fight was carry on. De wind in de leave an' tall pine tree was seem like de howl of many brave as dey rush for break de palisade an' kill dose few Frenchman. I seem to see dose poor man how dey fight all day, an' when de night was come must fight some more, while *les sauvages* try for burn de palisade. I see so plain how Frenchman dat's feel like die, is do hees bess' for eat his meat an' corn with not'ing for drink. I see him stop—he's be so firsty, an' den I see one tall brave man pass down de reever an' bring him back some water, while de *sauvage* do deir bess' for kill him. I see many night follow many day, an' all de time I see dose braver man was fight, an' pray, an' sing, more sure each day dey soon would see deir King. I see more Iroquois in large canoe pass up de Ottawa to join in de *grande* attack. Dey fight an' fight some more, an' lose so many brave dey be some 'fraid dey mus' go back an' lose dose scalp. An' den when de fire burn low I see so plain how dose poor man was get so weak dey hardly can shoot deir *fusil*. Some was wound an' some was dead, while de mos' brave *sauvage* prepare for make de las' attack. In de howl of de wind I hear de many warhoop as dey try for break de palisade, an' as de wind make strong de fire until it be dead, so dose warhoop make strong dose weak man until dey too be dead. When de fire go out, I look up at de sky, an' dere among de cloud an' star I see so clear all de same brave face as of dose ole *voyageurs*, an' if de wind blow soft, I hear dose ole, ole song dey use to sing as dey wait on dis bank for deir las'

fight. Den de levee an' de wind an' de rapide in de reever all join for sing dat grand chanson, '*Beni a Dieu*.' Sometime I wish for chances for be brave an' please *le bon Dieu* like dat, but dey never seem to come at all. Den I be glad for know dat *mon parent* Francois Lebœuf have fight dat time, an' help for save his Canada, an' dat *les Iroquois* was carry him home after dat long fight for make de great torture an' maybe burn 'live. He be mos' dead when dey arrive, an' so dey leave him few days for come more strong, so he's make more better de many torture.

"But dis *le bon Dieu* would not allow, so he's join de tribe, an' *marié* de daughter of de chief. *Ma grandmere* tole me dat he's be drown on Niagara when he's try for save some poor squaw from pass over *la chute*. Even de waters seem to know dat he's be brave man, for dey pass him on de shore jus' same as 'fore he be drown—wid a smile on his face—an' *ordinairement* dere be noting leff at all of man dat pass over *la chute*. De Iroquois be very scare 'bout dat, an' many de story I hear tole how de Great Spirit was talk wid him at night, an' how dey was arrange together all de raid an' hunt an' everyting.

"For long time dey not bury him, but tink his spirit be gone wid de Great Spirit for make little visit in de happy hunting groun'; praps dey be right, for I be sure if he once be dere, he never like for come back again among dose lazy Indian dog.

"Dey say dat where he pass over *la chute* some little islan' grow up on dat spot an' make divide *la chute*. Maybe dat's so; but I tink, me, dat Indian be so scare he don't see islan' before."

A few long puffs at the pipe, after a swift, keen glance at the darkening sky and forest, and he continued :—

"I be sure dat *mon parent* live on c'e sky wid *le bon Dieu*, for all thro' my life I seem to feel dat he look down at me, an' when I be in danger he ask *le bon Dieu* for make me brave an' strong—when I be hungre, he show me where's de game—when I be wet, he send de sun for dry me, an' I be sure when I die he's be one dose *angele* for

take me on de sky. I be ole man now, but I be ready when *le bon Dieu* please for call me, an' I be glad for make dat las' *portage* to join dose brave *voyageurs* an' sing wid dem dose ole, ole song. But *le bon Dieu* choose his own time for call me, an' to-night it seems to me his time is mos' arrive. When I'se be fish on de reever to-night I look at de sun as he go to hees bed, an' find him so red dat de cloud an' de wood an' de reever all be red jus' like blood. Dat's make me tink of de time, so long 'go, when dis bank and dis reever be paint wid the blood of de many dead, an' den I s'pose I fall 'sleep, for I dream I'se hear de voice of many peopl' as dey sing, an' when I come near I see plenty fine wigwam wid lots of game an' fish hung roun'. In front dere be many *voyageurs* wid strange dress an' hat, all sit roun' nice fire. Dey look so fat an' happy wid lots *peltrie* an' very few gun an' trap, dat I sees it mus' be very fine place for hunt. I look on deir face, but don't know dem, an' everyting, even de tree an' de bush, seem so strange I don't know what for tink. Jus' when de sun is set, one tall, strong man stan' up an' begin for sing, '*Beni a Dieu*,' an' as he sing dey all seem for rise an' float 'way in de air till dey pass in de cloud, an' I see dem no more. Den I wake up an' hear you sing de las' of your song, '*Glorie a ceux qui*

rien sauver le monde,' an' I feel sure dat I soon will join dose singer by de camp fire, where de *peltries* is plenty, de *portage* be short, an' de sun is always shine."

The old man put up his cherished pipe, rolled himself in his blanket before the fire, and dropped off to sleep. The boys were very tired, and, after some whispered comments, passed into the tent to their couches of fir boughs.

At sunrise next morning Tom was astir, as he wished to get an early start. The old hunter was lying in exactly the same position as on the previous evening. After being about for some time he became suspicious that all was not right with their friend, and removed the blanket from his face. One look and touch was enough to convince him that the old hunter had passed to join his much beloved ancestor in the happy hunting grounds. Although their acquaintance had been short it was in many ways a sad awakening to our young *voyageurs*. The modest old man, with his simple faith and great love for nature and nature's noblemen, had made a lasting impression on them both.

An Impression

Which directs, like favouring currents,
Life's bark on its long *voyage*,
Brings it safely by rocks and rapids,
To its last mysterious *portage*.

George Fisk.

TWILIGHT.

PALE the first stars, and paler the last light ;
And dimmer grow the glories of the field ;
And when the day is fading on my sight,
I hear the pure-toned, peaceful church-bells pealed.
The world grows still, and evening's orison
Swell from the bosage and a thousand throats.
Upon the glittering peaks the sun's last beams
Signal that day is done,
And in the hallowed west, a bright cloud floats
Touched with the glory of immortal dreams.

John Stuart Thomson.



PEACEFUL SLUMBER.

PAUL POIRIER'S BEAR-TRAP.

THE night his small flock of sheep came home panting, with a hunted look, and one more of their number missing, was the night Paul Poirier made the resolve which this story is to trace.

It was in the French part of Canada, and early spring. Paul's family of children was large and his farm poor. If ends were to meet, nothing must be lost. The winter had been hard, and the supply of hay for the stock had run low. The French Canadian's flock of sheep were the first to take a brave view of the situation. Day by day as the sun stripped the great blue-berry heath of snow, they had ranged farther and farther back towards the heavy woods, some five miles away. Neither Paul nor his wife hindered them, for every bite the sheep got on the heath meant one more for the cows in the barn.

But the flock had suffered severely. Nine had dwindled to five. Both Paul and his wife put their loss down to "the bear." Paul had borne each succeeding diminution in his small flock with strength and evenness; he accepted it as hard fate, and went about his work. But this last loss was too much. It was the best sheep of his flock. Bruin was going too far; so Paul braced himself and vowed vengeance.

"I'll have that bear if it takes a month," he said next morning, as he bade his wife good-bye and set out across the heath. He carried a small axe, his gun and some food. Paul was not superstitious nor timid—he never had been and he was resolved not to be now; still, as he climbed the rear fence of the small farm, he was not sure that he was as free from misgivings as if he had been going to his ordinary work. From the door his wife followed him with her eye till he grew small on the wide, brown heath; then turned to pacify a squalling baby.

"I'd rather someone was with him," she muttered to herself, lifting the child to her breast.



The morning was one of those rare ones that pay up for a whole winter, no matter how severe it may have been. The sun was still low, but it shot warm and sharp over everything. The winter was clean gone. Quick new life was pulsing into everything. The small streams and brooks had slid snake-like from their old covers, and were worming their way between the brown knolls to the river. It was good to be alive that morning, and to be there on the heath.

Paul's strong blood beat warmly through his veins. The morning had braced the misgivings out of him, not one was left. He was already persuaded of victory. What he would gain—furs were high, he had heard—stirred him more now than the thought of what he lost had done the previous night. Then, in addition to this, he would have revenge on his old enemy.

In less than an hour Paul was on the doomed bear's track. It led straight towards the heavy woods. Here, just as he entered, Paul discovered just what he expected, the mangled remains of his latest loss. There were bunches of wool here and there, a number of well-licked bones, and some small remains of flesh. Paul gathered the pieces of flesh quickly and went on. This was just what he had wanted. He now had bait for his "dead-fall." He was a step nearer victory and revenge. The activity of his mind, stirred anew by what he had seen at the edge of the forest, reacted on his body, and he found himself racing viciously along at fully double his former pace.

But the average bear is well up in ethics. He knows right from wrong, and when he commits a wrong he always knows that the safest point for him

is the one farthest away from the place where the wrong may have been done. So it may not after all be incredible that we should find Paul at two o'clock in the afternoon still on the bear's trail, but still without the bear.

But Paul was not in the least discouraged. He munched some more of the food he had brought as he rested for a moment or two; then he hit upon a capital site for his dead-fall and went to work.

What the dead-fall is may be partly understood from its name. When completed it resembles a miniature log-camp. Three sides are securely logged up, and on the other is the entrance. Inside there are three strong stakes skilfully notched and placed as an upright right-angle triangle. The "trip-stick" which forms the hypotenuse of the triangle is fitted to the stick on which the bait is placed. The bait may be reached by the bear going half way into the trap, so that as soon as the trip-stick slips from the notch the huge logs, that have been suspended, fall across the entrance, and the prize is secure.

In three hours from the time he began Paul was placing the bait he had brought upon the place intended for it. He was sure his trap was well built and strong, and that it would "spring" easily. The bear, he knew, was in the woods beyond, and in all probability would return again when hungry for the remains of the sheep he had left, or for another one. Paul sat down for a few minutes on a great fallen log opposite his rude trap, and then, for the first time since last night, lit his short, strong clay pipe. He felt fully satisfied as he looked through the smoke at his finished work. He was not given much to imaginings, but reason how he would he could not help seeing the old enemy of his harmless flock half in the narrow doorway before him, crushed nigh to death with those great suspended logs. Some time next day he would be blowing out the beggar's brains.

He gathered up his few tools and

started away. But he had gone only a few yards when it occurred to him to return. He remembered once how a bear had come, pulled the bait from the stick, and left the trap unsprung. Perhaps the bait had better be looked to. He flung his right leg over the one log that formed the sill of the entrance to the dead-fall, and began to secure the bait. He had almost finished—was, indeed, drawing himself out—when, oh, horror! the giant trap sprang.

For an instant Paul was stunned, but it was for a second only. Like a flash, and with a rush, there came to the habitant a sense of the awfulness of his situation. Close on this followed the sharp, stinging pain from the bones of his right arm and leg. His body had been outside the trap, and he had thus escaped instant and awful death. But he was pinned as in the jaws of a vice of steel. The log that supported half-a-dozen others crossed his leg between the ankle and the knee, and his arm between the elbow and shoulder.



For some moments Paul made no attempt to free himself. He had been caught face downward, and to attempt to move, he knew, was useless. But his thoughts were not bound. They flashed back, then forward. Back to the small home away over the woods and the heath; then forward to the awful future. Had he battled through life this far, to end all thus? Was this his desert? He was miles in the woods. The trap was massively strong. Hate, revenge and hope of gain had mixed to make it so; and now of a sudden everything had recoiled. With this thought came another, the most horrible yet. What if the bear should come now! The trap was in its track. A few minutes ago, he was hoping—he was sure—it would return by this way. He knew it had done so before. But now—oh, if it should come now! Paul felt his arm and leg begin to numb and his face to burn. He put his free hand to the ground, and pushed himself up as far as he could. It

was not far, but the little liberty he had encouraged him. He felt his heart, which had stood still for a moment or two, thump strongly under his coat. Then the blood came warmly into his veins. With it came his resolution not to despair. It was cowardly to give up; he would not—not without a struggle, anyway. He put the gloomy thought away. He would free himself.

The axe with which he had worked was, alas! beyond his reach. He had put it down a few feet away as he had come back to the trap. He could have used it some with his free hand. His gun was nearer. With his left leg he drew it carefully towards him. It might be of great service, he thought. He felt for his strong pocket knife, and found it. With the thought of the knife had come another thin ray of hope. It would be of service in case the gun should fail. His most awful fear was that of the return of the bear. And then, too, perhaps, but only perhaps, he might be able to cut away the one log that would give him freedom.

He braced and nerved himself for one great test of strength before he should begin. With his free arm and leg firmly on the ground, and his body pressed close to the log above, he pushed and strained till his muscles stood out hard, and the blood seemed ready to burst from his face. But nothing gave or moved. The pains came sharply again as he relaxed his efforts. He sank with a groan and remained for a moment with his hot face on the cold ground.

It was with great difficulty he opened the knife and began. It was a monster task—a three-inch blade and a ten-inch log—but hope and fear make men attempt wondrous things. His position, too, was such that the knife could be used only to the poorest advantage. Slowly, however, and bravely with the pain of the crushed bones shooting through him, he began his slow deliverance—or rather what he hoped would end in that.

Now and then he stopped and glanced off among the trees. The slanting

beams of sunlight through them had become almost horizontal. It was coming on night. Was there anyone watching the sun draw down to the woods over the heath—he knew how it set from home—and expecting him? Would he be free before it again lit all the tops around, or would he—but he refused to think more. He turned again to his work.

But the difficulty of reaching the log where it must be cut tired his arm and made steady work impossible. Once as he rested he took some of the food from the pouch he had luckily not taken from his back and ate it. He was surprised to see how little there was. He had eaten more before than he had thought.

What he left had been carefully put aside, when a slight noise among the leaves startled him. A small, red, bushy squirrel was taking jerky leaps towards him; but as Paul moved his head it turned and suddenly raced almost to the top of a giant fir, pouring out as it went a torrent of indignation at the invasion of its exclusive territory. A moment later a woodpecker drummed vigorously on a hollow beech, then swooped down and off with a cry. A stray crow or two circled and cawed excitedly up above.

By and by sounds like these became less and less frequent. A cool air drew down through the forest heavy with chilling damp. Then the night began to settle quietly.



Paul turned again to his task; as he did so the hopelessness of it came to him as never before. He had done little or nothing, but of a sudden he hit upon something else. Indeed, several suggestions came to him at once. He had matches; could he not burn a part of the trap? He had a little powder and a few bullets; could he not shoot or blow one of the logs away? He brightened at the thought; then of his many plans he attempted to fix upon the best.

First he thought of setting fire, but this to be effective would have to be

done under the log that held him, and between his leg and arm. He gathered what brush and chips he could reach and placed them in position. Then he hesitated. What if the brush in parts beyond his reach caught, and from that some of the dryer wood? The log that held him was green and would burn last. The trap was a camp, and small though it was, if it burned at all, would burn fiercely.

Paul held the match in readiness for a time, but he did not strike it. To die by fire! What could be worse than that? He must try something else.

He imagined that by squeezing his leather powder bag between the logs that held him, and then igniting it, the cruel jaws that held him might be wrenched apart. His heart bounded when this thought first came, but it sank away, and the blood came cold again in his veins when he reasoned a moment.

He now turned his attention to his gun. It occurred to him that he might be able to deepen the notch he had already made in the log with his knife. He knew from the distance his gun carried that it would send a bullet through, or well into, the log above him. He attempted to bring the gun's muzzle to the place where the bullet would be most effective. It was not till then that he realized that to hold and fire the gun would be almost impossible, held as he was, in the trap. But after a time he found that this could be done.

The gun was a long-barrelled old-fashioned rifle. He had only one free hand, and with that he must hold the muzzle a little distance from and below the bottom of the notch.

How, though, was the trigger to be reached in order that the gun might be discharged?

The solution of this difficulty came by accident. In one of his movements he noticed he could reach to the lock of the gun with his foot. It came to him of a sudden, he could strip his foot and discharge the gun with his toe. He worked his boot off with difficulty, then

brought the muzzle almost to the log. He placed his toe on the trigger and prepared to push it. But he again hesitated. He could fire the gun, but could he re-load it?

He had looked upon the gun as his chief defence in case the bear should return. This thought—the worst of all—though he put it away, was ever before him. He must not run the awful risk of being unprepared for that. He pushed the gun from him with a groan. Then his head sank to the cold moist ground. None of his plans—and he felt that any of them might free him—dare be worked. This was what undid him. It was the cruel irony of it all that came home to him now, as never before.

He lay for sometime breathing hard against the ground. Before, he had put the awfulness of his situation away from him, but that was no longer possible. It was now dark. He had only a little food. The slightest movement on his part and there shot through him the most stinging pains. The chill was giving way to cold, for it was still early May. In addition to all these, there were the things behind and before—the things he must leave and the things he must meet. There were the little home and the children, and by this time the expectant anxious wife; that behind, then before him—oh, horror! before him, what? to be torn by the bear that might now come any moment? to die of the flaming thirst within him, or, after long-drawn out days of suffering, from pain and hunger? This was the future. Hope, that had helped before, was gone. He stared it all stolidly in the face; it was too horrible—far. His breath came short and dry. Pain from his crushed limbs swept his nerves and iced his blood. He was on the edge of madness.

Quivering in a tempest of pain, he raised his head. Then, he pushed his weak arm into the dark. His hand found the rifle's cold muzzle. There was one plan still, by which he might be free. The future, no matter

what it held, must be preferable to the present. He drew the gun's muzzle to within a hand-breadth of his brain. Then he fumbled with his foot for the lock. At the moment he found it a single blue star blinked through the tops and caught his eye.



It was the next morning. The sun, from the edge of the east, was firing the big spruce and hemlock tops into

flaming gold. A woman was hurrying along a trail underneath. A presentiment of evil had hunted her from home. The morning was cold, but the woman's face was flaming warm. She had come, in a moment, into view of something that wrenched from her a scream of horror. She sprang forward as one wild. Her strength became as the strength of ten. In a moment more she was kneeling low over her unconscious, but still living, husband.

Frank Baird.

THE SPIRE OF ST. IGNATIUS.

"Our largest hope is unfulfilled,
The promise still outruns the deed,
The tower but not the spire we build."

—OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

THE beautiful church of grey stone was fast approaching completion. For long and weary months the masons and carpenters had been at work on the grand building being erected by the good sisters of Notre Dame de Victoire.

"The builders' perfect and centennial flower... But wanting still the glory of the spire."

That was all it needed, the one last touch without which it lacked everything. Its outline could be distinguished under the rough scaffolding on which Pierre Duval was standing.

In a day or two at most, he thought, the work of his hands would tower heavenwards; then the great gilt cross would be raised to the lofty spire and the church of St. Ignatius would be the perfect monument of Christian zeal and love it was intended to be.

The Angelus rang from the neighbouring convent. It had got too dark to work some time since, but as a painter is loth to leave his masterpiece for the night, and stands longing for an hour more of daylight, so Duval waited till the last possible moment before descending.

As he reached the ground he almost stumbled over a huge heap of stone, on

which had resounded all day the echoing blow of a hammer wielded by a strong arm. The young workman, Moise Lafortune, who had toiled all day in the cold November wind, had gone home a little while before, a cherry whistle on his lips and gladness in his heart.

Duval smothered an oath as he recovered his balance. Up there in the blue of the sky he had forgotten Lafortune, forgotten Leonie, forgotten himself. Absorbed in his work, the tap, tap of the hammer far below had been merged in the sounds he himself was making, but now an evil spirit rose in his heart. Only to think that Lafortune, a miserable stone-breaker, glad of the money he earned by the sweat of his brow, with no hope for any other than daily bread, to think that *he* should be Leonie's choice filled the unhappy Pierre with revengeful fury.

He stared moodily at the heap of broken stone till the gathering darkness enveloped him, and he went home.

The night wore on, the moon sailed serenely in the heavens, looking down placidly on hidden spire and heap of broken stone alike.



Duval was at his work earlier than the stone-breaker. It called to him, and he was filled with a consuming

unrest. Sweet Mother St. Agnes glanced out soon after dawn and saw a figure, dark against the wooden scaffolding.

"The beautiful church, the beautiful church," she whispered to herself ecstatically. She could see in her mind's eye the glorious tapering spire. How the rising sun would dart its shaft of fire upon the plates of copper girding it round! How would the sunset emblazon with living flame, and dazzle with its glittering glory, the crown and summit of all! And inside the flute-like voice of Mother St. Ignatius Loyola would soar on wings of song to the very gates of heaven.

Mother St. Agnes gave a little sigh. She had no voice to give to the church, but her willing hands embroidered the exquisite altar cloths and vestments for the priests, and she was satisfied after all. Her work was as the work of Lafortune. And he, too, was satisfied, though from a different cause.

He saw the workmen on the spire, and thought with a thrill of joy mingled with pity, that Duval had lost, and he, poor Lafortune, had won. He thought of the great church witnessing and blessing the first marriage held within its sacred walls, where Leonie was the fairest of all that should follow in her train, demure in simple white, as she had looked at her first communion, only far, far prettier.

Set to the tune of happy thoughts work goes lightly and swiftly, and the curé had promised that Lafortune should be the verger of St. Ignatius—and then Leonie would be his.



He happened to glance up suddenly to the roof of the church and saw Duval making preparations for lighting the tiny stove which was set on the platform of the scaffold, on which to cook a warm dinner. It must be nearly twelve then. How the morning had flown!

Lafortune sat down on the bag he used for kneeling on while at work, and drew out a hunch of bread which he attacked as only a hungry man can.

It was enough for him; Duval probably found it cold up there, and he had *un bon estomac* anyway, Pierre Duval had.

His hammer thrown aside, his eyes on the little hamlet of Notre Dame, Lafortune enjoyed his noonday meal and rest. His back was turned to the church; he seldom glanced at the worker far above him, but on a sudden there was a fearful cry. It seemed to start in the sky and resound on all sides; the air was filled with the horror of it. It struck the walls of the convent and Mother St. Agnes, looking out from the quiet refectory, saw a streak of flame shoot out a narrow tongue far up on the framework round the spire; saw a frantic man striving to stamp out the embers from his overturned stove, and saw no more, for with the cry of "*L'Eglise! au secours!*" she slid to the ground in a dead faint.

Moise echoed that first piercing cry; but he too could only stand and watch, held by a fearful fascination, while the tongue of fire became a cloud of flame and smoke. He did not know it, but he was shouting with all his might, "*Duval, descendez, descendez!*"

The latter was in a very dangerous position, but in his frenzied efforts to stamp out the fire had up to this time been oblivious of his own danger. His one thought was that the church must not be burnt.

A great crowd of people, the nuns and whole population of Notre Dame, were gathered all round the edifice. Lafortune rushed up to Leonie, whose pink dress caught his eye in his distress—

"Tell Duval to come down. Quick, he will come for you!" and obedient, she darted forward, pushing her way through the jostling throng.



Up to this time the hoarse shouts of the priests, the shrieks of the sisters warning Pierre of his danger, were apparently unheard by him. The crowd had been on the spot almost on the instant of the catastrophe, but he had paid no attention to their shouts in the hope of stamping out the flames.

But now one voice thrilled through and through him, a girl's voice, full of agonized entreaty.

"Pierre, mon Pierre, *descendez, descendez!*"—When would he not have have listened to her? Indeed, he saw he had not an instant to lose. The platform on which he stood would be a mass of flames in a moment.

The hot breath of the fiery furnace scorched him; his hands and feet were blistered as he broke through the ring of fire and stepped down the rounds of the ladders. "Pierre, mon Pierre!" the cry still rang in his ears. His eyes were blinded and bloodshot, and he could not see the triumph of the mighty victor. Exulting in its power, it defied the streams of water brought to play upon it by the engines from the neighbouring city. The flames roared and played around the windows, and great volumes of smoke belched forth into the cool November air.

Leonie ran to Duval as he staggered to the ground.

"Look, look, the spire!" she said a few moments later.

With a groan he watched it, *his* spire, more beautiful than when it pointed serenely to the skies, wreathed round with orange flame, a grand though lurid spectacle—totter and sway and fall with one huge crash—and the

singing flames shoot higher in the heavens in its place.

He covered his eyes with his hand as she gently drew him away.



"Never mind the church," he said, as he saw her look at the once magnificent building—"When I forgot it and came down for *you*, surely you will forget it for a moment and think of me. Did you mean it when you saved my life, and called me 'Mon Pierre?'"

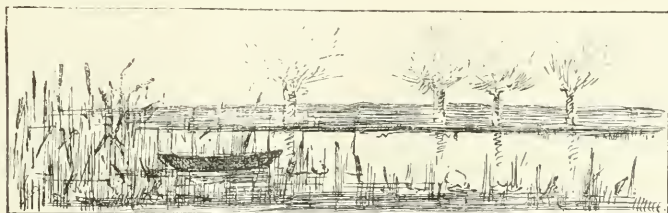
He gripped her arm fiercely. Her timid eyes were wide with terror and distress; she was afraid of this rough wooer. "No, no," she cried, "I didn't know what I said. I love Moise, only Moise."

He pushed her from him violently, and ran with all his speed to the blazing church. He was about to rush inside when strong arms seized him.

"Let me go, let me go," he shouted, struggling. "Let me die with my spire and my love."

But he was crazed, of course, they all knew, and they knelt on him and bound him till, when church and spire were a mass of ruins, merciful unconsciousness caused the gleaming light that danced mockingly in his eyes to melt within a sea of peace.

Florence Hamilton Randal.



THE WIDOW OF MUMS.

A TALE OF RURAL ONTARIO LIFE.

By Erle Cromer.

IV.—THE HUSKING BEE.

MINERVA FALCONER'S gospel was Falconer. There were but three of the name in Mums, and she thought as much of the other two as of herself. Given her choice, she had rather been the mother of two sons than of one son and one daughter. Having but one son she loved him with all the heart God had given her, and Minerva Falconer was a woman of strong passions. But she had a masculine grip on her heartstrings, which the majority mistook for stoicism. They called her a diplomat, and regarded her not without fear. She was the uncrowned queen of Mums. But she loved her only son better than all the rest of her subjects together. Ever since the death of the elder Falconer, good easy man, she had pondered nothing so deeply as Peart's success in life; and to Minerva Falconer success meant opportunity. The supreme opportunity at present was Caleb Tooze. Caleb was as useful to Mums as the knot on an oak; and in Minerva's philosophy about as tough. The little mummy! How could his heart beat so; on and on; when to judge from his face it was clear out of the world's great tune?

Patience, Minerva.

Yet all that patience, and the mistaken love from which it came, Peart Falconer stood ready to circumvent by a single stroke of crime the night he entered Caleb Tooze's cabin. Passion rather than premeditation had goaded him on. Passion—for the pure moral personality of that girl—also held him back. The struggle drove him out of the hut. From that moment crime and Pensee Vale fought for his morality. This way he gravitated; that

way he aspired. And the widow Falconer discerned it not.

Mums soon kaleidoscoped into its last grand pattern before snowfall. Strawstacks grew up yellow and straight as pyramids over the black barn-peaks and settled lopsided to the weather; corn crawled into shocks along the bush-edge; the early wheat-fields coaxed the green out of the trees; the woods got battlefields in their tops and began to smoke; and the black-birds at early morning swore like fishwives at the white frost that blacked the pumpkin-vines.

Falconers were the last to thresh. By a curious principle of mathematics that had never once been subverted in fifteen years, they had half as much wheat and twice as much chess and ragweed seeds off two farms as Mosses had off one. Minerva could have fought Rudge Moss and all his family connections for that. Peart didn't care. A chattel mortgage on the horses and cattle would pay the taxes. Perhaps the crop would make up the rent to Caleb Tooze. He scrabbled in a patch of wheat; then he took to driving in his top-buggy behind his favourite team of iron-grays; nowhere in particular; just out of Mums, sometimes alone, sometimes with Rudge Moss on a Sunday; often past the school, and not seldom a good deal faster than seemed compatible with the state of the roads. He had corn to husk and hogs that would have been glad of the job. But he let the coons and squirrels fatten on it, while the hogs squealed gaunt about the straw-stack. It didn't matter to him that Mosses had their hogs in pen, already too fat to run. It did to Minerva. She liked contrasts too; but not that kind.

Despairing at length of getting the hogs up before Christmas, Minerva decided upon a husking-bee. Peart went so far as to ask the hands. He also picked up a waggon-load of windfall apples which he took to the cider-mill.

The day came. Most of the neighbours went to the bee; the Mosses, every one: Reuben, red-whiskered, in a bleached smock the colour of a potato-peel; Sylvia, his wife, pale, blue-printed and peaked, with a voice like a sleigh on frozen snow; Rudge, big, red-faced and lumbering, ready to husk with Peart Falconer against any two in the crowd.

Not a bare twig or a dead leaf rustled in the black woods along the slashing. Caleb Tooze's shanty-smoke curled a clear blue gimlet towards the grey cloud that hung as quiet as the sky over everything visible. But long before noon all the breezes in Ontario seemed to blow in the keg-burs, pig-weeds and Canada thistles in that front field of Caleb Tooze's—"the widow's weeds" somebody technically called them. They got a scuttling that day; all but an hour at noon, when a pack of crows on the grand tour dropped in there and sneered a lot of things about the green-horns at dinner up at the big house who didn't know enough to set the fodder-shocks over the corn-heaps. Then when bent old Caleb hobbled out of the shanty yelling "Sh—ooh!" and waving his stick up and down, they laughed sardonically and got heavily up to go south again.

Caleb watched the field after that. There was no dinner that day in the shanty. Minerva had told him the day before to follow the men when noon came. He didn't want to.

Nobody in all that crowd of huskers that afternoon noticed Caleb Tooze's window-blinds drop except Peart Falconer. Even he could only surmise that the old man had locked the door, though for what purpose he couldn't say.

It didn't matter. Caleb had pried up the loose puncheon near the bed often enough before. It took him

longer than usual to get it back that day. Afterwards he lit his lamp and performed some very curious but quite bachelor-like operations on the waist of his trousers with a needle and thread. When he had finished, he blew out the light, raised the blinds and unlocked the door. Standing at the window he could see a red figure drift along the wild grape-vines at the road-fence, past the huskers. He watched it with quivering lip. It was Pensee Vale on her way to Falconers' for supper.

The yellow ears flew like grasshoppers then. Right where Rudge and Peart husked at the same shock there was one in the air all the time. Rudge had the whole bee in his blood that day. Some of the old fellows rustled along like summer breezes, talking as much as they husked, about the top on the wheat, the fall fair, Caleb Tooze and Pensee Vale. Caleb might have been a mummy and Pensee a fairy for all Rudge cared just then. He did all his talking with his fingers; couldn't hear the racket the others made for listening to his own; didn't see a bit more of Peart all the afternoon than the swift pair of hands that clicked off the ears about three to his two, and nine times out of ten hooked in the last bunch of stalks from the middle, leaving him to set up the fodder with a clump! clump! clump! and a whoosh! double-quick into the shock, elm-bark jigging at his belt. Then he grabbed his sickle out of the weeds and plunged to the next corn-shock, shook it by the collar once, downed it and cut off its feet. Collie was always on the spot as much absorbed as his master. He always followed Rudge to the bees. Never a log in Rudge's gang at a logging that got "snaked" into a heap but he had to chew the rear end till it stopped. Never a shock Rudge tore down at a husking, but he had to be under when it fell. If he got the mouse he bolted it alive. If he didn't he scratched and snuffed a hole under the nearest stump big enough to hold all but his stub tail till the next shock came down. And the stub tail wiggled till it did.

It was getting dusk when Caleb Tooze began to carry in his night-wood. Rudge and Peart were four shocks from the slashing then. Peart whooped. Half-a-dozen whooped back in as many different keys, and half a score of others ran to set up the down fodder-bundles. It was time to quit.

But Rudge wanted to husk through. Peart laughed and struck off along with the other huskers. The fat fodder-shocks had white tags on them: the corn glimmered faintly in gold splotches among the weeds. Out at the road the huskers could hear Rudge rustling away among the stalks over by the slashing. Some of them followed Peart up the road; the rest went home.

Rudge was just finishing the last shock when Caleb Tooze came out of his shanty and hobbled along the headland. Caleb liked to talk to Rudge.

"Huh!" he squeaked, as he began to throw the scattered ears up on the pile, "nice way to farm, fatt'n coons an' squirls, an' lett'n hogs turn to saw-horses. Nervy's had this place fifteen year an' nev' had a crop yit good nuf for a wild Injun. Toted all the straw off an' nev' fetched a load o' manoor back on, that's what she's did. She's a wise gal, Nervy is, but there haint one o' the family knows how to farm. Had corn een this side ten year hand-runnin', an' nev' had nuthin' but keg-burs yit. Dang poor crop it is, and a dang poor lot o' husters some o' them fellers is, too, or they'd a' got done, 'pears to me anyway."

"Days haint so long as they wus in hayin' or we would a'," responded Rudge, as he pulled the last bunch of stocks up on his lap.

"Be a long hust an' a short hop then," drily observed Caleb. Say—"

The old man screwed the point of his stick into Rudge's bootleg. Leaning over so, he looked like a fossilized bird just come to life. Rudge stopped husking. Caleb's voice sank into a hoarse whisper as though he half feared somebody besides Rudge might hear him. But there wasn't even a katydid in the bush now.

"An' there'll be things said 'fore the dance is done it'll take more'n a hust-in' bee to rub out. Hee! Hee!"

Deliriously plucking at his trousers-belt the old man hobbled away and entered the hut.

V.—THE DANCE.

The dance that night was bigger than the bee. Falconer's stables were full. So was the yard. So was the big house.

It was Pensee Vale's first dance at Mums; almost her first visit to Falconer's or anywhere in Mums, except the shanty of Caleb Tooze. She might not have gone to that but for the widow's sweeping visit to the school in company with Molly the day before. Pensee didn't hate society. Oblivious of its claims upon her she simply shrank from it, never dreaming that to be a recluse at Mums was equivalent to high treason; or that of all the rollicking crowd that pounded the big square house into festivity that autumn night after the husking-bee she was the focus. Near her prim white collar she wore a pale yellow flower, the only wild thing that suited her along the road from school. It tried to wilt into her dress before the first dance was done. The cause may have been the severely benign aspect of the widow who certainly regarded Pensee with more than half an eye; or the simpering scrutiny of Molly who, with a flanging green bow under one side of her pudding chin, was in a nervous chill of imitation; or the burly looks of Rudge Moss who couldn't keep Molly long enough away from his homespun, celluloid and red face to ask Pensee for a dance. Rudge had lived ten months under the same roof with Pensee without so much as a walk or a buggy-ride with her alone. He dimly realized now that he might be just as well acquainted with her ten years hence unless he should make bold to dance with her that night. It was getting to be the joke of the section.

Peart Falconer also watched Pensee Vale. For the first time since the night he had tried to rob Caleb Tooze

and couldn't because of the thought of her, she was under his mother's roof. It seemed to him she brushed the people with wings. He scorned them all in comparison, and himself most of all.

The second waltz in the long parlour was done and the fiddle just howling through its preliminaries for the Devil's Dream when Pensee and Peart passed out through the crowded kitchen. The cider-barrel stood on a big maple block near the pump, right in the glare of the window.

Peart rinsed the tin dipper at the pump and tapped Pensee a drink.

"It's everybody's mug," he said tersely; "I'd get you a glass, but you'd call me a fool for my pains."

Pensee laughed low as she took it.

"True courtesy makes nobody a fool," she said gently.

"I'll get you the glass," he said quickly. "Pardon me."

"Not so," she replied smiling. "You have proved your courtesy. I must not spoil mine. I am not too good to drink after others. Indeed, we are all one I think, if we love one another. Shall we drink to that, each a half?" She offered him the dipper.

Peart turned aside. "I quite forgot," he said crisply, "you believe in charity by the rule of three and love by the grammar. You are a school-teacher."

Something in the tone caused Pensee to recoil. She set the dipper down without drinking.

"Nothing more?" she asked piquantly as she reclined on the maple-block and laid her arm on the barrel. "Well I'm sure if I am only a school-teacher, I try to love people."

"All the world's a school you mean," he suggested.

"It ought to be," she replied quickly.

"Would be if we'd all try to learn."

"Not so far from my good mother's philosophy either," he observed half to himself. "She believes Mums is a nursery."

"Your mother *is* a good woman, Mr. Falconer," said Pensee warmly. "She's kind. If she wasn't, there's an

old man I know who wouldn't have much joy in life."

"Kind enough," was the equivocal rejoinder. "And if I know my bringing-up, one of that kind is enough for Mums too."

"Is Mums so very unkind, then?" asked Pensee innocently. "It hasn't been so to me."

"It isn't the fashion," he said abruptly. "But a turn of the hair might make it so. You're the school-teacher, you know."

"And I'm very much afraid you're the cynic," rejoined Pensee, laughingly, as she sprang up. "Mr. Falconer," she added seriously, laying her hand on his arm, "you mustn't speak lightly about your home or your country, as you sometimes do, I'm afraid. You should love both as you do your own life, and if necessary fight to defend the honour of both."

Peart looked down into the pale child-face, lit with its deep eyes. She was so simple, so eloquent; in purity of innocence a child, in thought a woman. All the intelligence he possessed took a thrill from her words: not the sense-rapture of the dance, but something more vital that leads a man to the heroism of character.

"Miss Vale," he said, in low, deliberate tone, "if my home and my country could speak to me as you have done, my life could have no place beside the honour of both."

With that hand on his arm, that face looking up into his, and the echo of those words in his ears, Peart Falconer seemed just then to be in another world, far above Mums and memory, of which Pensee Vale in her moral purity was the spirit.

The night seemed to slumber on the big maples, that never moved in the still air. The fiddle in the parlour sounded like a mouse playing with a rat. The kitchen windows rattled and the old parlour floor thumped so loud that the fiddler had to call off like an auctioneer. The cattle were sleeping round the stack now. The hogs, piled heads and tails two deep in the big hole by the barn door, where the cows

had chewed out the chaff, woke up now and then, drowsily squabbled and went to sleep again.

Supper was expected soon in the kitchen. Sylvia Moss was just giving the last stroke to the big table, with Rudge and Molly at her elbow. Minerva was over at Caleb Tooze's to get the old man. All the boys that were not dancing crowded in one corner of the kitchen, making hungry comments on the bill of fare and incidentally chaffing Molly, who was so absorbed in seconding Rudge's motions that she put three pumpkin-pies at one end of the table and two bowls of cider-sauce at the other.

Suddenly the door opened, and out came Rudge with Molly on his arm.

Pensee started as if cut by a whip, and sprang round the corner of the house at the back. Peart backed on to the lawn and round by the front. Neither was noticed by Rudge and Molly, who made straight for the cider barrel.

"George!" shouted Rudge, as he grabbed the dipper, "here's somebody's drink too many, I guess. Want it, Moll?"

"Well, you got a pile of eddikit, ain't you?" retorted Molly indignantly.

"Awright," said Rudge, briskly, "there's lots more," and gulped the dipper empty.

"Well, I think you might 'a' give a fella a taste, anyhow," said Molly gingerly. "You ain't poison. I'm as dry as a fish."

"So be I. Lemme hol' the dipper, Moll. You pull the bung. I'll say when. Steady now."

Molly pulled. The cider flew; ran over on to Rudge's fine boots; splattered Molly's skirt. Rudge yelled. No use. Molly couldn't get the bung back, and Rudge had to stick his big thumb in the vent to keep the cider out of the well.

Molly tittered as she gave him the plug and took the dipper.

"Rudge—" she said, and sipped.

"Well," responded Rudge, looking at his wet boots in the window glare.

"Pretty good cider, ain't it, Moll?"

"Mh—mh!" sipping again. "Rudge—" Another sip. This time Molly choked.

Rudge began to whack her on the back. "Jiminy!" he said. "Guess you must 'a' got the stick in your throat didn't you?"

"Rudge—" gasped Molly.

"Ya—as, say it agin an' say it slow," answered Rudge.

"I think, Rudge," tittering again and threatening to choke, "you'd oughta let *me* say when."

A crowd of boys and girls came jostling out. Rudge and Molly got mixed up among them somewhere. The cider barrel gurgled away pretty freely after that. By the time Rudge and Molly were through scuffling it had lock-jaw. The boys had to tip it then; and when it finally refused to say another word they sent it blundering off the block and started to play tag with it on the lawn.

Up the lane under the maples came the widow Falconer. Caleb Tooze hunched over his stick at her swirling skirts.

Minerva jabbered to him like an owl. Caleb squeaked in reply as he got up on the stoop; something about its being the first time in fifteen years at that time of the night. The boys gave the cider barrel its final hoist into the currant bushes and followed in. Supper was called. The fiddle stopped scraping. Chairs began to rattle before the windows stopped. The parlour and front hall got suddenly empty; the kitchen as quickly full. All who couldn't sandwich themselves round the huge table galleried up three deep along the walls, round the stove, in the doorway, looking on. Caleb Tooze sat humped under the dish-towels next the woodbox. The widow had intended that the old man should sit at the first table. Caleb didn't care. He watched Minerva as she performed dead marches about the table finding empty cups. Molly followed with the teapot, fervently thanking all her stars at once that Rudge Moss had not taken Pensée to supper. Molly always got to the other side of the

table by passing Rudge at one end. Nine times out of ten it was the longest way round and the shortest way home. Once as she dawdled past, Rudge leaned out of the crowd and grabbed her by the arm.

"Say," he whispered, "where the doose is Pensee?"

"Molly! Two cups here. Hurry now." It was the widow's deep voice above all the din. Molly went. As she poured the tea the widow spoke into her ear. "Molly, where's Pearty an' Pensee?"

Molly could have emptied the tea-leaves on the floor. I'm not Pensee Vale's shadda," she said as she flounced round to fill the teapot again. Half way to the stove peaked Mrs. Moss, just easing a new "punkin-pie" down over somebody's head, asked her mysteriously about Pensee. Molly said, "Aw you silly!" and tossed her head. Then when she got to the stove the first thing she felt was Caleb Tooze's stick bored into her ankle. Caleb's smoked herring face peered out from under the dish-towels. "Say," he squeaked, "yuh hain't seen the school-ma'am anywheres, hev yuh?"

"Oh darn the school-ma'am!" snapped Molly as she clapped the lid on the teapot. She filled every cup she came to after that; saucer too.

VI.—BAFFLED SCHEMERS.

Not a dead leaf quivered. The glimmering quinces breathed wantonly on the tepid air, heavy, aromatic, their last smouldering incense before the frost. The house-lights flushed faintly on the low brown tops near the lawn. Down by the road it was dark.

"There's my hand, then—if you must. But 'tis neither my face nor my heart."

The voice was tremulous as if from tears. But a moment before Peart Falconer had intercepted Pensee just cutting through the quince orchard on her way to the hand-gate in the corner. He had offered to drive her home. She had refused.

It was a white hand she reached through the shadow of the odorous

quince shrubs. Peart Falconer gripped it tensely. She couldn't see the marks of passion on his face. Her own was but a gleam.

"Tell me this," he said in low, quick tones, "why did you dance with me in that woman's house?"

The almost savage abruptness of his manner startled Pensee. Her hand twitched.

"Surely—I must not make confessor of you." The words were as much fearful as indignant. Pensee was a child; apt to surrender herself to others in matters of right and wrong. The passion of this man struck her with almost the force of law, or she had never given him her hand to say good-night in the quince orchard.

"In Rome as Romans do," he went on regardless. "Among lights and a crowd a man's arm at your waist is nothing. To be seen alone with a man in the dark makes even talking a sin. Yet you have a heart. Much it cares whether a man fights the crime in his blood for the sake of it. Pensee!"

His hand tightened on hers. The subdued irony went out of his tone. He spoke her name passionately.

"Sh!" she said, trembling like a child, "don't talk so of wrong when you know the right. You read books and think, far more than I who try to teach right to children. God forgive me if they go wrong at my example."

"Pensee, Pensee,—you child! You have the passion in those eyes if you'd let them burn. But you prate about children, and books and schools, when all the woman in you goes starving. For heaven's sake don't be a prude!"

"Now you're scolding me," she said with a tremor, "all because I'm a weak girl that can't say wise things about woman in my own defence, and eloquent things about my country and all that. Oh dear! but I can love the children and in my humble way try to help them. I must not, will not give so much as a shadow of my life to any other. Mr. Falconer, let me say good-night."

"Then my life is nothing to you!" he said as he dropped her hand.

"Not more than my own," she answered quickly. "Myself is my sacred privilege. You have no right to meddle with it."

"And that self will kill you," he said passionately. "For so sure as you refuse to love, being a woman you are a cheat. You can see a man struggle and go down before your very eyes when the light of them and nothing else would save him. Pensee Vale, I choose to love the woman for whose sake I dare to do right. Dare you refuse?"

Doggedly he spoke and folded his arms. Pensee shrank away into the shadow of the quince shrubs.

"Dare the right for the sake of itself: so shall you win the respect of every true woman. Mr. Falconer, good-night."

It was like the sudden shiver of a breeze in the dead leaves. Softly the swish of her skirts over the long dry grass faded among the shrubs. The gate clicked. Her white face gleamed a moment through the branches. She passed out.

Down by Caleb Tooze's bridge Pensee paused. There was a low, swift rumble in the rear, the clatter of galloping hoofs and the rattle of wheels. It was Peart Falconer driving his iron-grays. Pensee listened till she could hear nothing but a faint clippering far back on the Canada Company side-road somewhere; then with a little sob she hurried on.

Mile upon mile Peart Falconer urged his iron-grays that autumn night. He let them choose the road; they took the stump concession as often as the smooth turnpike. It mattered not to him.

At last they got on to the side-road that led out past the drab school and white church. As they turned the jog at Mosses', Rudge's huge shadow was just taking off its collar and tie on the blind at the end of the log house upstairs.

But there was no light west from Caleb Tooze's shanty back at the slashing. Peart stopped his horses when he came to the bridge. For the first

time in years the old bachelor miser was out of his cabin for the night. Minerva Falconer had done it. For what a purpose Peart Falconer well knew as he waited at that bridge behind his steaming grays and let his right hand tighten on its line. Not robbery! Minerva Falconer would as soon have lost both her children. Merely to satisfy her curiosity—over the will! That must be either on Caleb Tooze's person or in the hut. If the latter it would take more beguilement than a fat supper to induce him to leave it. If the former it should not be hard to get at it with Caleb asleep in the attic over the kitchen.

After the dancers were gone that night the widow Falconer sat by her kitchen stove and waited. Caleb was asleep. She knew that, for she had peremptorily called "Caleb!" twice right at his bed an hour after she put him away, and once asked if he had quilts enough. But when she groped on the floor to find his clothes she could feel nothing but his coat, vest and boots. Caleb had kept his trousers on.

Indeed the probabilities are had Caleb been given his choice that night between losing his trousers or his skin he would have kept the trousers. A man values most what gets nearest to his ego. Caleb's earthly ego was getting threadbare. He knew that when he decided thenceforth and forevermore to keep those trousers of his next to it.

Still the widow waited, and still Peart came not. She got weary at length and went outside to listen. The shrill cold whinny of an owl sounded over by Caleb Tooze's shanty. That was all.

It was that owl Peart Falconer heard as though the night-cursing thing had perched right in his brain, when with cold fear in every nerve he bolted out of Caleb's shanty window. Peart had entered that window bent upon burglary. The criminal desire had rushed into him like a whirlwind that night the moment he left the quince orchard. It was balked again.

Whip! went the lash across the rumps of the iron-grays. They snort-

ed and leaped. The hoofs wolloped on the lane; the wheels rattled; brr-oom! across the bridge; up the road, under the maples and stopped at the stable door.

Peart sprang out and literally tore the animals away from the rig. Panting like dogs they plunged into the stalls.

"Pearty!" It was the widow's voice right at the stable door.

Peart turned and faced her. With a thrill of self-recovery he folded his arms and, for a moment, would not speak. He had shown his passion to one woman that night. He would hide it from this one.

"Mother," he said with mocking emphasis, "it takes an old man to fool a knave. We shall never catch him. But," setting his teeth, "if I could get the fingers you taught knavery to on that money, they should tear it to bits so small not even your eyes could tell them. Ha! ha!"

The owl caught up the rest. Right over the barn somewhere its cold, hideous whinny cursed the night. The widow heard it and sprang to the stable-door.

It was already barred inside. She could hear Peart unharnessing the horses. It was getting colder.

VII.—ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

Minerva Falconer slept not a wink that night. She was up next morning at dawn. So was Peart; and out drawing corn when Caleb Tooze came downstairs to breakfast.

Minerva said nothing to the old man, as she helped Molly wash the clutter of dirty dishes left by the bee and the dance; didn't even notice him as he took his hat and cane and wandered out. He was in his shanty building a fire before the dishes were done. The rising wind beat the smoke down over the slashing.

Minerva said not a word at dinner. Neither did Peart, who went out draw-

ing corn again before he fed his horses oats. Neither did Molly.

In the afternoon it started to spit snow past the window. Minerva took a shawl and went out. She might have got on with Peart to ride as he was just driving out of the lane again and down the road for another load of corn. But she preferred to walk. Perhaps, if she had carried a basket as she usually did when she visited Caleb Tooze, it had been different. But she carried nothing that afternoon as she entered the lane and went back to the shanty, except the shawl over her head and the look of Roman resolution on her face.

She entered without knock. Caleb sat hunched over his knees and hands by the stove, looking as though he hadn't been away for a year. He squirmed a little and the chair squeaked as Minerva entered and, without removing the shawl from her head, stood by the table eyeing him with mournful severity. The unconscionable little knot!

It was no use to say anything. Caleb, doubtless, had a pain in his head. But if she began to talk she would have need of the tower of Babel before she finished.

The fire was low. Minerva opened the front door of the stove. A gust of wind blew down the pipe and puffed the ashes out white. Caleb moved a little, but said nothing. She opened the door. A dead leaf hopped on the step and slid across to the old man's feet. He merely changed legs, pulled up his collar and shivered. The dying coals clinked in the stove. The quilt on the bed waved its edge in the wind. The widow pulled down the blinds. The shanty got dark in the corners. Standing over the old man in the dull light from the door Minerva bent her head.

"Caleb," she said in a deep voice, "come!"

And the old man rose and followed her out of the shanty.

(To be continued.)

ON SHOTOVER HILL.

MUFFLED and dark and warm the evening dwells
 On hill and woodland, grey with autumn rain,
 And through the dusk the far-off Oxford bells
 Move in their slumber, wake, and sleep again.
 And gleam by golden gleam, o'er Cumner's crest
 The daylight fades, but still, ah, still I see
 Poor Thyrsis' lonely elm—tho' long at rest
 Our Thyrsis and his troubled heart must be.

But listen, where sweet rings the twilight note
 Of some late wood-bird on the hillside green,
 Where through the lonely song there seems to float
 The pathos of the summer that has been.
 Ah, listen still! 'Tis but a vesper bird,
 Yet how it wakes a thousand old desires.
 Perhaps it is the note that Shelley heard
 When, years ago, he watched these Oxford spires ;

When years ago, from these same uplands grey,
 He saw the Oxford lights across the rain,
 In dark autumnal evenings dreamed away
 To seek the solace of a woodland strain ;
 And here in other days, too, Thyrsis went
 Happy with him who smote a youthful lyre,
 Yet felt too well the old, old discontent,
 The earthly reach, the infinite desire.

Their voices took a troubled sound and they
 Too early learned the plaintive autumn touch .
 Your mournful bells from out the valley grey
 Re-call to-night their music over-much.
 I hear their twilight tingling swell and die
 Along the dusk, and all the distant chime
 Seems one old, old reiterated cry,
 Blown strangely in across grey gulfs of time

For I, sweet city where regretful falls
 Time's iron hand on ivied tower and spire,
 I know how thrills beneath thy crumbling walls
 In thine unageing heart the old desire
 To lead us from the twilight to the dawn ;
 I catch the subtle hope, the silent word :
*For clear down Oxford hill and college lawn
 There rings the song of one remembering bird.*

THE PACIFIC CABLE.

NOW that the Canadian Government has decided to assume five-eightieths of the cost of an all-British Pacific Cable, and the British Columbia Government two-eightieths, the details of the scheme may be considered.

In 1896, an Imperial Committee investigated the proposal to lay a cable from British Columbia on the west coast of Canada to some point in the Australasian colonies. The Earl of Selborne was chairman of this Committee; while Lord Strathcona and the Hon. A. G. Jones represented Canada. Their report was completed about the first of the year 1897, but was not published by the Imperial Government until recently.

Practicability.—The Committee believed the project to be practicable, but suggested a preliminary survey. They stated, however, that the information to hand was quite sufficient to justify the making of the cable contemporaneously with the survey. A recent despatch from Victoria, B.C., (May 11th) says that the British survey ship *Egena* has been instructed to prepare to survey the proposed route. This looks as if the Imperial Government was willing to, at least, bear the expense of a survey. Whether it is willing to assist in arrangements looking to the manufacture of a cable in the meantime remains to be seen.

Route.—The Committee recommended that the route should be from Vancouver via Fanning or Palyrma Island, Fiji and Norfolk Island, with branches from the latter to Queensland and New Zealand. Laid in this way, the cable would be all-British, and thus meet the expressed wishes of the Canadian and Australasian Governments.

Length.—The length of cable would be 7,986 miles. The connections would be via the Commercial Cable Company to Canso, Nova Scotia, and then across the continent by the Canadian Pacific telegraph. This would mean consider-

able business for these two companies, and the Committee seemed to be of the opinion that some arrangement should be made with them. It would seem quite reasonable that the Governments concerned should demand from these two companies either a special rate on all business given to them, or a percentage of the receipts on all business originating from the laying of the cable. This is a point to which, undoubtedly, the Canadian Government will give its serious consideration before an agreement is finally approved.

Cost.—The size and weight of the cable depends upon the speed required for transmission. The Committee concluded that a core of 552 pounds of copper and 368 pounds of gutta percha to the nautical mile might be expected to give 40 paying letters per minute. This would be a capacity of 1,620,000 words a year of three hundred days of eighteen hours each. One company offered to lay a cable of this class for £1,517,000, this sum including the erection at each station of a suitable dwelling house and operating room with duplicate sets of all proper instruments; also the use of two cable-repairing ships, with the cost of maintaining them as well as the cables themselves for three years. The working expenses would be £22,000 a year, while replacing and repair vessels would bring this up to £92,000 a year. Estimating the capital at £1,500,000 and the replacement period of this capital at fifty-years, the following table shows the total cost per year:

	Interest at $2\frac{3}{4}$ p.c.
Interest	£ 41,250
Sinking Fund.....	14,311
Working Expenses.....	22,000
Maintenance	70,000
Total	£147,561

It will thus be seen that the total cost per year would be about \$700,000. If the South Australian Government and the Eastern Extension Telegraph Com-

pany should require to be paid for loss of trade, the cost would be correspondingly increased.

Revenue.—The Committee estimated the revenue would be 750,000 words for the first year, and ten per cent. increase each subsequent year. At two shillings a word, this would net £75,000 the first year; £82,500 the second year; and £90,750 the third year. It would require a rate of about three shillings per word to equalize revenue and cost.

Ownership.—The Committee was of the opinion that the cable should be owned and worked by the Governments interested. In this decision the Committee expressed its disapproval of the subsidy arrangement, thus reading a

lesson to such Governments as ours which seem to have bound themselves up with the subsidy principle for all public undertakings.

Management.—The Committee favoured the general direction of the cable being in the hands of a manager in London. Just why Lord Selborne and his associates desired to have the management in London instead of in British Columbia or in Queensland is difficult to imagine. The general director should be at one end of the cable, or close to one end of it, not 6,000 miles away from the nearest end. If it is desired to have the management in a governmental city, why not choose Ottawa? Canada's contribution to the project is greater than Great Britain's.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

ON more than one occasion Lord Salisbury has declared, with gentle satire, that the worst enemies a Foreign Minister has to face are the necessity of making speeches, and the premature publicity given to the negotiations. In spite of these trying obstacles the British Foreign Minister has been able to spring a surprise upon an eager critical generation of newspaper readers by his agreement with Russia. It may only be a truce, since each country has a profound distrust of the other, but for the present at least, it appears, the danger of a war with Russia over the Chinese question is removed. England is to have her sphere of influence in China, and Russia's clutch upon the north is to tighten into a permanent hold. Ever since the Crimean war Russia has had, not unjustly, a suspicion of English diplomacy, while by far the most potent elements in English politics are possessed of the idea that Russia is a dangerous friend and a still more dangerous enemy. But Russia needs British cap-

ital and the British market, while England is always ready for peace—on her own terms—with anyone.



The Peace Conference at the Hague may now meet without fear that a war will break out during its deliberations. It will be composed of able men, but the general opinion is that their discussions can be little more than academic. There are some things which cannot be carried out, and a disarmament policy is one of them. The position of England is peculiar; she of all countries would suffer most from war and at the same time can best bear the burden imposed by the cost of armies and fleets. The navy is the real source of her strength, but since it is essential to preserve a world-wide empire, its withdrawal is an impossibility. In the abstract, no doubt, the English delegates to the Conference will talk peace until their eyelids can no longer wag, but when it comes to breaking up these magnificent fleets which are at once the

pride and safety of the Empire, the Government that would propose such a policy would soon be on its last legs. But Russia, France, Italy and Austria are borne down by taxation for war purposes and it is quite reasonable that those countries should discuss the pros and cons of disarmament.



In France the wearisome Dreyfus case still drags on and the fate of Ministries and the honour of the army hang upon the issue. If one knew the real mood of Paris at this time one could predict with tolerable certainty the immediate future of the country. Abandoned by Russia in the attempt to bait England, the French Government has been obliged to drop its hectoring tone and to settle its African difficulties on a basis that appears to be a fair compromise. The French may be asking themselves the real value of an alliance which failed them just when it was most needed. The commercial interests that centre round the Paris Exposition are probably shaping policy to some extent and preparations go on for that interesting and money-yielding event.



Doubt is thrown upon the cablegrams from South Africa which are said to be doctored to suit one side or the other. The trouble with the Transvaal continues a festering sore, and at no time since its occurrence is the criminal folly of the Jameson Raid more clearly recognized. Mr. Rhodes is unquestionably a man of great force and ability, but, right or wrongly, the view prevails that his policy is not a purely patriotic one but is dictated to an appreciable extent by the interests of selfish capitalists of whom he himself is a central figure. The abilities of Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor at the Cape, are now being brought into play and bereft of German assistance it remains to be seen how long the stubborn mediævalism of President Kruger can hold out. The Uitlanders have a substantial grievance in the deprivation of political rights, but behind this loom

the interests of investors whose cries are quite as loud and quite as effective in our time as those of downtrodden civilians who want votes and schools and the precious privilege of open agitation so dear to democratic hearts.



Mr. Rhodes has spoken so highly of the prospects of finding gold in Rhodesia that a rush to that region is regarded as probable. When Mr. Selous, the noted hunter of big game, spoke on the prospects of Rhodesia, in his address at Toronto two years ago, he was interpreted as damning the region with faint praise. In London there is a fear that too great expectations may be formed of Rhodesia. But the English find South Africa a fascinating field for investment and must be left to acquire their own experience.



In Great Britain, Parliament is much occupied with the passage of the London Bill, a municipal question, it is true, but one of vast import, affecting the greatest city in the world. No Englishman dreams of grudging the time spent upon rearranging the local government of those communities which are huddled together in so unwieldy a mass that one elective body cannot possibly attend to their affairs. Mr. Balfour, with his usual insight and urbanity, is aiding the passage of the bill, the principle of which is generally accepted, in spite of great controversy over the details. The agitation against ritualism continues with unabated force and the ultimate end of the fight is very difficult to foresee. It is a lay movement of unusual persistency, and the prelates and the Government are visibly embarrassed. As time goes on it may furnish a battle-cry to the Opposition, since extension of the franchise, reform of the House of Lords, and disestablishment, are almost the last steps which militant Radicalism has to take toward the setting up of a real democracy. In Scotland two of the Presbyterian Churches, the Free Kirk and the U. P. Church are taking

cautious and wary steps toward corporate union, in order to line up for a purely secular attack on the old Church of Scotland, whose position in the State is exceptional, since its privileges as an establishment are not injurious to its neighbours, while it continues to have a strong hold upon the sentiment and the pride of many Scotsmen. The Church and the judicial system are the last official vestiges of the old Scottish nationality.



To judge the new Irish County Government Act by a single election, is hardly logical. The landlord influence was undoubtedly overturned, although individual landlords have been generously treated by the voters. It would appear as if the gentry as a class must now win the confidence of the people and assert the claims that may fairly be theirs as leaders of the nation. The problems of Ireland are peculiar to itself, but true statesmanship never yet confessed failure in any given political condition, and the working of the new municipal bodies may be made smooth and easy, provided the right spirit is shown. To divide the community on the lines of creed, or on the clashing of landlord and tenant, can only mean, in Ulster and elsewhere, the permanent ostracism of the landowners from any potent share in the local administration.



There is great unrest in the English Liberal party. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's leadership is apparently a makeshift which cannot persist in the face of much apathy among the rank and file and a determined call for a more authoritative voice. Lord Rosebery's popularity is a factor that cannot be ignored, while Sir William Harcourt, clever as he is, has no real hold on the country and is quite unable to marshal the hosts of Radicalism. It is declared that Imperialism is the dividing line in the Liberal party. What is Imperialism? When it consists, as the Imperialism of Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery does, of a desire to preserve peace with foreign

nations no party cares to divorce itself from such a policy. The general election is still three years off, and there is time for reconstruction in the Liberal ranks. To the onlooker it appears as if Lord Rosebery would ultimately be summoned back to the leadership at a time when a clear-cut policy can be proclaimed. Just now there is no great issue on which to force the fighting. An Opposition without a case is in sorry plight.



The United States, having gone into the business of empire-building, finds the initial proceedings onerous and expensive. The acquirement of Cuba, Hawaii and the Philippines will discipline the politicians who have for several generations been able, without much fear of results, to shock and startle the diplomacy of Europe. The Republic has given hostages to fortune. This is a welcome feature of the war with Spain. A vast and turbulent democracy, ill disciplined to law, loosely knit for every purpose except that of commerce, singularly safe from all foreign menace, self-sustaining and rich, might be a dangerous force among modern states. There must now be a certain amount of give and take, instead of an ambitious desire to take and no give. In spite of the sneers and the fears aroused by the new Imperialism, there is no evidence that President McKinley has lost his political authority, or that his chances for a second term at the White House are endangered. He will doubtless be renominated without opposition by his party next year, and unless some new complication arises, he will be re-elected.



It is claimed that the atrocities committed in the South upon negro criminals concern a very small percentage of the whole population. It is further contended that 90 per cent. of the negroes are law-abiding and innocent of all blame. Both statements may be true. But the fact that the entire white population either openly or

silently acquiesces in the outrages, while the state governments exhibit a complete paralysis of authority, is not a reassuring sign. The exercise of all administrative functions in many Southern States is vested practically in the whites. If they cannot command the confidence of their own people in inflicting punishment for crime, and a section of these very whites take the law into their own hands, the condition is not far removed from anarchy. The educated negroes themselves admit that summary punishment and cruel atrocities have no deterrent effect whatever upon the criminals of their race. A continuance of the outrages, while the cause for them exists, may be looked for, and one cannot see the end of this painful war of races.



A semi-official denial meets the report that the International Commission between Canada and the United States is a failure. One has to be careful in the use of terms in describing the position of affairs. Where neither side is desperately anxious for a treaty, the word failure is perhaps inappropriate. Two men meet to discuss disputed points and part without reaching a conclusion. This is not exactly a failure, but a polite agreement to disagree. There is such a thing as treating an international court of arbitration with levity. On the other hand, there is always a danger of taking matters too seriously. The United States have far more weighty questions to consider than border disputes with Canada. The Dominion is by no means bent upon a treaty with the States at any price. We must do the best we can to avoid angry feeling and time may settle the principal disputes without loss of temper on either side. Mr. Charlton, M.P., has already, in this magazine*, caused a great deal of discussion by his statement of the grievance sus-

tained by Michigan lumbermen owing to the Ontario legislation. That legislation was in accordance with public sentiment and no serious attempt to challenge its constitutionality has yet been made. Perhaps its weakest point is that it was passed by a Government which had for many years opposed the passage of any such measure. But consistency in politicians evokes no gratitude from the electors in any country and the Ontario Ministers submitted to the inevitable as gracefully as could have been expected.



When the United States Government refused to release McLeod many years ago on the ground that he was in the custody of New York State, and Lord Palmerston, with deadly civility, remarked that he could not declare war against the State of New York, it was felt that the independent powers of states would never be recognized by any foreign country strong enough to resent evasion of duty by the federal authority. In Canada, by the nature of the constitution of 1867, the provincial powers were weaker than those claimed by individual States in the Union. Agitations and many decisions by the highest courts have, during twenty years, tended to strengthen provincial rights. Disallowance of provincial laws has become a rare and, politically, a dangerous proceeding. The enactments of British Columbia in regard to Japanese immigration, and the mining rights enjoyed by foreigners, point to some conflict between federal and provincial authorities. A vigorously governed province may cause international complications. We are not as free as we thought we were of the danger arising from a conflict of interest and policy between the Dominion and some part of it. The outcome, both politically and constitutionally, offers some interesting speculations.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.

*CANADIAN MAGAZINE for May.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE article in this number by the late Senator Boulton has an interest apart from the matter contained therein. It was penned by the late honourable gentleman just before his departure from Ottawa to Manitoba where his sudden death occurred, and it will therefore go on record as his last public utterance. There is no doubt also that in it may be found those ideas which were nearest his heart during his parliamentary career.

The story by Gilbert Parker which occupies the place of honour in this issue is published simultaneously with *The Atlantic Monthly* and Lady Churchill's new quarterly. It deals with life in Egypt, where Mr. Parker spent the greater part of the past twelve months.

The country is prosperous. Those years of distrust, commonly called "hard times," have passed once more like the summer thunderstorm. The Minister of Finance and his colleagues, assisted by some very clever journalists, are endeavouring to prove that this prosperity, this passing of the thunderclouds, is due to the Liberal Government. The ex-Minister of Finance, his very wordy leader, and other members of the Opposition are endeavouring to prove that the prosperity now being enjoyed is no more due to Liberal rule than to Conservative rule; that, in fact, the Conservative policy sowed the wind which drove away the clouds. Both groups of gentlemen are wrong. The prosperity of this country, the expansion of trade, the developing confidence of the people are due more to the fact that Canadians have come to realize

that Canada's hope lies in her people, not in her politicians.

During this half century, the politicians have performed but three notable deeds. They brought about confederation, a most wonderful accomplishment; they built railways from Halifax to Vancouver, a wonderful accomplishment; and they looked nice at the Jubilee in 1897, an accomplishment.

What else have they done, that a dozen permanent heads of departments could not have done with one quarter the expense? Aye, and have done better. They would not have bonused duplicate railways over half the country; they would not have built canals that are never used; they would not have dredged harbours where there was no likelihood of steam vessels entering; they would not have built post-offices, armouries and other public buildings at double prices and where they were unnecessary; they would have prevented a clash over the Manitoba schools; they would have settled our untenanted fertile lands with double the speed; and they would have made the administrative and civil service a place for men of intelligence and force, instead of, as it is at present, a refuge for windy and unscrupulous politicians—with a sprinkling of poets.

The country needs a new transportation policy and a new Northwest settlement policy and no one seems anxious to provide either. The Government upholds the discredited policy of railway and shipping bonuses and the inadequate policy of assisted European immigration. The former policy plays into the hands of selfish capitalists and the latter allows the young

Canadian to cross the line into the United States without a friendly word to bid him halt and think.



The British colony of Queensland was once asked to make a land grant without cash to two proposed railway companies and to its credit be it said it refused. The Australasian colonies, including New Zealand, have spent £131,000,000 on railways, but they own every mile on which this money was spent. In 1897, the profit from these lines was 3.16 per cent. on the total investment. The prospect is that in a year or two the profit will be more than the interest on this sum. In Canada we have spent \$250,000,000 without the slightest chance of getting back one million. The only legislator in Canada bold enough to call a halt in this bonus system is Premier Marchand of Quebec. He has, I understand, decided that no more provincial railway bonuses shall be granted at present. It is to be hoped that he will make his policy permanent so far as his province is concerned. Some members of the Dominion Parliament in the present and previous sessions have protested, but the majority foolishly accept the bonus policy as a necessity.

If new railways must be built, and the Federal or the Provincial Governments feel that they should be aided, they may either take stock in the road, lend money for a term of years on a mortgage, or guarantee the bonds for a term of years. These actions could be defended in certain cases; bonuses are wholly unsound.



As to the settlement of the Northwest, the efforts of the Dominion Government should not be confined alone to assisted immigration from Europe. The surplus population of Eastern Canada should be coaxed to the vacant lands of the west. South Australia, Victoria, Western Australia and New Zealand lend money to settlers at low rates of interest. Some plan could be arranged to make loans to young men

from the east, who take up and improve lands in Manitoba and the Territories. Since Confederation, about eight millions of dollars have been expended on foreign immigrants. This sum alone would have been sufficient to give 25,000 families of settlers, one hundred dollars a year for three years; or it would have paid the interest on over \$6,000,000 for thirty years at four per cent. That six million dollars would have furnished a free loan of five hundred dollars for five years for 72,000 families. If the Government were to offer any young man from Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia who would go west, take up and improve a farm of 160 acres, a loan of \$500 for five years, without interest, there would be many who would take advantage of it. Or better still, if the Government would offer every such young farmer a grant of \$50 a year for five years for certain improvements on his new farm, the trains would hardly carry all who wished to take advantage of such a favourable situation.



But the Government apparently does not care about the surplus population of the east. It prefers Doukhobors, Galicians, Hungarians and Icelanders.

I do not wish to belittle the work done by the Immigration Department. The Hon. Clifford Sifton has put new life into that, and has done much to increase the number of European and United States emigrants. He has kept his agents active. The printed material which he has sent out is attractive and sensible.*

But the Government should supplement this work by some such offer to young Canadians as has been suggested above. The cities will grow and railways will be built with very little Government assistance. What has been done for the cities, the harbours, the canals and the railways in the past was necessary in many cases. But for the future, we must get the people on the land.

*This material, the Superintendent of Immigration informs me, is distributed only in Europe and the United States, not in Canada.

Nearly a million young Canadians have gone to the United States during the last forty years. Probably half of these could have been induced to settle on the lands of Northern Ontario, Manitoba, the Territories and British Columbia, if the Government had paid their transport thither, or had assisted them by loaning them capital. They have offered each settler 160 acres of land at a cost of about \$20. They have found that offer was insufficient, yet they have never increased it. In the case of foreign immigrants, the Government spends some money on them and allows them to bring in their household effects, implements, and a certain number of horses, cattle sheep and swine without paying the usual 20 per cent. duty on these animals. But no corresponding advantage is offered to settlers from Nova Scotia, Ontario and Quebec. Supposing a settler from Dakota desires to cross the line into Manitoba, and has \$600 worth of effects and cattle, the Government relinquishes \$120 of revenue. Why not give a settler from the Eastern Provinces free transportation, or some equal advantage?



In the Senate on April 26 there was a discussion of this subject, led by Senator Perley, a former resident of the Maritime Provinces, but now of the Northwest. Speaking of the new immigrants the honourable gentleman said :—

"Many of them are an undesirable class of people. The Galicians cost the country a considerable sum to get them here and to keep them after they came. They have a very degraded idea of humanity and Christianity. They are a class of people who believe that a man may kill his wife if she does not happen to suit him, and two of these men are now under sentence of death for murder in Manitoba. . . . That is a very undesirable class of people to bring into the Northwest, while we are allowing the young men of our country to go to the United States. I understand that the Doukhobors are not a very desirable class either. I had a conversation on my way down here with His Grace the Archbishop of St. Boniface, and . . . he said that these were a very undesirable class—people that he did not think it advisable to bring into this country. . . . I therefore think, under the

circumstances, that the Government ought to take steps to divert the exodus from the Maritime Provinces, which is now flowing to the United States, to our own Northwest, which is one of the finest countries for young men, particularly young Canadians, to settle in. The Government should take some steps to advertise the Northwest more largely in the Maritime Provinces. I know that it is not the policy of the Government to encourage people to leave one part of Canada to settle in another, but they would be justified in taking such means as might be necessary to influence young men, by giving them cheaper railroad rates, or even free transportation, or making some advances to them, to enable them to go to the Northwest Territories instead of to the United States. . . . They would be doing a good work, and would make more money for the country apart from keeping a valuable population in our country."

This, it appears to me, is a very sane presentation of the subject, and is in marked contrast with the extreme views of the subject presented by the party journalists. The Hon. Mr. Boulton added that the junior member from Halifax informed him that, in coming up from that city, there were on the same train with him one hundred and twenty people going to the United States. The Hon. Mr. Mills, leader of the Senate, defended the Government's policy with regard to European immigration, and defended the statement in the speech from the throne that the exodus had almost ceased. His arguments were not quite conclusive, although every person will admit that the exodus was never smaller than at present. He predicted that in a few years the objectionable Europeans would be enthusiastic, loyal and prosperous Canadians, and quoted in support of his statement the experience of the United States.



Admitting that these Europeans can be made into respectable citizens, that they are settling in districts which ordinary citizens would not care to occupy, and that the exodus of young Canadians is decreasing, much remains to be done. We cannot afford to lose a single citizen. If a slight change in the Government's policy would induce the surplus population of the east to go to the west the change would be

justified. The natural increase of our people in the east will always supply a certain number of wanderers. The establishment of bureaus of information here and there throughout the older provinces, the dissemination of what is commonly known as "immigration literature," and the offer of free transportation, or temporary loans, would induce many young men to settle upon the vacant lands of the west, who otherwise will drift into the overcrowded professions or across the boundary line.



The east needs more population also, but the east must wait until the wanderers cease from wandering. In the meantime the wanderers should be looked after and told that if they must migrate that the Northwest should be their destination.

Perhaps it would be as well to close the universities and medical colleges of the east for a few years in order that we may get more brainy farmers for both the east and the west. This would be an immense benefit to the whole country. Our high schools and our universities, as they are run at present, are detrimental to the best interests of agriculture and commerce. Let us give the professors a five-year vacation and by that time we will have better farmers and better business men.



Mrs. Fitzgibbon, a step-daughter of the late D'Alton McCarthy, has made a valuable suggestion in the *London Times*. She proposes that the "surplus" British women of the better classes be trained in dairying and agriculture at an institution established by the Canadian Government for that purpose. The *Times* says that there are a million and a quarter "surplus" women in England, and believes that much can be said in favour of a scheme to train some of these and establish them in the Northwest.

Let them come by all means, and let

them be trained as farmers or as farmers' wives—whichever they may choose. But why not have a similar scheme for training the "surplus" men of England? We want agriculturists, not mere labourers—men with intelligence and knowledge; and we need trained men just as much as we need trained women.



The most striking feature of recent developments of governmental policy is the announcement of the Minister of Finance that the expenditure during the coming year will be increased, and will probably be about fifty millions. This is not the kind of policy that was expected of a Government which when it was in Opposition declared that an expenditure of forty millions was rank extravagance. The party must have been wrong then, or it is wrong now. I incline to the opinion that it was wrong when it was in Opposition, and that the proposed increase in expenditure has some justification. Still it cannot be fully justified, and some of the Opposition criticism is well founded.

Yet Canada is wonderfully conservative as compared with the Australasian Colonies. Including New Zealand, their total population is 4,500,000, fully a million less than that of Canada. Their governmental revenue is \$150,000,000, as compared with our \$40,000,000; even if we added to our federal revenues that of all the provinces it would not total over \$50,000,000. The public debt of all these Australasian Colonies is slightly over a billion of dollars, or nearly four times our net federal public debt, and more than three times that of the Dominion and Provinces combined. The total gross debt of the Dominion and the Provinces is just about four hundred millions; and the assets are about one hundred millions. Australia has \$65,000,000 in the savings banks; Canada has about the same amount. In addition, we have deposits in the chartered banks to the extent of over two hundred millions.

John A. Cooper.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

CANADA'S DEVELOPMENT.

THE development of our country is well chronicled and admirably gauged by the various writers in the fifth volume of "Canadian Encyclopædia."* It is divided into seven sections, an enumeration of which may be permissible:—

1. Agricultural Resources and Development.
2. Literature and Journalism.
3. Our Chief Cities.
4. Financial History, Loan Companies and Insurance.
5. Natural History.
6. Constitutional History and Development.
7. Industrial Development, Forests and Fisheries.

There is the same overlapping in the articles, the same incoherency in the arrangement of the minor parts, and the same carelessness of details as in the previous volumes. As an example of the overlapping we find in Section II. the three following papers: "Historical Sketch of Canadian Journalism," "Character and Position of the Canadian Press," and "A Review of Canadian Journalism." These three papers could have been cut down to two with a great saving of words and time. As an example of incoherency: Sir Charles Tupper writes of the origin of Confederation, and Senator Macdonald of the Confederation movement in Prince Edward Island, but there is no mention of the Confederation movement in the other provinces. As to carelessness of details, one example must suffice: On the first page of the volume under review appears the expression "couriers de bois," while in

Vol. I., p. 50, it reads "coureurs-du-bois." Both of these are, to say the least, unusual.

But aside from these minor points, the volume is very creditable indeed, and the various writers who have contributed are to be congratulated upon the excellence of their work. Each article evidences a special knowledge on the part of its author, and through all run the patriotic fervour and the buoyant spirit which are at present so profoundly stirring all parts of our country. There is a joyfulness over what we have done, and a hopefulness over what we are doing, which assure for Canada a future standing of no mean excellence amongst the nations of the world. It strikes me that, however imperfect Mr. Hopkins' volumes may be from one point of view, he has done a grand work in presenting Canada as an entity to Canadians who may not previously have recognized her as such. As Sir Alexander Lacoste says in his introduction to this volume: "May it serve the double purpose of increasing the respect for Canada abroad and cementing the spirit of union and harmony amongst us at home."

There is no mention of this being the last volume of the Encyclopedia, and there is a rumour that the sixth is under way. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hopkins is not trying to make this work like unto Tennyson's brook.

NEW FICTION.

It may safely be said that the book of the month in Canada has been "David Harum." It has been cunningly advertised and well placed before the public. I am not surprised at its popularity—I suppose I wouldn't

* Toronto: The Linscott Publishing Co.

be expected to confess the fact, if I were—because the book has a homely humour which is irresistible, and because we take a delight in listening to a man who knocks down orthodoxy and conventionality. When David bested the Deacon in a horse trade, the whole continent laughs, because it knows the weaknesses of deacons and such. When he buys a horse from the professing Christian on a Sunday, people chuckle because they know the degree of genuineness of the average modern Christian. David says some very old things in a new, bright way. But to class “David Harum” as a literary production of first rank is to strain the imagination. As a novel, it is poor in plot, uneven and jolty in treatment. As a character, David is a creation—and that is all that can justly be said in praise of Mr. Westcott’s book.



“A Double Thread,”* by Ellen Thornycroft Fowler, the author of “Concerning Isabel Carnaby,” is a splendid book. The dialogue is clever; and the plot, while not entirely new, is cleverly handled. The author is the daughter of Sir Henry Fowler, late Secretary of State for India. Her previous book was quite popular because of her treatment of the nonconformist religionists of England, and because of its spirited style. This story is just as spirited in the telling and less controversial in its handling of religious themes. Captain Le Mesurier falls in love with a modest governess named Ethel Harland, who by the vagary of a deceased grandfather is kept poor while her twin sister revels in luxury. The captain knows the rich sister also, and tries to effect a closer friendship between the two sisters. The rich girl refuses to see or assist her unfortunate sister with whom the captain is in love. The rich sister in the meantime endeavours to win his regard, and in her efforts is ably assisted by the captain’s bachelor uncle who promises him a large estate if he

will marry the rich instead of the poor sister. But the captain being a simple-minded but whole-souled chap is faithful. Suddenly comes the discovery that the two sisters are one, that Elfrida Harland the heiress has been masquerading as the poor sister to test her lover’s faithfulness. Alas, the discovery disenchant the lover and he refuses to marry the heiress who has thus toyed with his affections; and who can blame him? It is unwise to test love and friendship unnecessarily.

These were their last words together—for a long time:

“But, Jack dear, I love you so.”

“You love me, and yet you made a fool of me! No, Miss Harland, I cannot believe in such love as that.”

“I only did it to make sure of you. Can’t you understand how sick I was of shadows, and how I wanted to find one true heart?”

“And so, having found it, you broke it to see if it was breakable. Well, it was.”

“Then must everything be at an end between us?” Elfrida pleaded; “surely, surely you cannot mean that!”

“But I do mean it. Don’t you see that now you have once deceived me I can never trust you again? And love without trust is impossible.” . . .

This dialogue explains the point on which the story turns, but it is not an example of Miss Fowler’s best style. She is seldom sorrowful or dramatic; she is rather of a humorous turn with a lively appreciation of the best that is in life. Many of her remarks and reflections are worth remembering:

“As long as people are civil to me to my face, I don’t care what they say behind my back; our faces are our own but our backs are our neighbours’.”

“Englishwomen hide their feelings as carefully as they hide their garters.”

“Spoiling a pretty quarrel is on a par, to my mind, with shooting a fox.”

“The intelligent woman combines the respectable dulness of a Church Congress, with the mental fatigue of a mathematical tripos, and yet never loses the lynx-eyed exactingness of the unattractive woman.”

*Toronto: William Briggs.

Another strong novel is Conan Doyle's latest production entitled "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus."* The one point at which it is vulnerable is where he introduces a scarlet woman in order, apparently, to make a contrast between her and the young wife of Francis Crosse. Surely it is possible to show the excellence of virtue without comparing it with vice, and to picture the sweetness and pure-mindedness of an innocent wife without comparing her with a fallen and profligate person of the same sex! It is reported that a firm of publishers in New York refused the book because of this superfluous character. Mr. Doyle was asked to remove her but declined. If this be true, the publishers of New York have amongst them the one or two righteous men who may save Sodom. This woman is but a minor feature, however, in a rather sweet tale of courtship and early marital bliss. The arrival of the important person who makes the duet a trio is cleverly handled, with that mingling of humour and pathos of which only the greater novelists and orators are masters. The description of this arrival ends thus:

"So Frank went down into the darkening room below, and mechanically lighting his pipe, he sat with his elbows on his knees and stared out into the gathering gloom where one bright evening star twinkled in a violet sky. The gentle hush of the gloaming was around him, and some late bird was calling outside amongst the laurels. Above he heard the shuffling of feet, the murmur of voices, and then amid it all those thin glutinous cries, *his* voice, the voice of this new man with all a man's possibilities for good and for evil, who had taken up his dwelling with them, and as he listened to those cries, a gentle sadness was mixed with his joy, for he felt that things were now forever changed—that whatever sweet harmonies of life might still be awaiting him from this hour onwards, they might form themselves into the loveliest of chords, but it must always be as a trio, and never as the dear duet of the past."

W. D. Howells has allowed the gentle stream of his genius to run into another novel. A young girl, ragged but beautiful, takes the fancy of a rich old lady, who adopts her, takes her

abroad, and at her death leaves her older but still "ragged and beautiful." As a novel, "Ragged Lady"* is a striking piece of work, bearing to the other current novels the same relation as a steel engraving bears to a strong lithograph. Because of this excellence, it will appeal only to those who can appreciate mezzo-tints and that softness and gentleness of detailed delineation which marks that school of novelists who place art first. The Canadian edition is sold at a lower price than the United States edition, but contains all the illustrations and is a most creditable production.

Beatrice Harraden has taken for the title of her latest story,† the words, "Our Soul is escaped even as a Bird out of the Snare of the Fowler." The Bird is Nora Penhurst, a bright, young classical teacher, and the Fowler is a small, heartless man, who tries to tame her, subdue her mental powers, and make her his slave. The story of the struggle and the final triumph of love and nature is the story which Miss Harraden tells. "The Fowler" is a curious book, almost as curious as "Ships that Pass in The Night"; and it is difficult to form an estimate of it. Perhaps it is best not to try, but simply to say that it is curious—unique—eccentric, a book which may be read and wondered over. Its lesson is elusive, but there is no doubt it has one. To different readers the lesson may be different.

NOTES.

The love of country is the root of much that is good, and Rev. W. J. Mackenzie, Rector of Chippawa, has shown that his love for Canada has not dimmed his appreciation of his motherland. His volume, entitled "Scotland's Share in Civilizing the World,"‡ is a collection of lectures delivered be-

*Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

†The Fowler, by Beatrice Harraden. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

‡Toronto: The Fleming H. Revell Co. Cloth, \$1.00.

*Toronto: George N. Morang.

fore Scotchmen in various parts of Canada. In its two hundred pages this enthusiastic clergyman has mentioned every one of Scotland's heroes in battle, in politics, in literature, in science, in discovery, in invention, in fine arts, in manufacturing and in finance, and given concerning each many interesting details.

"The Story of the Cowboy," by E. Hough, is not a piece of fiction, but an interesting account of the cattle trade of the Western States. Much of the everyday conception of the "cow-puncher" is snipped off as one reads this sane and truthful description of the life, work and history of the cattle-men who were, to a great extent, the pioneers of Western North America.

Any Canadian desiring to read the latest popular science series published in French may secure twelve volumes of "*Les Livres d'Or de la Science*," by sending twelve francs to Schleicher Frères, 15 Rue des Saints Peres, Paris. Among the volumes ready are: *La Panorama des Siècles* (historical); *Les Races Jannes*: *Les Célestes* (ethnological); *La Photographie de l'Invisible*, *les Rayons X*; *Histoire et rôle du Bœuf dans la Civilisation*; *La Préhistoire de la France*; *Les Microbes et la Mort* (medical); *Les Feux et les Eaux* (scientific). The volumes are small but well illustrated and have been compiled by specialists.

"A Ken of Kipling,"† by Will M. Clemens, is said to have met with some disfavour in the eyes of the great author, who is averse to any revelation of his private life. In spite of this, the book is charming reading, and gives considerable information concerning Mr. Kipling—his early journalistic life, his religion, the purpose of his poems, anecdotes, etc. The writer of this volume is a brother of Mark Twain, and consequently is able to give some

inside history of the relations existing between Kipling and Clemens the greater.

Some time ago there was published an illustrated volume entitled "*The Origin and Services of the 3rd (Montreal) Field Battery of Artillery*." The author is Captain Ernest J. Chambers, a well-known writer and journalist, and the publisher is E. L. Ruddy, of Montreal. The book is a credit to both, the letterpress and binding being of an artistic—one might almost say aristocratic—nature. This corps of artillery was on service during the Fenian Raid, and both before and after that date was called upon to aid the civil power in repressing civic disorders. Its history is interesting reading.

George N. Morang & Co., Toronto, have just issued two striking volumes by two Englishmen: "*The United States of Europe on the Eve of the Parliament of Peace*," with nine maps and one hundred illustrations, by William T. Stead, and "*The Amateur Cracksman*," a collection of short stories, by E. W. Hornung. The former volume will, undoubtedly, be as much talked of as any of the author's other sensational books. One significant feature is the fact that the frontispiece is a picture of the Czar, while there is no portrait of the Queen or the Prince of Wales in the book. All the other European royalties are present.

The Wentworth County (Ont.) Historical Society has published its second volume of transactions. Among the papers are the following: *The Six Nations Indians in the Province of Ontario*, by J. O. Brant-Sero; *Documents Relating to the Battle of Stony Creek*; *A Century of Achievement*, by James H. Coyne; *Niagara on the Canadian Shore*, by the Rev. E. J. Fessenden; *King William's War*, by Miss FitzGibbon. In addition there are many minor articles dealing with the local history

* Toronto: George N. Morang. Paper only.

† Toronto: George N. Morang.

of the section. The secretary's address is J. A. Griffin, Hamilton, Ont.



Captain Peter Russell came to Upper Canada in 1792, was appointed a member of the Executive Council, and in 1796 administrator of the Province in the absence of Governor Simcoe. He afterwards filled the position of Receiver-General, and died at York in 1808. He was in the expedition sent against Charleston in 1779-80, and kept a diary. Part of this has been preserved and is now published in the *American Historical Review*, in the form of a contribution from Jas. Bain, jr., public librarian at Toronto, in whose possession is the original document.



The Bain Book and Stationery Co., of Toronto, have secured a few copies of the 1884 edition of "Old Spooke's Pass," a collection of poems by Isabella Valancy Crawford, and issued them in a new binding. This is one of the few volumes of Canadian verse which are worth preserving.



T. Fisher Unwin, of London, Eng., has issued a very handsome volume on "Piers Gaveston," by Walter Phelps Dodge. This book gives a clear picture of the constitutional development in the days of Edward I. and Edward II., besides giving a new estimate of the character of this noted figure in English history. Piers Gaveston was the son of a Gascon knight, a friend and faithful follower of Edward I. He was a favourite companion of Edward II., when he was known as the first Prince of Wales, and when Edward became king he became the king's prime favourite. His desire for absolute power for himself and his monarch finally led to his destruction at the hands of the jealous nobles.

The Vir Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, for whom William Briggs is Canadian agent, are publishing a Self and Six series. The books for women are written by Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M.D., and the first is entitled, "What a Young Girl Ought to Know."



The Natural History Society, of Vienna, has just published "Reisebeobachtungen aus Canada" (geological observations), by Albrecht Penck, who visited Canada with the British Association, in 1897. This scholar has also written a monograph on the Illecillewaet Glacier in the Selkirks. From his observations and from that of many persons who have seen both the Alps and the Rockies, one is almost forced to the conclusion that the beautiful Rockies will one day be as much a world-resort as the Alps.



The Neuchatel Geographical Society (Neuchatel, Switzerland), has published its eleventh volume. It contains an elaborate monograph with plates and illustrations on the geological formations of "Les Préalpes Romandes." Any person interested in geology will find this a valuable volume. The language used is the French.



The six books which have sold best in the order of demand the past month, according to the Bain Book and Stationery Co., Toronto, are:—

1. David Harum, by Westcott.
2. Prisoners and Captives, by Merriam.
3. The Eye of a God, by W. A. Fraser.
4. Mr. Dooley in Peace and War, by Dunne.
5. A Duet with an Occasional Chorus, by Conan Doyle.
6. The Garden of Swords, by Max Pemberton.

IDE MOMENTS

SNAP-SHOTS IN THE WEST.

ECONOMIZING TIME.

"THIS here cook I'm speakin' about is a plumb humorous old party.

"Which it's the spring round-up, an' along about noon we're spilled on the banks o' the Saint Mary's for chuck. When we're through, old Bunch Grass—that's the cook—packs up the outfit, for we moves camp this afternoon along up stream. I've rolled a cigarette, an' I steps up to the cook an' says :

"Got a match, Bunch?"

"The old man's fingers goes for his vest pocket, but he pauses an' looks thoughtful a minute. Then he climbs to the top o' the chuck-waggon an' starts in to pitch off his load. Beddin', tents, grub, kettles—sails out on to the grass. I'm plumb amazed, an' I looks at him for five minutes like a locoed steer. I takes it he goes crazy.

"Why, whatever be you a-doin'?" says I at last. 'What's the matter of you?"

"He stops, aims an amber stream at a fly on the wheel an' then says with a slow drawl :

"Which it's like this,' says this Bunch Grass party. 'When you requests that match, I suddenly happens to recall that them combustibles allus lurks in the last pocket. I got a coat an' waistcoat in the bottom o' this waggon, an' I reaches down for that last pocket first an' saved time.'"

AT CUSTER-TRAIL RANCH.

"I took a two-dollar chance on a little bit of a buzzard-head, not higher than that stone, raffled for thirty dollars. I won him. It cost me five

dollars for drinks. Branded him and turned him out with the herd. Looked like a frame with a hide hung over it.

"In the spring when the herd came in he looked like a stall-fed steer. I didn't know him. He stood on one side of the corral and the herd on the other. I thought he'd been run out. Just then he took a race across the corral, caught my best mare Jess by the neck, and hung on. I thought he'd take a piece.

"Old Tripp was standing by and asked what I'd take for him.

"Thirty dollars."

"Just then he took hold of another.

"Is that the lowest," said old Tripp.

"Twenty-five."

"He grabbed a third horse by the throat, and I thought he'd have his windpipe.

"Take him for twenty," I said. I was in a hurry to sell him.

"We traded. The pony had cowed the herd, and old man Tripp had to build a separate pasture for him."

A HOT RACE.

"This was down near the Cypress Hills, when old Sittin' Bull made that region his stampin'-ground.

"Two of his band 'jumped' us one day while we were out hoss-huntin'. They had winchesters and cut loose.

"Kid Price's hoss was nothin' but a cayuse ; still, he wasn't quite so bad as the Sioux ponies. They came after us a-whoopin' and throwin' the lead our way. I left Price in a minute, but I held my hoss in and kept lookin' back. Those bullets sang an ugly sort of a song ; they made me nervous.

"Come on !" I shouted to the kid.

"He had his rope doubled and wound around his hand, and he was playin' it on the cayuse's ribs, first one side then the other, as he leaned low on his neck.

"I rode on a way. Then I looked back again and waved with my hand.

"Come on!" I yelled. "They'll get you!"

"Kid straightened himself up on his hoss. The rope continued to swing—'whack! whack!'—from side to side. He looked red and hot.

"Do I look as if I was tryin' to throw this race," he inquired.

"In another five minutes we sighted Fort Walsh, and the chase was over."



IN THE OVERLAND PULLMAN.

Cowboy: "This here's a sleeping-car, ain't it?"

Porter: "Yes, sah."

Cowboy: "Well, why in thunder don't you let people sleep, then, when they've paid and gone into your game? If you're aiming to keep folks awake, and want company, just dance into the next car; there's lots of folks there that don't want to sleep, nohow, and 'll be glad to see you."

* * * *

"Say, you boy!"

"Well, sah?"

"Come a-running." (Porter comes and cowboy hands him a pillow the size of a pincushion.) "Take that goose-hair thing away."

"Don't you want a pillow, sah?"

"That ain't no pillow, and I don't want it, nohow; I'm afraid it 'll get in my ear."

* * * *

"Hold on, there, my son—just drop them boots!"

"I's only gwine to black dem, sah."

"Drop 'em."

"Just gwine—"

"Just going to pull them spurs, I reckon. Now, don't monkey around my camp, takin' things, no more. If you want anything, speak for it. If you can't speak, make signs; and if you can't make signs, shake a bush. You hear me?"

"Yes, sah."

Bleasdell Cameron.



A TALE OF THREE MAIDS.

Lady making inquiries as to maid's character—"Did you find her honest?"

Former Mistress—"Honest! She never took even an order from me!"



"Did you water the ferns in the drawing-room, Bridget?"

"Yes, Mum. Don't ye hear the water drippin' on the carpet!"



Mistress—"Did you polish the mirrors in the parlour, as I told you before I went out, Norah?"

Norah—in a disheartened voice—"Sure, Ma'm, I've tried them with the boot brushes; rubbed them wid the stove brushes; gone over 'em wid the furniture polish, and niver a bit of shine can I git on 'em! faith I think if you'd let me do them my own ould-fashioned way—just washin' 'em, and wipin' 'em dry wid a rag, they'd be a sight cleaner!"

Alice Ashworth.





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THE ADVENTURES OF A PRISONER OF WAR.

Being the Personal Experiences of Lance-Corporal Ellis (now Professor Ellis, of the School of Practical Science of Toronto) in the Fenian Raid Campaign of 1866.

THROUGHOUT the winter of 1865-66 we in Canada had heard rumours of an intended Fenian invasion, and measures had been taken to meet it. The volunteers were called out for active service. There were in Toronto daily parades, and on the banks and Government buildings sentries were nightly posted, partly from the 16th Regiment, then quartered here, and partly from the Queen's Own and 10th, now the Royal Grenadiers, who furnished a guard on alternate nights. No. 9 Company of the Queen's Own, to which I belonged, was then made up of undergraduates of the University, and the lecture rooms and corridors were gay with uniforms. The winter passed away, however, without any hostile act, and everyone thought that the Fenians, if they had ever seriously contemplated a raid, had been discouraged by the resolute attitude of the Canadians, and that the danger had passed; when, on the last day of May, the news that the enemy were on Canadian soil came like a bolt from the blue. About eleven o'clock on the evening of that day I was reading for an examination that was to come off on the day following, when a knock at my door announced the entrance of a non-commissioned officer, bearing the order to parade at the drill shed at half-past

four next morning for active service on the frontier.

When the morning came it was found that it had been impossible to warn all the company the previous night, and I was detailed to look up the missing ones. We were too late for the first boat, but followed by a later one and reached Port Colborne in the gray of the morning, where we found the regiment embarked on a freight train, eating a frugal breakfast of bread and red herring, which we arrived too late to share. Starting from Port Colborne, we soon reached the village of Ridgeway, where we left the train, and quickly getting into our ranks, marched off along the road to Stevensville, where we expected to join the column under the command of Colonel Peacock, of the 16th Regiment. Our force consisted of the Queen's Own, the 13th Battalion of Hamilton, and the York and Caledonia volunteers, in all about 840 men, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Booker, of the 13th.

We marched along the Ridge road for about two miles, the Queen's Own leading. No. 5 Company formed the advance guard. This company had just been supplied with Spencer repeating rifles. The rest of the force were armed with muzzle-loading Enfields. Just

as we reached the summit of a gentle rise, we saw the advance party standing with their shakos on the end of their rifles—a signal which meant “the enemy is in sight, in force.”

From the slight elevation where we were standing we could see the road stretching before us for nearly a mile. Near us were woods, but in front, to the right and left of the road, were open fields, bordered on both sides and at some distance in front by woods. It was a beautiful day—the trees were clothed with the tender, delicate foliage of early summer, and the fields were green with young crops. From where we stood we could see nothing of the enemy, but we saw the advance guard extend from its centre and push on in skirmishing order. Nos. 1 and 2 Company were ordered to move up and extend on their left and right flanks respectively, and Nos. 3, 4 and 6 advanced in support. In a few minutes puffs of smoke from the skirmishers and from the woods and fences in front of them told that the action had begun.

Before long we heard the whistle of bullets in the air, and No. 7 Company was extended to the left in skirmishing order, with No. 8 (Trinity College Company) in support. This brought the University Company to the front of the column, but we did not long remain there. We were marched off to the right, extended, and told to lie down on a low, pebbly ridge, behind which grew some fine maple trees. Here we lay for a while, the bullets singing over our heads, and cutting off branches from the maple trees. In a few minutes Major Gillmor came up and ordered us to clear the woods on the right from which these bullets seemed to be coming. We jumped up and advanced in skirmishing order, supported by No. 10 Company, the Highlanders, from whom, however, we soon became separated in the thick woods, through which our course at first lay. After clearing the woods we came out into an open field. Behind the fence on the other side of the field we saw some men kneeling, and puffs

of smoke showed them to be in action. It was not at first clear whether they were friends or foes. Some of our men were about to fire on them, but Ensign Whitney, who was in command, called out, “Don’t fire, they may be our own men. Lie down and wait till I find out.” We lay down as directed, and watched him as he quietly walked forward for a hundred yards or so. Then he stopped, took a leisurely observation through his field glass, and turning round to us, called out, cheerfully, “All right, boys! They are the enemy. Fire away.” We ran up to him. Till we reached him he stood watching the enemy, apparently absolutely indifferent to the bullets that were whistling round him. We then crossed a road, where the Fenians had made a barricade of fence rails, and entered a field of young wheat, studded at intervals with black stumps. Here we could see no Fenians, but from behind fences, and from the woods in front of us, they kept up a hot fire. Our advance across this field was the most exciting part of the fight, and was conducted in this fashion: having selected a desirable stump at a convenient distance in front, we made a dash for it at full speed, and the moment we reached it we fell flat on our stomachs behind it. This was the signal for a shower of bullets, some of which whistled over our heads, some struck the stump, and some threw up the dust in the field beside us. As soon as our opponents had emptied their rifles, we fired at the puffs of smoke, reloaded, selected another stump, and so on, *da capo*. In this way we crossed the wheat field and entered another wood, through which we advanced under cover of the trees. Here we were a good deal annoyed by the fire of some of our own friends, who, not knowing our whereabouts, were firing into the wood from behind us. Sergeant Bryce—now the Rev. Professor Bryce, of Winnipeg—had taken post behind a fine, thick maple tree. Before long it became doubtful which side of the tree was the safest, and Bryce settled it by saying,

"I'd rather be hit before than behind," and deliberately placed himself in front of the tree. Beyond this wood was a recently-cleared field, and beyond that another wood in which we could plainly see the Fenians. We had begun to climb the fence into this cleared field, and indeed some of us were already there, when we heard the bugle sounding the retire. Whitney gave the word to us, and called back those who had crossed the fence. When we turned our backs on the Fenians, we had not the faintest suspicion of defeat. We had, up to the moment when we got the order to retire, steadily driven the Fenians before us, but we could see them in greatly superior numbers—there were only twenty-eight of us. We knew we had lost touch with our supports, and we supposed we were merely falling back to restore communication with them. Whitney had already sent back a sergeant to see what had become of the rest of the command and to ask for orders, but he had not returned, and we thought the bugle was a summons to us to rejoin our comrades, of whose success no doubts had entered our minds. All the same we soon found out the astonishing difference on the mental, moral and physical condition of the soldier under fire which is produced by the simple rotation of his body through an angle of 180°. The first sensation was of intense disgust at having to turn our backs on the enemy; the second the acute realization that we had had no breakfast that morning, and no supper nor sleep the night before, and that we were nearly dead beat. Up till that moment the thought of fatigue had never occurred to us, and we had felt as fresh as paint. Now it seemed as if it was impossible to drag one leg after the other. But then we felt that it would not do to be left behind, for there were the Fenians. Upon them our change of position had had a precisely opposite effect, and they followed us cheerfully with much shooting. When we reached the cross road a number of us stopped, and kneeling behind the fence opened a brisk fire upon the enemy, and for a

time checked their advance. But there were too many of them and their fire was too fatal. Mackenzie had fallen before the retreat began, shot through the heart, and now others were dropping fast. About this time Tempest and Newburn were killed, and Vandermissen, Paul, Kingsford and Patterson were wounded. In the cross road Tempest was next to me. Just after firing a shot he rose to his feet. He was a very tall fellow, and presented a conspicuous mark above the fence. Next moment I heard the sound of a dull, heavy blow, and saw him fall forward on his face. I ran to his side and found a small, round hole in his forehead. He had been shot through the head, and the bullet, after penetrating the brain, had broken the bone at the back of the skull. Of course he died instantly. As soon as I saw that nothing more could be done for him, I looked about me and found that I was alone on the road. A little farther to the right was a brick house and orchard, and as this promised better cover than the open field, I made for it. It stood at the crossing of this road with the Ridge road, along which we had been marching before the fight, and when I reached it I saw a body of troops in the orchard, which, from their dark clothes, I took to be the Queen's Own. I hastened to join them, but they turned out to be a column of Fenians, who saluted me with a volley. An attempt to fire my rifle proved that it was empty, and while in the act of reloading I was surrounded and made prisoner. I was placed in the brick house, under charge of a guard. As soon as I was there, the fatigue, which had been forgotten during the stand in the road, returned with redoubled force, and I lay down on a mattress completely exhausted. After a while, however, a Fenian came in, bleeding freely from a wound in the ankle. I roused up and tied it up with a bandage torn from a sheet. My success in this simple, surgical operation at once established cordial relations between myself and my captors. They got me a drink of water, which greatly refreshed me,

and we smoked a social pipe together. Presently a mounted officer rode up and ordered us to proceed to the front. We set off, a Fenian, with bayonet fixed, marching on each side of me. The sight of the killed and wounded whom we passed lying in the dusty road beneath the blazing June sun, was sad indeed. At a roadside tavern, called the "Smugglers' Home," we halted, and here I found Private Junior, of the University Company, in his shirt sleeves, carrying a pail of water for the wounded, several of whom, among them Ensign Fahey, of the Queen's Own, and Lieutenant Routh, of the 13th, were lying on the floor of the bar-room. After a few words with them we were again ordered to march. Junior and two other prisoners, one of Trinity College Company, and one of the 13th, were added to our party. At my request, Junior and I were allowed to walk together. At the village of Ridgeway we found the Fenians resting after the fight. Their conduct was perfectly orderly. There was no plundering, though the village was entirely at their mercy. A coloured man, who attempted to steal some articles from the store, was stopped by an officer, who placed a revolver at his head and sternly ordered him out, threatening to blow his brains out if he caught him there again. There was a tavern in the village, but not a man touched a drop of liquor. They told me that their orders were strict against drinking, and against stealing anything, except food and horses. These orders, I can testify from personal observation, were rigidly obeyed. They gave me half a loaf of bread, which was very welcome, and after about an hour's rest we fell in again, and turning our backs on Ridgeway, set out in retreat for Fort Erie, along the Garrison road.

The Fenians' treatment of myself and the other prisoners was kind and considerate in the extreme. The day was hot, and the road dusty. The Fenians observed the most perfect discipline. At intervals, when we came to a wayside house, they asked for

water, and on these occasions they always gave us the first drink. One woman in response to their request for water brought out a pail of buttermilk, which they handed to me. That drink of buttermilk will always live in my memory as the most delicious draught I ever had. Our guards conversed with us, by the way, in the most friendly manner, and took us freely into their confidence. They thought that the Canadian people would gladly welcome them as deliverers, and they thought that the regular troops would not fight against them. "Quaybec'll be the hardest nut for us to crack," said one of them. "Sure, the French 'll burn that for us," cheerfully rejoined his comrade. Their uniform consisted of a green shirt, with brass buttons, dark trousers, a black, soft felt hat, with wide brim. Over their shirts they wore dark civilian coats which served the purpose of overcoats, and which had been used to conceal their uniform before crossing the river. It was owing to this fact that the general impression prevailed that the Fenians were not in uniform. Most of the superior officers wore the dress proper to the rank they had held in the American army during the Civil War. The officer commanding our escort, who had the commission of Captain in the army of the Irish Republic, was a striking-looking figure. He was about fifty years of age, with a long, iron-grey beard. He had served as a sergeant in the Southern army during the war, and had walked all the way from Tennessee to take part in the raid, joining the Fenians just in time for the battle. He wore his old regulation kepi, a long black frock coat, with a belt outside, in which was stuck a sword without a scabbard. He was full of enthusiasm for the cause of Ireland, and of fierce hatred against the English. But to us, whom the fortune of war had made his prisoners, his conduct was all gentleness and *bonhomie*.

Towards evening we neared Fort Erie, and a mounted officer came up to us with the order, "Prisoners and baggage to the rear!" We were halted

at the roadside and allowed all the column to pass us. The escort, who knew from this order that another fight was expected, became greatly excited, and cursed the ill-luck which condemned them to inactivity. Thanks to their eagerness to see what was going on, I had an excellent opportunity of watching the action that followed; for as soon as the troops had all marched past, they led us up to a plateau, where we had a clear view of the whole affair. The road here slopes down between high banks to the river. One division of the Fenians continued their march down this road till it reached another road, which runs along the river bank. Here they turned to the left and marched straight for the village of Fort Erie, which we could plainly see, with the Stars and Stripes flying from the house of the American Consul. Across the river was the town of Black Rock, and there the shore was crowded with spectators. Another division of the Fenians left the road where we were, and advanced in line across the fields in a direction parallel to that of the column which was marching by the river road. The high banks soon hid the river column from our sight, but in a short time the report of musketry told us that it had gone into action. Who the defenders were or what their strength was, we did not then know; but we afterwards learned that fifty-four men of the Welland Field Battery, acting as infantry, and eighteen men of the Dunnville Naval Company, were holding the place. For a while the firing was kept up smartly, but all this time the second division was marching across the fields above the town, and now they wheeled to the right and thus took the defenders on the flank. They advanced rapidly, firing as they went. In

the village there was at first a continuous roar of musketry, which gradually slackened. There were a few dropping shots which soon ceased altogether. The smoke drifted away; and Fort Erie was in the hands of the enemy. The result of the conflict was hailed with shouts of triumph from the crowds of spectators at Black Rock.

We were then marched down to the river side. Here we met General O'Neil, the Fenian Commander. He told us that his men were old soldiers and knew how to treat prisoners, and that we should have no cause to complain, unless any of his men were hanged by the Canadians, in which case he promised he would shoot ten of us for every Fenian hanged. He then stopped at a roadside tavern and ordered a glass of beer for each of us, for which he paid. We were then marched together with a number of the Welland Field Battery, who had been taken prisoners at Fort Erie, to the old Fort, which is a ruin standing on the river bank. The Fenians established guards, lit fires, and set about cooking their supper. To each of us they gave a slice of raw pork, a biscuit, and a drink of water.

The day had been hot. The night was clear and very cold, too cold for much sleep. About two o'clock in the morning we were aroused and marched down to the wharf. There we saw a large body of Fenians in the act of embarking on a great scow. When the last man embarked, O'Neil told us we were free. He then shook hands, and said good-bye, adding that he would be back soon with a larger force. I told him he would find us better prepared next time; and so ended my adventures as a Prisoner of War.

Wm. Hodgson Ellis.



DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY.

II—THE PURGATORIO.

By Professor William Clark.

THE comparison of one work of art with another is never quite profitable, although it is sometimes almost unavoidable. It has been largely practiced in connection with the different parts of Dante's great poem. To a large class of readers the *Inferno* seems to make a special appeal; to others the *Paradiso*. We believe, however, that in personal and religious interest, no part of the poem comes nearer to human experience than the *Purgatorio*.

As has already been remarked, the *Inferno* is a hollow inverted cone, the passage of which becomes more difficult as we descend. The *Purgatorio* is a mountain thrust out from the earth by the formation of the *Inferno* within; and on this the ascent ever grows easier. Both are places of suffering; but the one has the suffering of hopeless misery which hardens and destroys, the other the suffering of hope and joy, which purifies, elevates and prepares for a better and higher life. The reason in each case is plain. The one is a state of impenitence and unbelief which shuts out every gracious influence; the other a state of lowliness, penitence and love which opens the soul to every higher power. In the *Inferno* we see the operation and consequences of different forms of evil: in the *Purgatorio* the principle of sin is purged away.

There are nine circles in both, and both have a vestibule; but in the *Inferno* it is not reckoned one of the nine circles. It is so reckoned in the *Purgatorio*. Another difference should be noted. The division in the *Inferno* is a circle (*cerchio*): in the *Purgatorio* it is a terrace or cornice (*balzo*, precipice). The circles are concentric: the ascent in the *Purgatorio* is by a spiral path.

In the vestibule of the *Purgatorio*

are those who delayed their repentance to the last. On the summit of the mountain is the earthly paradise, lost in Adam, recovered by the second Adam, and entered by those who have passed through cleansing fires. Between those two extremes are seven terraces in which the seven cardinal sins are cleansed away. There is another difference. In descending through the *Inferno* we find the sins become more heinous: in ascending the mount of purification they become lighter. For example, sensuality is the first sin punished in the *Inferno*: it is the last cleansed in the *Purgatorio*. Instead of the horrid Charon, the ferryman of hell, there is an angel in a boat with no other sail than the angel's wings.

The opening lines of the poem declare the change which has taken place:

"O'er better waves to speed her rapid course
The light bark of my genius lifts the sail,
Well pleased to leave so cruel sea behind;
And of that second regin will I sing
In which the human spirit from sinful blot
Is purged, and for ascent to heaven prepares."

All is changed. We have passed from darkness to light, from fierce hurricanes to gentle gales, from pestilential vapours to pure and fragrant air. Beginning at the shore of humility, we pass into the vestibule,* lying at the base of the mountain, inhabited by the negligent, who have delayed their repentance until the hour of death, and are detained there for a season before entering Purgatory proper.

In this there are seven terraces or cornices rising above each other, reached by a spiral path, in which the seven cardinal sins are purged. These sins are arranged in an inverse order,

*So far the subject occupies the first 8 cantos.

and differ to some extent from those in the Inferno. There they began with incontinence and ended with fraud. Here they begin with pride, the root of all sin, and end with incontinence. The seven sins of the Purgatorio are of two classes, with one intermediate between them. The first class consists of sins against love: 1. pride, 2. envy, 3. anger: the other are sins of misdirected love: 5. avarice and prodigality, 6. gluttony and drunkenness, 7. incontinence. Between these two classes lies a remarkable form of evil, *Acidia* (*ἀκηδία*), generally translated Sloth, in books of devotion, etymologically signifying indifference. "Languid indifference" would probably be as good as any other rendering. Beyond these terraces rises the earthly paradise.

The first thing that caught Dante's eye was the Southern Cross, a constellation of four stars (i. 24) symbolizing the four cardinal virtues, wisdom, courage, temperance and justice. Afterwards three stars are seen (viii. 90), representing the theological virtues or Christian graces, faith, hope and love, all together making up the seven virtues of the Schoolmen.

Next they see an old man, Cato (i. 31), the highest embodiment of merely human morality, the four stars shining on his face. Cato had told Virgil to bind Dante with a tender reed in token of humility, the starting-point of all evangelical goodness; and to bathe and cleanse his face, which had been soiled and disfigured by the smoke of hell. As the sun rises, the poet, looking across the sea, beholds a light approaching swiftly and growing brighter as it approaches. The brightness takes the form of wings. It is the angel of God, the heavenly ferryman, with the bark in which he conveys passengers to Purgatory (ii. 28).

Many souls are in the boat; they are being conducted by the angel from the estuary of the Tiber (Rome) to the Mount of Purification. Coming to the vestibule, already mentioned, they find four classes who have delayed repentance: 1. Those dying excommunicate

but contrite. 2. Those presuming on God's mercy and delaying their repentance till death. 3. The negligent of the same class who died by violence. 4. Those who, through preoccupation of political cares, delayed repentance. These are punished by periods of detention in the vestibule before being allowed to enter Purgatory proper.

Dante falls asleep, and is conveyed by S. Lucy (prevenient Grace), the illuminator, to the gate of Purgatory proper, which is entered by three steps, the first of white marble, in which the face is reflected, signifying self-examination and self-knowledge; the second burnt and cracked, signifying contrition; and the third of porphyry, signifying the fervent purpose of good, passing into love. An angel is seated on the highest step, who, with the blunt point of his sword, imprints the letter P (*Peccatum*=sin), seven times on Dante's brow, signifying the seven cardinal sins from which men are cleansed in Purgatory. As Dante passes from stage to stage one P after another is removed from his brow.

1. The first of the terraces or cornices (*balzi*) is occupied by the proud (ix-xii). Pride, the principle of self-idolatry, the principle which makes self and not God the principle of all things, is the deepest root of every form of moral evil. It means the same which modern moralists designate as selfishness. At the back of the terrace a high cliff of white marble rises, sculptured with stories of humility in bas-relief, designed for the instruction of the penitents. First comes the beautiful story of the Annunciation (x. 31) followed by others conveying the same lesson.

The proud are chastened by having to march along bowed to the earth by great weights. They have assumed much, and they are made to feel the weight of it. They are bent so low that Dante could hardly recognize the human form in them. But this is the cure as well as the punishment of pride. If he that exalteth himself must be abased, it is equally true that those who humble themselves under the

mighty hand of God, He will exalt in due time.

The proud repeat the Lord's Prayer, in the form of a paraphrase which constitutes an admirable exposition of the prayer (xi. 1-24). Then illustrations are given of the different forms of pride: pride of birth, pride of art and intellect, ambition and the love of popularity. There are no purse-proud people mentioned; although that form of pride could hardly have been unknown in those days. Dante is now cleansed of pride, the angel brushing his brow with his wing and obliterating the first of the seven P's. As they go up they hear voices singing, "Blessed are the poor in spirit;" and the poet, lightened by the cleansing, ascends to the next terrace with ease.

2. In the second terrace the sin of Envy is purged (xiii. and xiv.). Just as in the first there were representatives of examples of humility for the instruction of the proud, so now, as they pass along, they hear invisible spirits singing songs commending the exercise of love to friend and foe. In the one case pictorial art is introduced as an instrument of moral instruction and progress, in the other case music. Soon they come upon a number of persons, "Shadows with garments dark as was the rock." They are sufferers, clad in sackcloth, leaning on each other and on the cliff, blinded by a piece of wire passing through the eyeball. Blindness is, at once, a cause and an effect of envy. Virgil consoles them with the hope of vision hereafter. A beautiful passage, beginning, "Evening was there, and here the moon of night," (xv. 6), should be noted. They now ascend the mount and hear the chant, "Beati misericordes" (blessed are the merciful) and the second P. is effaced.

Before leaving, Dante is anxious to understand one element in the condemnation of envy, namely, that the wider distribution of good does not take from those who possess, but adds to their happiness; good distributed enriches the many without taking from the few (xv. 106). Virgil replies:

"The highest good
Unlimited, ineffable, doth so speed
To love, as beam to lucid body darts,
Giving as much of ardour as it finds. . . .
So that the more aspirants to that bliss
Are multiplied, more good is there to love,
And more is loved; as mirrors that reflect,
Each unto other, propagated light."

3. They are now approaching the cornice of the wrathful. As the poets go on, they become gradually enveloped in a fog which slowly gathers round them, so that Dante needs, like a blind man, to be led by Virgil. On the way they encounter examples of meekness, for instance, Mary and Joseph finding Jesus in the temple, and Stephen praying for his murderers. The sufferers are praying to the Lamb of God, as the embodiment of divine meekness. Among the wrathful they find Marco Lombardi, who explains that the evil which exists is not the fruit of nature or of necessity, but is the result of man's perversion of his freedom. The deplorable condition of Italy he accounts for largely by the confusion of the temporal and spiritual powers, and he seems chiefly to blame the papal see (xvi. 100). At last the angel's wing touches his brow, and another letter is effaced, while the "Beati pacifici" (blessed are the peacemakers) sounds in his ears.

4. The fourth sin in order—lying between the two great classes of sin—is that of *Acidia* (ἁκιδία), generally translated in devotional works as Sloth, etymologically signifying indifference. A good translation of it would probably be "languid indifference." It signifies lukewarmness, lack of zeal, and sluggishness in good works. As already pointed out, this vice stands midway between the two groups of three on either side of it. The first three—pride, envy and anger—are sins against love. The last three—avarice, gluttony and incontinence—are forms of misplaced or exaggerated love, seeking happiness in early things, using them either unlawfully or excessively. Virgil declares that this sin of indifference arises from defect of love. In a very interesting passage (xvii. 90) he points out that love is the principle of

all action, and so is the source of good and evil. It is the germ, he says,

"Of each virtue in ye,
And of each act, no less, that merits pain."

The subject is pursued at great length, and much high and mystical conversation follows on the nature of love and the good (xviii.). The love of the good, Virgil says, is innate, and therefore is in itself neither reprehensible nor meritorious. Love finds its full rest in the possession of the good. But there is danger of counterfeited good being sought, instead of the true good; and it is the business of conscience to select an object—to adjust the motives to the will—so as to further the supreme good of the Spirit. This selection determines the moral character of our actions (xviii. 62).

Soon they are overtaken by a crowd (xviii. 96). Two of these recite examples of zeal guided by love, like "Blessed Mary," who "sought with haste the hilly region," while, at this mention,

"O tarry not, away,"
The others shouted; 'let not time be lost
Through slackness of affection. Hearty zeal
To serve reanimates celestial grace.'"

It is remarkable of the Purgatorio, as distinguished from the Inferno and Paradiso, that Dante is frequently falling into slumber. Various explanations have been attempted. Perhaps it may be intended to remind us that the whole is a vision; or perhaps to suggest that, in the process of purification, we are in danger of falling into a lethargy from which we need to be aroused by the agents of Grace. Perhaps it may be meant to recognize the office of repose in effort. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

5. They next come to the sphere in which Avarice and Prodigality are purged—the two extremes of excess and defect in spending, the mean being liberality. As they pass onwards to this terrace, they hear voices singing: "Beati qui lugent" (blessed are they that mourn), and another letter is blotted out. On entering this department, Dante sees

"A race on the ground
All downward lying prone and weeping sore.
'My soul hath cleaved to the dust,' I heard
With sighs so deep they wellnigh choked the
words."

Let us remember these in Purgatory are not mere misers, sold under their vice, but those in whom the regenerate life has been hindered and depressed by love of money, and who are now getting purged from this evil. Among them was Hadrian the Fifth, who was Pope for only one month, and during that time learnt "at once the dream and cozenage of life" (xix. 105). Next follow illustrious examples of poverty sung by the spirit of Hugh Capet, who laments the errors in respect of money committed by many of his royal descendants. At the end of his recitation the mountain trembles, and voices on all sides sing "Gloria in excelsis Deo." It is the rejoicing at the purification of a soul.

Here (xxi. 9) they are joined by Statius, author of the Thebaid, who had been converted to Christianity, but had not confessed it before he died, and therefore has a longer period in Purgatory. He tells Dante how much he owes to the Mantuan, not knowing that Virgil is present. The mutual delight of the poets follows the recognition. Statius is said to be the moral power inherent in genius, perhaps we might say, regenerate and purified genius as distinguished from heathen genius in Virgil. The latter expressed his surprise that Statius, "midst such ample store of wisdom," should be found among the avaricious. Statius, "somewhat moved to laughter," said that Virgil's words were "a dear pledge of love." Avarice was not his fault. On the contrary, he was "too wide of avarice"; his fault was prodigality. The fifth letter is now brushed from Dante's brow, whilst the angelic chorus sing out: "Beati esurientes" (blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness). And so they pass on to the sixth terrace.

6. The sin here purged is that of Overeating or Gluttony (xxii-xxiv). Soon they come to a tree "with goodly

fruitage hung," pleasant to the smell, and watered by a crystal stream. But the penitents are forbidden to taste it. From its leaves a voice is heard (xxii. 139) :

"Mary took more thought
For joy and honour of the nuptial feast
Than for herself, who answers now for you.
The women of old Rome were satisfied
With water for their beverage. Daniel fed
On pulse, and wisdom gained."

As Dante turned away from the tree, he heard a sound of weeping, and a prayer: "My lips, O Lord." It came from a crowd of spirits whose eyes were "dark and hollow," and "pale their visage." These are gluttons doing penance by fasting. They are praying that those lips and tongues, once given to gluttony, may now be attuned to utter the praises of God. While the odour from the tree provokes their appetite, they gladly bear the pangs of hunger, which bring solace rather than pain.

By-and-by they come to another tree, grown from a shoot taken from the tree of Knowledge. The penitents gently long for the fruit of this tree; but are told that their wish cannot be granted until they have passed through the water of Lethe (Forgetfulness) and entered the terrestrial Paradise. Perfected knowledge comes as the result of our discipline. Another letter is now effaced by the angel, who points the way to the seventh cornice.

7. The seventh terrace contains the Incontinent (xxv.-xxvi.) The transition is described (xxiv. ad fin.) in some beautiful lines, beginning :

"As when, to harbinger the dawn, springs up
On freshened wing the air of May, etc."

We have already remarked in Dante the union of tolerance and severity. We note it here also. Carnal sin is the first in the Inferno and the last in the Purgatorio, and it is the most common of all. Yet Dante knew, as Burns knew and declared, "it hardens all within, and petrifies the feeling;" and therefore he passes the incontinent through fires so fierce that, he says :

"I would have cast me into molten glass
To cool me, when I entered; so intense
Raged the conflagrantly mass." (xxvii. 94.)

Dante had hesitated to enter the flame until he was told that he was still separated from Beatrice, which acted like a charm, so that he immediately formed the resolve just expressed. To comfort him in passing through the fire Virgil spoke of Beatrice; and as they mount the stairs, they hear voices singing, "Come, ye blessed of My Father," and so they pass upwards. On the way he falls asleep, and in a dream sees Leah and Rachel, representatives of the active and the contemplative life, reminding us that life must not only be purified, but also nourished by positive processes, activity and contemplation.

Virgil now takes leave of Dante, saying that he no longer needs his guidance. Human reason and conscience have done their work. "To distrust thy sense henceforth," says Virgil, "were error." This purged eye can now behold the spiritual world as it is. Dante is now purged from his ignorance and weakness and ascends to the top of the mountain of purification, where is the earthly Paradise.

As he passes onwards his way lies across a wood through which a crystal stream is flowing. It is Lethe in which the remembrance of sins is to be effaced and moral freedom restored. On the opposite side he sees :

"A lady all alone, who singing went,
And culling flower from flower, wherewith her
way
Was all o'er painted." (xxviii. 41.)

This was Matilda, the symbol of Christian doctrine and the Divine ministry. She explains to him the meaning of Lethe, the river of the forgetfulness of evil, and Eunoe, the river of the remembrance of good, which have a common source.

As the church alone can restore men to the Paradise forfeited by Adam and Eve, the church now appears under the form of a triumphal chariot, drawn by the mystic Gryphon, half lion and half eagle, representing the Divine-human Lord of the church. In the chariot is seated Beatrice, representing divine wisdom and grace. Three virgins are on her right, the theological

virtues, and four on her left, the moral virtues. Four and twenty elders, crowned with lilies, go before, representing the Old Testament. Behind the car come the four mystical creatures of Ezekiel, representing the four evangelists. Others follow of no certain meaning; but it is plain that they are the teachers of the church. On the other side of the stream is Beatrice (xxx. 53), who bids him not weep at the loss of Virgil, but prepare to feel the edge of another sword, her reproaches. Shame covers his face, remembering what he had himself confessed in the Vita Nuova. Suddenly the angels sing: "In Thee O Lord, have I trusted," and Dante is melted, weeps, and confesses his errors of the past. He then finds himself crossing the water of Lethe, borne up by Matilda, who causes him to drink of the water of oblivion. He is then given into the hands of the seven nymphs (cardinal virtues).

Dante is now able to contemplate the past history and future destinies of the church. The car is fastened to the Tree of Knowledge, which represents the Empire. Beatrice (Divine Grace) remains near the chariot with her seven virgins, bearing seven lights (the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost). An eagle represents the violence to which the church is exposed. Then a fox, gaunt and hungry, steals inside the car, representing Heresy. Next, a dragon tears away a portion of the framework of the car, representing schisms. Then comes the eagle again, representing secular power. Next the harlot, showing the church in unlawful union with the world. The giant stands for France, and the removal of the chariot into the forest symbolizes the removal of the papal chair to Avignon. But Beatrice predicts the coming of a deliverer who will restore all things. Then Matilda leads Dante to the river Eunoe, that his cure may be complete. Matilda, whatever may be the historical reference, stands here for the Divine

ministry, and its two functions of abso-lution and edification. Thus evil is done away and good made permanent.

The Purgatorio, says Dean Plumptre, has an autobiographic character which does not attach to the other two parts of the great poem. The Inferno goes to the depths of sin and misery—depths of which all men are capable, but which such a writer could contemplate only as apart from himself. The Paradiso rises to the glory which is to be revealed and realized in the future—the object of hope and desire. The Purgatorio brings us face to face with the real struggle of the regenerate man. In Dante, or in any other representative of the class undergoing purification, there will be special and personal traits, but the general characteristics of the poem are universal. We may speak of the Purgatorio as the confessions of Dante, and in this respect it is not unworthy to be put alongside the work of the great Bishop of Hippo.

In these poems we have traces of the studies of Dante. In the Inferno we meet with much which he has derived from Virgil. In the Paradiso we see the influence of S. Thomas Aquinas. In the Purgatorio we discern the influence of the devotional books of the church, and the hymns occurring in the offices are frequently quoted.

Not only so, but we follow, in the successive parts of the *Commedia*, the steps of the poet's life. We trace the different phases of his inner-man—from a sense of evil to confession, and then to resolve, and so on to love and effort and purity. Such is the way of the righteous—the path of the just which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. The way of the cross is the way of life. We die daily that we may truly live. We are crucified together with Christ, yet we also live in Him. The way of purification is a way of suffering. Through much tribulation we must enter into the Kingdom.

(To be concluded next month.)

✓ HOW THE FRENCH CAPTURED FORT NELSON.

By Beckles Willson.

NOTE.—In the May and June numbers Mr. Willson describes the founding of York Factory, the Exploits of Radisson and Groseilliers, and some later events in the life of the former of these two bushrangers. The events here described happened at a later date, but this piece of the history of "The Great Company" shows how intense was the rivalry of the French and the English traders even in those northern regions. These three articles on The Hudson's Bay Co. are advanced chapters from Mr. Willson's forth-coming book.

THE French prisoners captured in the Hudson's Bay Company's expedition of 1696 suffered an incarceration of nearly four months duration at Portsmouth. Hardly had their liberty been regained than they boarded a French brig bound for Havre, and on arrival in Paris, lost little time in making known the condition of affairs at Hudson's Bay. Louis and his Ministers, gazing upon this emaciated band of traders and bushrangers, could hardly refrain from immediate action to retrieve the situation. Precisely following the tactics of their enemy in the previous year, they engaged four men-of-war; which fleet was despatched to join Iberville, then at the port of Placentia, in Newfoundland. The Court was well aware that there was no one man so thoroughly equipped at all points in knowledge of the bay, and the conditions there of life and warfare, as this hero. Consequently, although numerous enough, all other offers to lead the expedition were rejected.

On the arrival of the French ships at Placentia, Iberville took command, embarking in the *Pelican*, of fifty guns. The others were the *Palmier*, the *Weesph*, the *Profond*, and the *Violent*.

But Fort Nelson was not to be captured without a struggle.

At almost the very moment the French fleet sailed, there departed from Plymouth four of the Company's ships, the *Hampshire*, the *Hudson's Bay*, the *Dering*, and *Owner's Love*, a fire-ship, the two former having been participants in the conquest of the previous year. The Company's

fleet entered the straits only forty hours before the ships of the French; and like them was much impeded by the ice, which was unusually troublesome. Passage was made by the enemy in the English wake. The *Profond*, commanded by Duque, pushed past the currents, taking a northerly course, which brought her commander into full view of two of the Company's ships. Shots were exchanged, but owing to the difficulties engendered by the ice, it was impossible to manœuvre with such certainty as to cut off the Frenchman's escape. While this skirmish was in progress, Iberville in the *Pelican* succeeded in getting past the English unknown to them, and reached the mouth of the Nelson River in sight of the fort. His presence, as may be imagined, greatly surprised and disturbed the Governor and the Company's servants; for they had believed their own ships would have arrived in season to prevent the enemy from entering the straits. Several rounds of shot were fired as a signal, in the hope that a response would be made by the Company's ships, which they expected hourly in that quarter.

In his turn the French commander was equally disturbed by the non-arrival of his three consorts, which the exigencies of the voyage had obliged him to abandon. Two days passed in a state of suspense. At daybreak on the fifth of September three ships* were distinctly visible; both parties

*The fourth, the fire-ship *Owner's Love*, was never more heard of. It is supposed that, separated from the others, she ran into the ice and was sunk, with all on board.

joyfully believed they were their own. So certain was Iberville, that he immediately raised anchor and started to join the new-comers. He was soon undeceived, but the perception of his mistake in no way daunted him.

The Company's commanders were not prepared either for the daring or the fury of the Frenchman's onslaught. It is true the *Pelican* was much superior to any of their own craft singly, being manned by nearly two hundred and fifty men, and boasting forty-four pieces of cannon. The Company's ships lined up, the *Hampshire* in front, the *Dering* next, with the *Hudson's Bay* bringing up the rear.

The combatants being now in close proximity, the battle began at half-past nine in the morning. The French commander came straight for the *Hampshire*, whose captain, believing it was his design to board, instantly lowered his mainsheet and put up his fore-top-sail. Contact having been by these means narrowly evaded, the battle suddenly shifted between the *Pelican* and the *Dering*, whose mainsail was smitten with a terrific volley. At the same time the *Hudson's Bay*, veering, received a damaging broadside. The Company's men could distinctly hear the orders shouted by d'Iberville to both ships to discharge a musket fire into the *Dering's* fore-castle, but in this he was anticipated by the English sailors, who poured a storm of bullets in upon the Frenchman, accompanied by a broadside of grape, which wrought havoc with the sails. While the cries of the wounded on the *Pelican* could be distinctly heard, all three of the Company's ships opened fire, with the design of disabling her rigging. But one of them, the *Hudson's Bay*, seeing that it could not engage the *Pelican*, owing to Iberville's tactics, determined to run in front of her and give her the benefit of a constant hull fire, besides taking the wind from her sails. Iberville observed the movement; the two English vessels were near, he veered around, and, by a superb piece of seamanship, came so near to the *Hamp-*

shire that the crew of the latter saw that boarding was intended. Every man flew out on the main deck, with his pistol and cutlass, and a terrific broadside of grape on the part of the Englishman alone saved him.

The battle raged hotter and fiercer. The *Hampshire's* salvation had been only temporary; at the end of three hours and a half she began to sink, with all sails set. When this occurred, Iberville had ninety men wounded, forty being struck by a single broadside. Notwithstanding this, he decided at once to push matters with the *Hampshire's* companions, although the *Pelican* was in a badly damaged state, especially the fore-castle, which was a mass of splinters.

The enemy made at once for the *Dering*, which, besides being the smallest ship, had suffered severely. She crowded on all sail and avoided an encounter, and Iberville being in no condition to prosecute the chase, soon returned to the *Hudson's Bay*, which surrendered. Iberville was not destined, however, to reap much advantage from his prize, the *Hampshire*. The English flag-ship was unable to render any assistance to the sinking *Hampshire*, which soon went down with nearly all on board.*

To render the situation more distressing, no sooner had some ninety prisoners been made, than a storm arose; so that it became out of the question to approach the shore with design of landing. They were without a long-boat and each attempt to launch canoes in the boiling surf was attended with failure.

Night fell; the wind instead of calming, grew fiercer. The sea became truly terrible, seeking, seemingly, with all its power to drive the *Pelican* and the *Hudson's Bay* upon the coast. The rudders of each ship broke; the

*Thus was concluded what was, in the opinion of the best authorities, French and English, one of the fiercest and bloodiest battles of the war.

"Toute la Marine de Rochefort croient que ce combat a été un des plus rudes de cette Guerre," says La Potherie.

tide rose and there seemed no hope for the crews whose destiny was so cruel. Their only hope in the midst of the bitter blast and clouds of snow which environed them, lay in the strength of their cables. Soon after nine o'clock the *Hudson's Bay* and its anchor parted with a shock.

"Instantly," says one of the survivors, "a piercing cry went up from our fore-castle. The wounded and dead lay heaped up, with so little separation one from the other that silence and moans alone distinguished them. All were icy cold, and covered with blood. They had told us the anchor would hold; and we dreaded being washed up on the shore stiff the next morning."

A huge wave broke over the main deck and the ship rocked desperately. Two hours later the keel was heard to split, and the ship was hurled rudderless to and fro in the trough of the sea.

By the French account, matters were in no more enviable state aboard the *Pelican*; Iberville, however, amidst scenes rivalling those just described, did his best to animate his officers and men with a spirit equalling his own.

"It is better," he cried, "to die, if we must, outside the bastions of Fort Bourbon than to perish here like pent sheep on board."

When morning broke, it was seen by the French that their ship was not yet submerged, and it was resolved to disembark by such means as lay in their power. The Company's servants were more fortunate. The *Hudson's Bay* had drifted eight miles to the south of the fort, and was wrecked on a bank of icy marshland, which at least constrained them to wade no deeper than their knees. The French, however, were forced to make their way through the icy water submerged to their necks, from the results of which terrible exposure no fewer than eighteen marines and seamen lost their lives. Once on shore they could not, like the English, look forward to a place of refuge and appease their hunger with provisions and drink. They were obliged, in their shivering, half frozen state, to subsist upon moss and seaweed, but for which

indifferent nourishment they must inevitably have perished.

The Company's garrison witnessed the calamities which were overtaking the French, but not knowing how great their number, and assured of their hostility, did not attempt any acts of mercy. They perceived the enemy camped in a wood, less than two leagues distant, where, building several large fires, they sought to restore their spirits by means of warmth and hot draughts of boiled herbs.

While the fort was being continually recruited by survivors of the two wrecked ships, the other three French vessels had arrived on the scene. The fourth, the *Violent*, lay at the bottom of the bay, having been sunk by the ice. The *Palmier* had suffered the loss of her helm, but was fortunate in not being also a victim of the storm. The French forces being now united, little time was lost by Iberville in making active preparations for the attack upon the fort.

On the 11th, the enemy attained a small wood, almost under the guns of the fort, and having entrenched themselves, lit numerous fires and made considerable noise in order to lend the impression to the English that an entrenchment was being thrown up. This ruse was successful, for the Governor gave orders to fire in that direction. Iberville seized this opportunity to effect a landing of all his men and armaments from the ships.

The fort would now soon be hemmed in on all sides, and it were indeed strange if a chance shot or firebrand did not ignite the timbers, and the powder magazine were not exploded. Governor Bailey was holding a council of his advisers when one of the French prisoners in the fort gave notice of the approach of a messenger bearing a flag of truce. He was recognized as Martigny. The Governor permitted his advance, and sent a factor to meet him and insist upon his eyes being bandaged before he would be permitted to enter. Martigny was conducted to where the council was sitting, and there delivered Iberville's message, demanding surrender. He was instantly

interrupted by Captain Smithsend, who, with a great show of passion, asked the emissary if it were not true that Iberville had been killed in the action. In spite of Martigny's denials, Smithsend loudly persisted in believing in Iberville's death; that the French were in sore straits, and only made the present attack because no other alternative was offered to desperate men to obtain food and shelter. Bailey allowed himself to be influenced by Smithsend, and declined to yield to any of Martigny's demands. The latter returned, and the French instantly set up a battery near the fort, and continued, amidst a hail of bullets, the work of landing their damaged stores and armaments. Stragglers from the wreck of the *Hudson's Bay* continued all day to find their way to the fort, but several reached it only to be shot down in mistake by the cannon and muskets of their own men. On the 12th, after a hot skirmish, fatal to both sides, the Governor was again requested, this time by Sérigny, to yield up the fort to superior numbers.

"If you refuse we will set fire to the place, and accord you no quarter."

"Set fire and be d——d to you!" responded Bailey.

He then set to work, with Smithsend, whose treatment at the hands of the French in the affair of the *Merchant of Perpetuana* was still vividly before him, to animate the garrison.

"Go for them, you dogs!" cried Bailey. "Give it to them hot and heavy; I promise you forty pounds apiece for your widows!"

Fighting in those days was attended by fearful mortality, and the paucity of pensions to the hero's family, perhaps made the offer seem handsome. At any rate it seemed a sufficient incentive to the Company's men, who fought like demons.*

A continual fire of guns and mortars as well as of muskets was kept up. The Canadians sallied out upon a number of skirmishes, filling the air with a

frightful din, borrowing from the Iroquois their piercing war-cries. In one of these sallies St. Martin, one of their bravest men, perished.

Under protection of a flag of truce, Sérigny came again to demand a surrender. It was the last time, he said, the request would be preferred. A general assault had been resolved upon by the enemy, who were at their last resort, living like beasts in the wood, feeding on moss, and to whom no extremity could be odious were it but an exchange for their present condition. They were resolved upon carrying the fort, even at the point of the bayonet and over heaps of their slain.

Bailey now decided to yield. He sent Morrison to carry the terms of capitulation, in which he demanded all the peltries in the fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. This demand being rejected by the enemy, Bailey later in the evening sent Henry Kelsey with a proposition to retain a portion of their armament; this also was refused. There was now nothing for it but to surrender, Iberville having granted an evacuation with bag and baggage.

At one o'clock on the following day, therefore, the evacuation took place. Bailey, at the head of his garrison and a number of the crew of the wrecked *Hudson's Bay* and six survivors of the *Hampshire*, marched forth from Fort York with drums beating, flag flying, and with arms and baggage. They hardly knew whither they were to go, or what fate awaited them. A vast and inhospitable region greeted their eyes, and a winter long to be remembered had begun. But to the French it seemed as if their spirits were undaunted, and they set forth bravely.

The enemy watched the retreat of the defeated garrison not without admiration, and for the moment speculation was rife as to their fate. But it was only for the moment. Too rejoiced to contemplate anything but the termination of their own sufferings, the Canadians hastened to enter the fort, headed by Boisbriant, late an ensign in the service of the *Compagnie du Nord*.

* "Ils avoient de tres habile cannoniers," Jérémie, an eye-witness, was forced to confess.

The *fleur de lis* was flung to the air ;
 shouts for King Louis drowned the
 drum-beats of the vanquished ; Fort
 Nelson was once more in the hands
 of the French.

NOTE.—The Company was debarred from
 any attempt at reconquest, because of the
 treaty just concluded at Ryswick, which
 yielded the territory which had been the scene
 of so much commerce, action and bloodshed
 to the subjects of the Most Christian King.



THE CRY OF THE OUTLANDER.

(Dedicated to our Brothers in South Africa.)

GOD wrote on the face of the Briton,
 " True to my brother I stand " ;
 But the men who sit in council
 Hide the sign with the silver hand.

And the brother that's yoked with the oxen
 Calls Briton to Briton in vain ;
 For the men who sit in council
 Must reek of the worldly gain.

Fight first, is the law of the Briton,
 Then ask for the help you need :
 But the men who sit in council
 Of the blood take little heed.

Ye have fought in the outlands, brothers ;
 Ye have bled, not wise but well ;
 Shall the men who sit in council
 Keep ye in a living hell ?

The cry of the outlawed brother
 Thunders across the sea ;
 And the men who sit in council
 Must act, or cease to be.

W. A. Fraser.

WORK and WORKERS in RURAL ENGLAND.

BY CLIFTON JOHNSON.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR.



ENGLAND is a land of large towns and great manufactories. So dense is the population that it is said the crops raised on the farms each year would not feed the inhabitants over three months. From this one might fancy that the towns had overspread most of the island and that all the country there was left would be hardly more rural than village suburbs. But in reality the towns are only the plums in the pudding, not the substance. They are minor interruptions to an endless roll of cultivated fields and grazing lands sweeping from John o' Groat's to Land's End.

Even London, vast as it is, does not reach out so very far, after all. You step on a train at any of the metropolitan stations and go in whatever direction you please, and it does not take many minutes to get beyond the paved ways and the crowded buildings to the quiet greenery of the country. Nor do the towns, in spite of their number and size, have any very marked influence on the country people and their ways. One would think they would exert a decided leavening power over the rustic life that would modernize it

and cause its cruder elements to disappear. This is not the case. The country workers of England know far less of the cities and feel their influence even less than their fellows here in Canada. Their instincts are less nomadic. They live out their lives in the villages where they were born. A few miles close around home is often all they see of the world. They cling to old ways and are primitive and unchanging to a degree. As a result, each district has its dialect and its peculiar local customs which survive generation after generation, but never are transferred to other regions, not even to those adjoining.

The soil of Great Britain is not tilled by the owners, nor is the tilling to any considerable extent done under their supervision. The land is practically all owned by the gentry, and they rent it to farmers, who take the entire responsibility of making it return both them and their landlords a living. The tenants decide what crops to raise, they buy and sell, and they keep what is often quite a little colony of labourers constantly at work.

The labourers are at the foot of the

industrial ladder and are so dependent on their weekly wages that any interruption which throws them out of work even temporarily brings direfully close the possibility of having to go to the workhouse. Happily things are so arranged that labour on the farms is steady through the year and a helper is never laid off on account of either weather or season.

The daily life of the worker is one of set hours, which are as definite as those of an employee in a factory. If a man works overtime, it is by agreement, and he gets extra pay.

groomed. This done, the day's work of the carters and the followers of the plough is finished.

The soil in some parts is so heavy that four horses are the rule to each plough. The ploughman does not in this case attempt to guide his own team, but has a boy to walk along beside the horses and urge them on. These boys earn their wages, I think, for they keep shouting to their teams all the time, adding emphasis by an occasional crack of the whip. However, the shouts and the belabouring with the lash seem purely matters of form, and



PLOUGHING WITH OXEN.

Of all the labourers on a farm, the ploughmen and carters are the earliest risers. They have to be up at four o'clock to feed their horses, though they are not in the fields to begin work till half-past six. About the middle of the afternoon they all return to the farmhouse, the carters in their carts and the ploughmen and ploughboys mounted side-saddle on their horses, which go clanking along in single file till they reach the farmyard gate; then the riders slide off, and their horses with those that are released from the carts tramp on to their stables, where they are unharnessed and fed and

the horses step along perfectly oblivious to them, so far as I could see.

In former days much of the heavy farm work was done with bullocks. Now, a bullock team is comparatively rare. Nothing could be more picturesque. The oxen, instead of wooden neck-yokes, wear simple harness made of broad leather bands, and each creature has on a pair of great leather blinders which give it a look truly antediluvian. As it takes four bullocks to one plough, they with the ploughman and the ploughboy make a procession that is quite impressive.

In strange contrast with the slow



WOMEN IN THE FIELDS.

bullock teams, so suggestive of antiquity, one is surprised to find that he cannot travel far in the English country without seeing in some wide field a steam plough at work, or a steam thresher established next a "corn" rick. Sometimes you meet the engines with all their apparatus in tow steaming along the highway; or they will come rattling and panting through the midst of the village where you happen to be stopping. They are formidable affairs, and it takes five men to make a working crew.

Every farm has its flock of sheep. In some parts of the country there are moors and commons and rough uplands where the sheep are turned loose to graze; but more often they occupy the ordinary farm fields. Many farmers keep them still further confined within a basket-work fencing woven from split hazel. These hurdles, as they are called, are made in light detachments, that allow them to be readily moved, and as soon as the sheep have grazed one space clean, their fence is transferred to enclose new ground. All this was explained to me one day by a shepherd with whom I stopped to talk as he was at his work in a roadside field. Then he drifted into personal

reminiscence and said that he had been brought up to tend sheep. He tried something else for a while, but it didn't suit him, and he took up his old work again. He declared that it was the "dirtiest, nastiest, hardest" work there was. None of his eight children would take it up; no, nor any other young people.

"Children goes to school now till they gets to be thirteen or fourteen years old," he added deprecatingly, "and they gets cunning, you know."

The shepherd had a dog with him, but the dog did not know much, and never would, in his master's opinion,—he "wa'n't the right kind." But he "had a dog afore him that was as sensible as a Christian. Seemed like he knew just what I said. If there was some sheep way round that hill you see there, a mile off, that dog 'd go for 'em, if I told him to, and I could keep on with my work, and he'd be comin' with 'em by and by. I never had more'n to speak to him or make a motion with my hand, and he'd understand. I had him ten year, but he died last January. I wouldn't 'a' felt it so much if I'd lost one of my children."

A few days later I came on a party of sheep-shearers at work in a barn.

The big doors were open, and the men were snipping away on the barn floor with their shining shears. The bay on one side was full of panting sheep still unshorn. On the other side were the bundles of fleeces and odds and ends of farm tools and rubbish. When a sheep had been relieved of its coat it was allowed to leap away to its mates in the near field. The shearers work in little bands of six or eight men, and go from farm to farm to do the work through a season that lasts rather over a month. At noon they went out under a tree with their baskets and ate dinner; and while they lunched and

They were picturesque, but the close view that showed them to be nearly all old and stumpy-figured and slouchy in dress left no room for romance.

Nor were the men workers less rudely rustic than the women. Indeed, it seemed to me that all the English farm folk, by the time they reached middle age, became what we would call "characters." In their looks they grew knotty and gnarled and earthy; and this outward appearance is more or less typical of their minds. In features the men are strongly individualized; no two are alike—a result in part due to the many odd and old-fashioned ways

they have of trimming and training their beards. Clothing is quaint, and their heavy footwear added to their laborious lives makes the movements of all except the more youthful and vigorous seem ungainly.

As the season advances, the women are to be found in the hop gardens and in the wheat and hay fields. Wheat, or "corn," as it is called in Britain, is sown in drills about six inches apart, and as soon as it gets well started, the women



FELLING AN OAK.

gossiped one of them cut a companion's hair with his sheep-shears.

All the heaviest farm work is done by men, but the lighter field tasks are undertaken by women to a considerable extent, though I believe these are always intermittent, never continued week after week the year through. My first sight of women workers was on the newly ploughed grounds of early spring. They were going over the fields with forks and picking out all the witch-grass roots. These they piled in little heaps, which later were burned. Their working day was seven or eight hours long, and their pay a shilling.

go through it and hoe out the weeds.

In May, when the hop gardens are bristled all over with bare, newly set poles, around which the vines are just beginning to twine, there are pretty sure to be two or three women in every such field "op-tying," as they would say. This consists in fastening the vines to the poles so that they will be sure to climb and not sprawl around on the ground. Most of the women wear wide brimmed straw hats tied on with handkerchiefs. Each has a long bag fastened to her waist, in which she carries the green rushes that she uses in tying. They work very deftly,



AN OLD FARMHOUSE.

though they keep their tongues going as fast as their hands.

Once in a visit of mine to a hop garden, a worker held her tawny arms out toward me and said, "I s'pose the women don't get browned and burned that-a-way in America. But we've always been at this same work, and we'll keep right on at it as long as we've got a breath left."

It seemed to me they were doing the work with unusual celerity. I said as much, and the women explained that this was because they were paid for the amount they did and not for their time; and she added frankly, "If it were day work, we'd stop that much to talk the 'ops wouldn't get tied in all summer."

Just as I was leaving the hop garden I heard a tree crash to the earth in a near grove, and when I turned aside to learn the cause I found several men felling oaks. They did this by sawing off the trunks low down, almost level with the ground. The stumps left were barely six inches high. Compared with that, the two or three foot stumps of Canada and the great gashes we make in getting our trees down seem very wasteful. The oak

bark is sold to tanneries, and after a tree was felled the men with their axes, billhooks and other instruments stripped it off from both trunk and branches down to limbs not over an inch and a half in diameter.

The busiest seasons on the farm are those of the hay, grain and hop harvests. There is employment then for everyone. June is the haymaking month, and its scenes have sometimes as much the air of carnival as of labour. This is especially true when the early fields are mown near the villages. On pleasant evenings half the population is out watching the men swinging their scythes in the slow fading light. The children are in the new-mown grass having a frolic, tumbling about and gathering up great armfuls to throw at each other. Their mothers watch them from over the fence and laugh at their haps and mishaps. The little ones get hot and red-faced, and some are hurt and shed tears, but it is not easy to induce them to start for home before the men stop work at about ten o'clock.

Most of the mowing in the level regions of England is done with a machine. Yet there are still many old-



HAYMAKING.

fashioned farmers who cling to the idea that a machine leaves about as much as it cuts. Such farmers have the work done by hand even if the farm measures half a thousand acres. The smaller farmers often have no machine, because they do not feel they can afford one, considering the amount they would use it; and on most farms there is a certain amount of land so steep or so much ditched that machine-cutting is not practical.

The mowing with scythes is done by gangs of men who go from farm to farm doing the work. I came across a party of mowers one morning eating a "tenner" (ten o'clock lunch) under a hedge. In his basket each man had half a loaf of bread and a large piece of cheese, from which he cut off such lumps as his appetite demanded. Each man also had a jug of beer brought from home, and the party had collectively a little keg of ale that was

furnished by their master. One of the men went up to the farmhouse for this at about nine o'clock each morning, and brought it back slung upon a stick over his shoulder. The men after they had disposed of their bread and cheese, drank two glasses each of the ale from a horn tumbler, and smoked a pipe of tobacco in between. When their half hour was up they all whetted their broad



MAKING A RICK.

blades and went to work again. They told me that, in their opinions, mowing machines had had their day, and were destined everywhere to be more and more displaced by hand work.

Tedders and horse-rakes are much less common than with us, particularly the former. Turning and raking are largely done by hand, usually by the women, who also roll the hay into tum-
bles.

When the work in the hayfields is well under way on a big farm, the operations take on a decided aspect of business and bustle. The most typical haying scene of this sort that I witnessed was in the broad acres of a gentleman's park. There were two waggons, one always at the rick unloading while the other was in the field. Two horses were hitched tandem to each waggon, and a ploughboy accompan-

ied each pair to drive them. Two men were on the load, three pitched on, and two old men with big rakes followed the load and gathered the scattering. At the rick were two men unloading, three on the rick receiving the hay as it was pitched up, and two or three others getting drinks of beer out of the bottles in their baskets that lay under a convenient elm. Two old fellows with fag-hooks were reaping

the grass left by the machines along the hedges; two old women and an old man were rolling up the windrows, and a young fellow on a horse-rake was going leisurely back and forth across the field. That makes twenty people. It was a pretty sight—the busy harvest field among the great, sturdy English elms, with the ivied walls and tall chimneys of “the big house” rising on the slope beyond.

Sometimes the “Squire,” the occupant of the big house, comes into the hayfield and takes part in the work. He gets off his coat and pitches on the hay with great gusto for perhaps a couple of hours, chaffs with the men, drinks beer with them, and makes himself as companionable as possible. The men feel that he is a good fellow to condescend to work on their level, and it inclines them to serve him



IN AN OLD FARMHOUSE.

faithfully. But it would not do for the squire to work every day with them; that would lower him at once in their estimation. The work is beneath him; he must do it only for fun.

The term “harvest time,” in England, means more particularly that part of summer when the wheat and other cereals are garnered. There is a repetition then of the busy scenes of haying-making. After the harvest the farmer

turns his pigs out "earshin" in the stubble fields, where they are allowed to roam six or seven hours each day till they have picked up all the stray ears of grain. Often there are sixty or seventy pigs in a drove, with a boy or two along to "mind" them.

Hop-picking begins with the first days of September. But then the blossoming brightness of the earlier months is past, the grain is nearly all reaped, the hay harvested, and the fields are bare and sombre. Yet many flowers still linger along the roadsides, and the hedges are enlivened by the scarlet of hips and haws. There is much land recently ploughed, and many new ricks are in the field corners, looking very tidy with their roofs of fresh thatch glistening in the sunlight.

I was eager to see all that I could of the hop harvest; and one day when I was passing a hop kiln and noticed smoke issuing from its squat chimney, I stopped to investigate. A small door at one end was open, and I went in, but I did not stay long. Three men in the dim interior were feeding the fires with charcoal and brimstone, and the air was so sulphurous I was glad to hurry out to escape choking. I got little notion of the process of hop-drying. The men had pointed to a ladder, and said I might go upstairs but I was already getting

anxious for a change of air and refused. Besides, they winked at each other suspiciously, and, I think, had I gone up, they would have kept me there till I tipped them. At any rate that is one of the pleasantries that the hop-drier is privileged to indulge with any visitor he can catch in that way. I asked one of the men who followed me to the door where I could see the hop-picking, and he said,

"About a mile to the south."

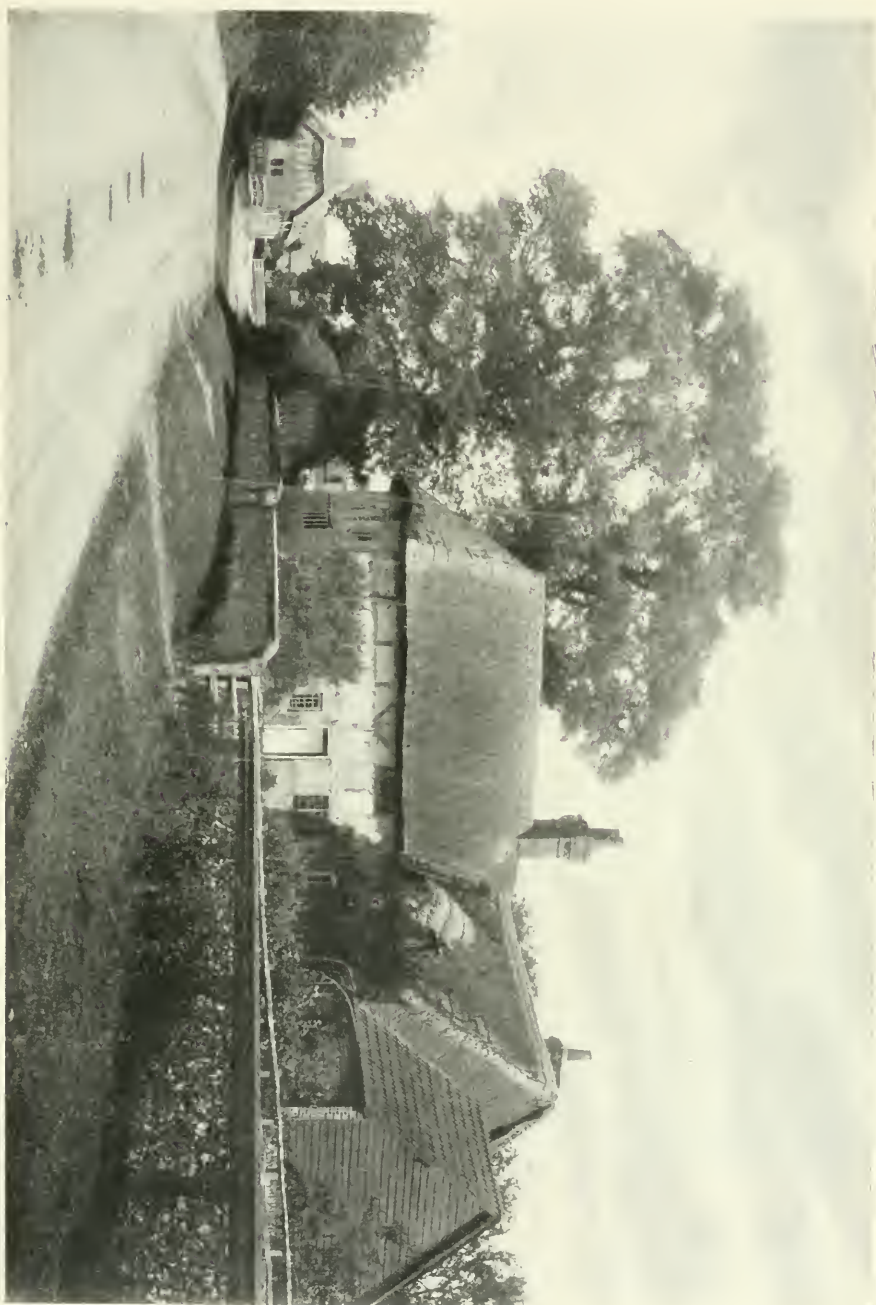
I questioned him whether I had better go around by the road or try a more direct way across lots. The man replied in the bluff, rude manner that one too often finds among the rural English, "You've got legs, ain't ye? Go there any way ye want to."

I found the pickers at work in a field that sloped down into a little valley. The poles were being taken down



"GRANDDAD HOPPING WITH THE REST."

as fast as needed, and the pickers were pulling off the hops into great baskets. Men, women and children were all at work. The old women and the grandfathers were there, and so were the babies, tucked up in blankets and wraps and lying quite contented on the ground among the shadows of the festooned poles. It was a pleasant scene there amidst the greenery—nimble fingers flying, always the voices calling and the hum of gossip, the rustic costumes, the



AN ENGLISH COTTAGE.

children playing or helping with industrious clumsiness, and in it all the rustle of the vines and the wholesome odour of the hops. It makes a healthy out-of-doors holiday, and the people flock from far and near into the hop regions to enjoy it. When the journey is short they come in great farm waggons with all their bags and baggage prepared to cook their own food and sleep in barns and sheds. They shout and joke as they go along in spite of the plodding slowness of the journey and the apparent discomfort of the vehicle. The fact that no one is too young to go is attested by the presence of one or two baby carriages dragging along at the rear of the waggon.

A vast army of hop-pickers come by train from London at this time. They are the scum of the city, a dilapidated crowd of old and young, who arrive heavily loaded with their household goods, and make a very motley scene at the railroad stations, bowed with their sacks and baskets.

stops half an hour for breakfast, at ten he eats a luncheon, and at noon takes an hour to rest and eat dinner. His work is done at five, when he trudges home to supper. Just before he goes to bed he disposes of one more luncheon, and the day is ended.

A man could hardly live and support a family on ten or twelve shillings a week, were it not that in summer he always has a chance to do "task work." While this lasts, he works extra hard and overtime, and earns six or eight shillings a day. He will very likely be out at four in the morning and keep at it till nine or ten at night.

The extra wages a man and his wife make in summer task work are used to buy shoes and clothing. The ordinary wages are pretty much used up in paying rent and in buying the daily necessities of food and drink. The fare is always rough and poor, and a couple of pounds or so of bacon is all the meat a family will eat in a week. Few make any provision for sickness,

and when sickness comes the labourer is compelled to rely on the parish doctor and parochial charity.

Yet, in spite of small earnings, there are a goodly number among the labourers who save money. With some it is a blind habit, with others it is simply miserliness, and with still others it is ambition. One does not see much chance for hoarding on the wages received, but the thrifty are always on the lookout to save their pennies.

Persons who receive parish help are sometimes found to have a considerable sum laid by when they die.

Labourers marry early. The wife has usually been in domestic service, and often contributes the larger hall



A VILLAGE CORNER.

The wages of a labourer in the poorer parts of England are ten or twelve shillings a week; while in the more favoured districts he is paid double that amount. Work begins in summer at six o'clock. At eight the labourer



DONCASTER MARKET PLACE.

of the little ready money that is spent in getting the scanty home furnishings. Very little is bought in the years that follow. A replenishing of blankets and bed linen, when it takes place, is quite apt to be from the charities which are distributed at Christmas time.

It is the rule rather than the exception that the labourer's cottage is overcrowded. Even when there are eight or nine children in a family, there may be no more than two sleeping rooms—a condition that is plainly bad both morally and physically.

One of the most interesting views of how the labourer lives and how it all ends, I got one day from a village shoemaker. My Canadian shoes had early given out on the gritty English

roads, and to make them once more serviceable I sought out this cobbler. While he worked on the shoes I sat and talked with him. I was asking about the farm workers when the shoemaker looked out of the window and said: "There's a man just goin' past. He's been workin' from early morning, ten hours, for his master. Now he's goin' home to have tea, and work in his garden awhile, and then he'll be goin' out again for two or three hours to help his wife, 'op-tying. He and his wife has to work all they can to get along. They couldn't live on their weekly wages. They has to do task work to earn something extra, or they'd have to go to the workhouse. That man in harvest just slivers into it

and works night and day, and the wife helps. The employers!—they don't care whether a man lives or dies, and if they get a man down they tread on him. They can do anything to a man or to his wife or children—and they does pretty roughish things sometimes—and the man daren't make any complaint. If he does, come Saturday night, there's his wages, and he's not wanted any more. Then where's he to go, and where's his next week's food to come from?

"Yes, these labourers travel from hedge to hedge till they are wore out, and they're so dependent on their master that some of 'em are afraid to say their soul's their own. As soon as they can't do a fair day's work they are sent to the workhouse. You can depend on 't they don't stay there long before they're brought home in a little four-wheel trap, and buried in the churchyard.

"The workhouse's worse than the grave, to the thinking of a good many of the labourers. There was poor old Tom Christurn that lived down here next to the chapel. He's dead these two years now. He was gettin' old and couldn't support himself, but he always said he wouldn't go to the workhouse,—and he didn't. The day they came to take him he cut his throat.

"The treatment's not overgrand at the workhouse, and they're not overfed there either, and they get no beer or other liquors. Then the men and women, except the older people, are all separated. A man would never see his wife there, only by chance in the yard. The preachers say, 'What God hath joined together, let no man put assunder;' but they don't pay much attention to that saying at the workhouse."

This discourse of the shoemaker's made me eager to see some paupers for myself, and a few days later I had the chance. It was on the occasion of a picnic given to the workhouse folk by a gentleman of a neighbouring village. The paupers numbered thirty or forty, the men in dark caps and white smock-frocks, and the women in blue gowns and white aprons. They were very neat, yet

they had a bleached-out, broken-down look, as if capacity and energy were pretty well gone. It was a look very different from the tough, knotty brownness of the old men still at work in the fields. I was told that one reason for the antipathy of the poor to the workhouse is that there a person is compelled to keep clean and be regular in his habits. Cleanliness is a bugbear, and it is a com-



AT THE TUBS.



A DEVON FARM FAMILY.

mon saying when a man is entering the workhouse, "Well, he won't last long. They'll soon wash him to death when he gets there."

The gentleman who entertained the paupers in his park had them brought from the workhouse in several waggons arched over with greens, and at the foot of his lawn he put up a big tent in which was spread a grand feast. After the servants had served dinner, the old people left the tent and disposed themselves comfortably on the grass and seats under the trees. Most of the old men gathered in the shade of a great beech, where tobacco and a basket of clay pipes were passed around.

The tobacco was a treat. Men in the workhouse are not allowed tobacco unless their age is over seventy. Even those who have an allowance are not satisfied, and it is the custom for visiting friends to bring along a little tobacco for a present when they call at the workhouse. As for the old

women, they complain about their allowance of tea. They are all very fond of the teapot by the time they go to the workhouse, and when friends call on one of the women paupers they present her with an ounce of tea, a little sugar, and possibly a few new-laid eggs.

While the old people were lounging and smoking, a red-uniformed band of music arrived, and spent two hours playing to the company. The gentleman who was the patron of the day joined in the paupers' celebration to the extent of lunching with a party of friends on the other side of the wide lawn. He thought the old people would enjoy themselves best if left alone. They were not at all demonstrative—their vitality had ebbed too low for that; but in their way they found it a grand occasion—one to talk of for weeks afterward. Like all good things, however, it had to have an end, and at eight o'clock the paupers were helped into their green-arboured wag-



GYPSIES ON THE ROAD.

gons and sent back to the workhouse.

In summing up the labourer's life as a whole, it cannot be said to lack a certain cheerfulness and even gaiety, in spite of hardships and in spite of the shadow that the workhouse casts over the elderly and decrepit. Wants are few and cares sit lightly. It is characteristic of the labouring folk that they live day by day. If they have work and food and housing now, they are not apprehensive about the morrow. It is people who have much to lose that worry. Happiness, too, depends largely on companionship, and that, both in their daily work and in their leisure, the English peasantry

never lack. Loneliness is not a feature of farm life in England, as it too often is here in America. The village gossip, the gatherings at the inn tap-rooms, the services at church and chapel, and the holidays and gala occasions furnish constantly recurring change and relaxation. The lives of the labourers are far from being empty and far from being uninteresting to themselves. Indeed, in my acquaintance with them, I found very few who had any desire to exchange the good of which they knew in beautiful Old England for the affluent uncertainties of our great colony beyond the seas.

KISMET.

By L. M. Montgomery.

THE fifth heat in the free-for-all was just over. "Lu-Lu" had won, and the crowd on the grand stand and the hangers-on around the track were cheering themselves hoarse. Clear through the noisy clamour shrilled a woman's cry.

"Ah—I have dropped my score-card."

A man in front of her turned.

"I have an extra one, madame. Will you accept it?"

Her small, modishly-gloved hand closed eagerly on it before she lifted her eyes to his face. Both started convulsively. The man turned very pale, but the woman's ripe-tinted face coloured darkly.

"You?" she faltered.

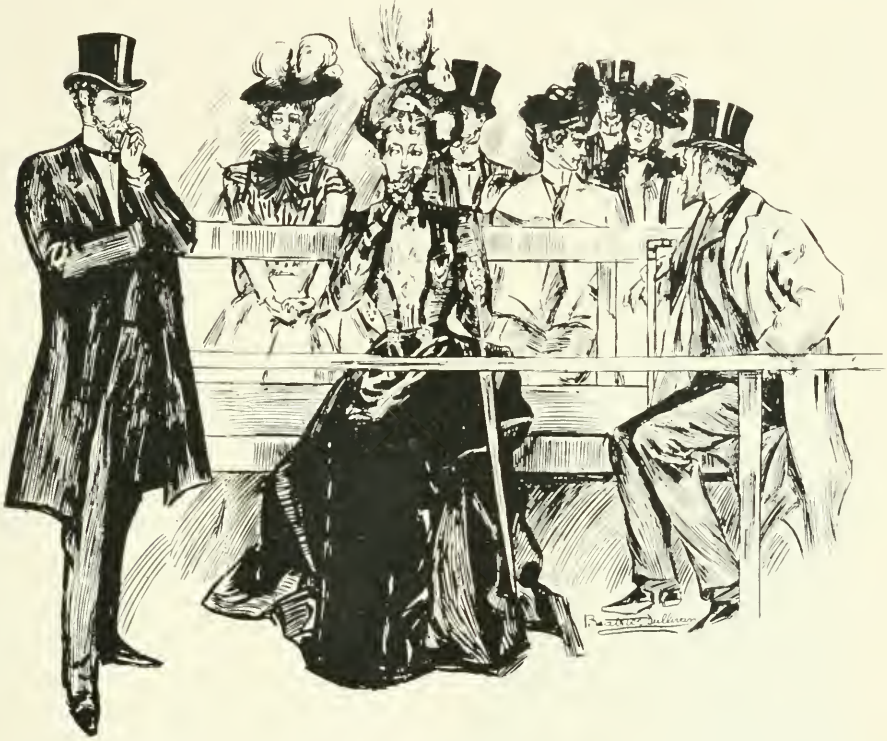
His lips parted in the coldly-grave smile she remembered and hated.

"You are not glad to see me," he said calmly, "but that, I suppose, was not to be expected. I did not come here to annoy you. This meeting is as unexpected to me as to you. I had no suspicion that for the last half-hour I had been standing next to my—"

She interrupted him by an imperious

shapeless oddity. The backers of "Mascot," the rival favourite, looked gloomy.

The woman noticed nothing of all this. She was small, very pretty, still young, and gowned in a quite unmistakable way. She studied the man's profile furtively. He looked older than when she had seen him last—there were some silver threads gleaming in his close-clipped dark hair and short



DRAWING BY BEATRICE SULLIVAN.

"She studied the man's profile furtively."

gesture. Still clutching the score-card she half turned from him. Again he smiled, this time with a tinge of scorn, and shifted his eyes to the track.

None of the people around them had noticed the little by-play. All eyes were on the track, which was being cleared for the first heat of another race. The free-for-all horses were being led away blanketed. The crowd cheered "Lu-Lu" as she went past, a

pointed beard. Otherwise there was little change in the quiet features and somewhat stern grey eyes. She wondered if he had cared at all.

They had not met for five years. She shut her eyes and looked in on her past. It all came back very vividly. She had been eighteen when they were married—a gay, high-spirited girl and the season's beauty. He was much older and a quiet, serious student.

Her friends had wondered why she married him—sometimes she wondered herself, but she had loved him, or thought so.

The marriage had been an unhappy one. She was fond of society and gaiety, he wanted quiet and seclusion. She was impulsive and impatient, he deliberate and grave. The strong wills clashed. After two years of an unbearable sort of life they had separated—quietly, and without scandal of any sort. She had wanted a divorce, but he would not agree to that, so she had taken her own independent fortune and gone back to her own way of life. In the following five years she had

succeeded in burying all remembrance well out of sight. No one knew if she were satisfied or not; her world was charitable to her and she lived a gay and quite irreproachable life. She wished that she had not come to the races. It was such an irritating encounter. She opened her eyes wearily; the dusty track, the flying horses, the gay dresses of the women on the grand stand, the cloudless blue sky, the brilliant September sunshine, the purple distances all commingled in a glare that made her head ache. Before it all she saw the tall figure by her side, his face turned from her, watching the track intently.

She wondered with a vague curiosity what induced him to come to the races. Such things were not greatly in his line. Evidently their chance meeting had not disturbed him. It was a sign that he did not care. She sighed a little wearily and closed her eyes. When the heat was over he turned to her.

"May I ask how you have been since—since we met last? You are looking extremely well. Has Vanity Fair palled in any degree?"

She was angry at herself and him. Where had her careless society manner and well-bred composure gone? She felt weak and hysterical. What if she should burst into tears before the whole crowd—before those coldly critical grey eyes? She almost hated him.

"No—why should it? I have found it very pleasant—and I have been well—very well. And you?"

He jotted down the score carefully before he replied.

"I? Oh, a book-worm and re-cluse always leads a placid life. I never cared for excitement, you know. I came down here to attend a sale of some rare editions, and a well-meaning friend dragged me out to see the races. I find it rather interesting. I must confess, much more so than I should have fancied. Sorry I can't stay until the end. I must go



"They left the grand stand together."

as soon as the free-for-all is over, if not before. I have backed 'Mascot;' you?"

"'Lu-Lu'" she answered quickly—it almost seemed defiantly. How horribly unreal it was—this carrying on of small talk, as if they were the merest of chance-met acquaintances! "She belongs to a friend of mine, so I am naturally interested."

"She and 'Mascot' are ties now—both have won two heats. One more for either will decide it. This is a good day for the races. Excuse me."

He leaned over and brushed a scrap of paper from her grey cloak. She shivered slightly.

"You are cold! This stand is draughty."

"I am not at all cold, thank you. What race is this?—oh! the three-minute one."

She bent forward with assumed interest to watch the scoring. She was breathing heavily. There were tears in her eyes—she bit her lips savagely and glared at the track until they were gone.

Presently he spoke again, in the low, even tone demanded by circumstances.

"This is a curious meeting, is it not?—quite a flavor of romance! By-the-way, do you read as many novels as ever?"

She fancied there was mockery in his tone. She remembered how very frivolous he used to consider her novel-reading. Besides, she resented the personal tinge. What right had he?

"Almost as many," she answered carelessly.

"I was very intolerant, wasn't I?" he said after a pause. "You thought so—you were right. You have been happier since you—left me?"

"Yes," she said defiantly, looking straight into his eyes.

"And you do not regret it?"

He bent down a little. His sleeve brushed against her shoulder. Something in his face arrested the answer she meant to make.

"I—I—did not say that," she murmured faintly.

There was a burst of cheering. The free-for-all horses were being brought out for the sixth heat. She turned away to watch them. The scoring began, and seemed likely to have no end. She was tired of it all. It didn't matter a pin to her whether "Lu-Lu" or "Mascot" won. What *did* matter! Had Vanity Fair after all been a satisfying exchange for love? He *had* loved her once, and they had been happy at first. She had never before said, even in her own heart: "I am sorry," but—suddenly she felt his hand on her shoulder, and looked up. Their eyes met. He stooped and said almost in a whisper:

"Will you come back to me?"

"I don't know," she whispered breathlessly, as one half fascinated.

"We were both to blame—but I the most. I was too hard on you—I ought to have made more allowance. We are wiser now both of us. Come back to me—my wife."

His tone was cold and his face expressionless. It was on her lips to cry out "No," passionately.

But the slender, scholarly hand on her shoulder was trembling with the intensity of his repressed emotion. He *did* care, then. A wild caprice flashed into her brain. She sprang up.

"See," she cried, "they're off now. This heat will probably decide the race. If 'Lu-Lu' wins I will not go back to you, if 'Mascot' does I will. That is my decision."

He turned paler, but bowed in assent. He knew by bitter experience how unchangeable her whims were, how obstinately she clung to even the most absurd.

She leaned forward breathlessly. The crowd hung silently on the track. "Lu-Lu" and "Mascot" were neck and neck, getting in splendid work. Half-way round the course "Lu-Lu" forged half a neck ahead, and her backers went mad. But one woman dropped her head in her hands and dared look no more. One man with white face and set lips watched the track unswervingly.

Again "Mascot" crawled up, inch by inch. They were on the home stretch, they were equal, the cheering broke out, then silence, then another terrific burst, shouts, yells and clappings—"Mascot" had won the free-for-all. In the front row a woman stood up, swayed and shaken as a leaf

in the wind. She straightened her scarlet hat and readjusted her veil unsteadily. There was a smile on her lips and tears in her eyes. No one noticed her. A man beside her drew her hand through his arm in a quiet proprietary fashion. They left the grand stand together.

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A ROMANCE.

By Joanna E. Wood, Author of "The Untempered Wind", "Judith Moore", etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealousy of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. She makes him promise, however, that he will never take her away from Dole, the little village close at hand, and asks him also to train himself for the position of successor to the Rev. Mr. Didymus, the present Congregational minister and sole clergyman of the village. Vashti's idea is that as wife of the minister she will be mistress of Dole with all the power for which her flinty, worldly soul craves. And when this "Daughter of Witches" so influences this nature-worshipping young man that he consents to enter the holy profession, she feels that her hour of vengeance will not be long delayed. Two years afterwards at the death-bed of the Rev. Mr. Didymus, Sydney and Vashti are married. Lanty and Mabella had been united some time previously.

CHAPTER X.

FOR six months Sidney had been minister of Dole, and already his people adored him. Never had they heard such sweet and winning sermons; never had they realized the beauty and tenderness of the gospel, never had they gone to their church with such assurance of comfort as they did now.

As Sidney learned to know them better and better, he was enabled to comprehend more and more fully the narrow lives they led, the petty poverities which afflicted them, the sore struggle it was for most of them to make ends meet. Swayed by his great sympathy he sought in Holy Writ for all the words of comfort, peace, and promise. He read these passages to them in a voice which yearned towards them from his very heart, and then he would close the Bible and preach to them lessons of the sweetest and purest morality, illuminated by illustra-

tions drawn from the fields they tilled, from the woods, and from the varied phenomena of natural life as it was manifested about them; his discourses came to them with a sweet and home-like sense of comfort. Dumbly and instinctively they loved their barren hills and meagre meadows with a great love, and it seemed to them that now they were being given reasons for the love which was in them.

If Sidney did not preach Christ he at least preached His word—and in His spirit, and the people to whom he preached never doubted of the chaos which was in the soul of their teacher. Their teacher who night and day kept their joys and sorrows in his heart.

Sidney was walking home through the powdery snow to the parsonage when he met Temperance; her face was set, and she was evidently in some distress of mind. One of Sidney's first pastoral duties had been to marry Tem-

perance and Nathan. They were established in the old Lansing house, for Nathan had rented the farm. Old Mr. Lansing lived with them.

"Well, Temperance!" said Sidney, "It's an age since I've seen you; how's everyone with you?"

"Oh, well," said Temperance; "but"—looking at him shrewdly—"it don't seem to me that you are over and above well yourself."

Sidney laughed carelessly.

"Oh—I'm always well—except for the headaches, and Vashti cures them."

"Yes, I'll be bound she does," said Temperance irascibly. "You ain't got a mite of sense neither one of you; them passes and performances ain't good for you. I don't believe in 'em, and for a minister! Sakes! they say you are an angel in the village; take care you don't get to be one."

"Then you have your doubts about my being angelic?" said Sidney laughing.

Temperance coloured but did not give way.

"Men's men," she said; "only some of them are better nor others," then she paused and grew grave and troubled again.

"You've something worrying you," said Sidney kindly; "what is it?"

"Well," said Temperance, "I don't know if I'm over anxious or not—but have you heard anything about Lanty lately?"

"Yes, I did," admitted Sidney, "and I was terribly sorry to hear it. Do you suppose it can be true?"

"I don't want to believe it," said Temperance, two bright red spots burning on her cheeks; "but—but—well—Nathan was over at Brixton to-day, and Lanty was there, and he was—not himself."

"Oh poor Mabella!" said Sidney; "I'm so sorry. I never dreamt it could be true. What can be done?"

"Nothing—that I know of," said Temperance. "M'bella's close as wax and quite right too, but she's got a worried look; I can see through M'bella, and as for Lanty, well—it would be a

pretty brave one that would speak to Lanty—he has a look!"

Sidney was in truth more distressed than he could say. That Lanty, bold, bright, honest-hearted Lanty should give way to intemperance was grievous. Sidney had always entertained a great admiration for the young countryman, who was indeed almost the antithesis of Sidney. The simplicity of his nature was very charming to this suprasensitive man who scourged his own soul with introspective inquisition. Lanty's calm and careless acceptance of the facts of life, without question as to their why and wherefore, his happy life of work with his wife and child, seemed to Sidney something to be admired as very wholesome, if not envied as being very desirable. That he should imperil this happiness seemed most tragic to Sidney.

After he parted from Temperance he walked slowly on.

It was true; Lanty had "a look." His bold eyes which had once looked so fearlessly into all the eyes they met had now changed a little. There was a kind of piteous challenge in them as of one who should say to his fellows "accuse me if you dare." Alas, over-eager denial is often an admission of guilt. The tongues had been hissing his name from house to house for long in Dole, and gradually the conviction spread that Lanty Lansing was drinking much and often—and it was true.

It was the direct result of his popularity. He had been going very often to Brixton during the past year, and there he had fallen in with a set of men who drank a great deal; the country lawyers, an old toper of a doctor, a banker and two or three idle men who spent their time in the back rooms of their friends' offices. Mixed up with this set Lanty did his drinking unseen; but alas the effects were very visible. But strange to say up to this time not one of the Dole worthies had seen him drunk.

It would seem that even chance was constrained to aid Mabella Lansing in the really heroic efforts she made to hide her degradation from the censo-

rious little world about her. That she and her husband were in any sense divisible she never dreamed. Her comprehension of the unity of marriage forbade that. That Lanty could sin apart from her, or be judged apart from her, or condemned apart from her never occurred to her simple loyal mind. As for turning upon his delinquencies the search-light of her righteousness; or posing as a martyr and bespeaking the pity of her friends as so many modern wives do—well, she had none of that treachery in her. She suffered all his repentances in her own proper person and without the anæsthetic poison which sometimes numbed him to the pain of his regrets.

At this time Mabella's little child was a source of ineffable strength and solace to its mother. Its yellow head, so like Lanty's own, brightened the days he was making so dark. Mabella, grown afraid to look at the future, spent many hours contemplating her baby. Its eyes—like bits of the blue heaven; the tiny feet whose soles were yet all uncalloused by the stones of life; the clinging hands which had as yet let fall no joy, nor grasped any thorns.—these were joys unspeakable to this mother as they have been to so many. Truly "heaven lies about us in our infancy," and now and then from the celestial atmosphere about this child a warm sense of peace, a saving thrill of hope reached out to the mother's heart. O wonderful woman heart, which, like the wholesome maple, gives forth the more sweetness the more it is pierced!

Her neighbours took up the habit of visiting her frequently. Going early and staying late, with the laudable intention of forcing themselves into a confidence denied them.

To see Lanty pass to Brixton was a signal to start to his house, there to talk to Mabella until such time as Lanty returned; and poor Mabella, all her old-fashioned wifely fidelity up in arms, talked to them bravely. They had sharp ears these mothers in Israel, but not so sharp as to outstrip Mabella's love-quickenened senses.

When Lanty came back she heard

his horse afar—before he came to the fork in the road even—and making some simple excuse to her visitor, she would speed out at the back door, see him, know if all was well. If his gait was unsteady and his blue eyes dazed, she would persuade him to go quietly up the back way. Happily at such times he was like wax in her hands. Then she would return to her visitor with some little lie about straying turkeys or depredating cows.

Oh, Eternal Spirit of Truth! Are not these lies writ in letters of gold for our instruction amid the most sacred precepts?

Once indeed Lanty did come into the room where Mrs. Simpson sat. His eyes were blurred; he swayed a little and asked loudly for the baby.

"I will find her," said Mabella quietly, though her heart sickened within her, and rising she led him from the room.

"Lanty, dear, you'll go upstairs and lie down?"

He looked at her white face; the truth gradually struggling in upon him; without a word he turned and crept up the back stairs like a beaten dog going to hide.

Mabella returned to the sitting-room taking her baby with her; she felt that she needed some fount of strength whilst encountering Mrs. Simpson's talk. When she entered, Mrs. Simpson greeted her with an indescribable pantomime of pursed-up lips, doleful eyes, uplifted hands and lugubrious shakes of the head. Even Mrs. Simpson dared not seek in words to break down Mabella's reticence, so baffling and forbidding was its wifely dignity.

Mabella regarded Mrs. Simpson's pantomime quietly.

"Are you not feeling well, Mrs. Simpson?" she asked. "Are you in pain?"

Mrs. Simpson arrested her pantomime with a jerk, and sitting very erect, quivering with righteous wrath and excitement over the exclusive information she possessed, she said:

"I'm real well—I am. I only thought—but I guess I'm keeping you;

p'raps you've got other things to do. Isn't Lanty needin' you?"

"No," said Mabella, "Lanty is not needing me. What made you think that? And I hope you'll stay to tea. I've just put the kettle forward."

"No—I can't stay," said Mrs. Simpson. "I only came to visit for a while and I've stayed and stayed." Mrs. Simpson had at the moment but one desire on earth, which was to spread the news of Lanty's fall.

"I sort o' promised to visit Mrs. Ranger this week. I've visited a long spell with you now. I guess I'll be going on. My! How like her father that young one do grow!"

"Yes, doesn't she?" said Mabella, and the gladness in her voice was unfeigned.

Miss Simpson took the goose quill out of her apron band, in which her knitting needle rested, and measured the stocking she was knitting with her second finger.

"Well!" she said, "I declare I've done a full half finger sence I been settin' here! This is my visitin' knittin'. I hain't done a loop in this stockin' but what's been done in the neighbours'. I cast it on up to Vashti's. My soul! I never can come to callin' her nothing but Vashti, if she be the minister's wife! I cast it on up there, and the preacher he was real took up with the three colours of yarn being used at in one. You have the three threads once and he sez, sez he: "'Why, Mrs. Simpson, you're all three fates in your own hands.' Then he said to Vashti, 'That would be fittin' work for you Vashti.' Well, I knowed Vashti could never manooever them three threads at once, but I didn't say nothin', bein' as I thought he was took up with the stockin' and wanted Vashti to make him some. Then he told about some woman named Penellepper that was great on knittin'. The only girl I ever knowed by that name was Penellepper Shinar, and she certingly was a great knitter; she used to knit herself open-work white-thread stockings. Well, she came to a fine end with her vanities! I wonder if 'twas

her Mr. Martin meant? Folks did say she was living gay in Boston, though 'twas said too that she went fur west somewheres and school-teached. Suz! It would be queer if 'twas her Mr. Martin meant!"

"Mr. Martin gets all those stories out of old books, in learned tongues," said Mabella simply. "When he stayed at the farm he used to tell us all sorts of stories."

"Women in books is mostly bad 'uns," said Mrs. Simpson, by this time arrayed in the old *crêpe* bonnet which had been bought as mourning for Len, and which she now wore as second best. "That holds good even to the Bible and the newspapers. And as for a preacher mixing himself up with them, I don't hold with it. But being that they're mostly dead it don't matter so much, and judging from all accounts they was good riddance when they died."

What a requiem over the "dear dead women" to whom so many songs have been sung!

"How that scented geranium grows! It beats all," said Mrs. Simpson, as Mabella escorted her to the garden gate. For anyone to have let a visitor depart alone from the doorstep would have been a scandal in Dole.

"Won't you have a slip?" said Mabella, setting down Dorothy and bending over the plant. "Its apple scented; Lanty bought it off a peddler's waggon over in Brixton in the spring; it has grown wonderfully."

She broke off a branch, ran for a bit of paper, put a little ball of earth round the stem, wrapped it up and gave it to Mrs. Simpson.

"Well, it's real generous of you to break it, Mabella; but you know the proverb, 'A shared loaf lasts long.'"

"Yes, it's true I'm sure," said Mabella.

She accompanied Mrs. Simpson to the gate and held up the baby to wave good-bye.

And Mrs. Simpson sped down the road with the fleetness of foot which betokens the news bringer.

She turned at the fork in the road

and looked back at the square house against its background of trees. Mabella was still at the gate with the yellow-headed baby.

"Well," said Mrs. Simpson to herself, "Them Lansings is certainly most tormented proud! Sich pretences! And would I stay to tea! My! I wonder Mabella Lansing can look a body in the face Gracious! She must think we're a set of dumbheads, if she thinks every soul in Dole can't see how things is goin' with Lanty. It's the drinkin' uncle coming out clear in him that's sure."

Mrs. Simpson arrived at her friend's house in ample time for tea, and under the stimulus of excitement made an excellent repast.

Without criticism upon the Dole people it must be admitted that a scandal in their midst, such as this, had much the same exhilaration about it for them that a camp meeting had.

Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Ranger talked over all the ins and outs of the Lansing family history. It was all equally well known to each, but after all, it is an absorbing and amusing thing to rake over well-hoed ground.

Public opinion had long since been pronounced upon the events which these two worthy women cited, not only that, but the grist of diverse opinions had been winnowed by the winds of time till only the grain of public decision was left.

So that when Mrs. Simpson expressed her opinion emphatically in regard to any point, she knew Mrs. Ranger would agree with her, and, knowing every link in the chain of events, knew exactly what would be suggested to the other's memory by her own remark.

But it is a great mistake to think these conversations devoid of mental stimulus. It required great adroitness to prevent the other person from seizing upon the most dramatic situations and making them hers.

Then, too, though this was an unholy thing, there was always the odd chance that an opinion, differing from that pigeon-holed in the Dole memory as correct, might be advanced. In

this case it was one's bounden duty to strive by analogy, illustration, and rhetoric, to bring the sinner back to the fold of the majority.

Nor must it be supposed that history handed down thus, crystallized into meaningless dictums. The lights and shadows were forever shifting, and when any new incident occurred the other cogent incidents in the chain were instantly magnified and dilated upon, and for the time being stood forward boldly in the foreground of the pedigree under consideration, remaining the salient points until such time as some new event shed lustre upon another set of incidents.

In view of the sensation of the moment, the "drunken uncle" loomed like an ominous spectre across the long vistas of the Lansing genealogy. For the moment he was regarded as the direct progenitor of all the Lansings, although he had died unmarried fifty years before Lanty's birth.

Mrs. Simpson added another half finger to her fateful stocking, with its triune thread ere she quitted, Mrs. Ranger's that night.

"Well, I declare," she said, as she stood on the step in the greyiness of the falling night. "I declare! I most forgot the slip Mabella gave me. It's on the bed where my bunnit was," she added to little Jimmy Ranger, who went in search of it. "It's real rare that generanium is, apple scented—smell," breaking off a leaf, pinching it, and holding it under Mrs. Ranger's nose. "Come up as soon as you can," she added, descending the two steps.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ranger, "we're going to Brixton for the blankets that have been spun of last year's wool, next week, and p'raps we'll drop in on the way home."

"Do," said Mrs. Simpson, "and you kin stay supper and visit a spell; our cider'll be made by then. Len's been over to the cooper about the mill this week. But if you should hear anything in the meantime, jest put on your bunnit and come acrost the fields neighborly."

"Yes, I will," said Mrs. Ranger;

"I guess things is comin' to a head; I wouldn't be surprised any day——"

There was a long pause.

"Nor Me," said Mrs. Simpson emphatically, "Good night."

"Good night. It gets dark real soon now."

"Yes, there's quite a tang to the air to-night. It'll be frost in no time."

"Well," soliloquized Mrs. Simpson, as she betook herself home, "Liz Ranger thinks just the same's I do; that's evident. My sakes! How Mabella Lansing can go through with it is more'n I can figure."

"It's terrible!" said Mrs. Ranger, going back leisurely to the house. "It's downright terrible. I guess Lanty went on awful to-day. Mrs. Simpson is jest full of it, but sakes! I should think she'd kind of talk low of drinkin' and sich, remembering her own Len. He was a rip, Len Simpson was, if ever there was one! But that don't seem to be a bridle on Gert Simpson's tongue. It's enough to bring a jidgment on to her, the way she talks. I wonder how Temp'rins Tribbey 'll like Lanty's goin's on?"

These reflections of Mrs. Ranger's upon Mrs. Simpson were no doubt edifying, but certainly she had carried on the conversation with quite as great a gusto as Mrs. Simpson. And if she had not enjoyed it as much it was only because Mrs. Simpson, being a redoubtable conversationalist, had filched the finest morsels of the retrospective talk for herself, it was therefore probably more a sense of wounded *amour propre* than genuine condemnation of Mrs. Simpson which led her to criticize the latter's conversational methods.

Mrs. Ranger had an uneasy and unsatisfactory idea that she had merely given Mrs. Simpson her cues.

Mabella made strong coffee that night for supper instead of tea. She dressed Dorothy in the beribboned dress that Sidney had sent from Boston. She talked cheerily and brightly to her husband. She rose from her place and came round with his cup and put it beside him, letting one hand fall with a passing but loving touch upon

his shoulder as she did so. But she did not look at his face once during all the time of supper. She dreaded to see the crown of shame upon the brow of her king. For herein again Mabella showed the steadfastness of her adherence to her husband. She suffered because he suffered. It was not the fear of the scandal that would arise, it was not the thought of her own probable future which stung her to the heart, although these thoughts were both bitter as wormwood.

It was the knowledge that Lanty, her Lanty, who was her guide, her everything, was shamed. It was the harm he was doing himself that she deplored, not the reflection of his behaviour upon herself.

How many of the women who proclaim their own patience and their husband's shortcomings upon the house-tops think of this? Not long since a certain woman, bediamonded and prosperous, was demanding sympathy from her dear half-dozen friends, recounting to them the derelictions of her husband. "There's only one comfort," she said; "after every break he makes, he always gives me a handsome present. That's always something." Yet we wonder that there are cynics!

There was no word spoken between Lanty and Mabella in reference to the afternoon. But that night in the darkness Lanty suddenly drew her into his arms.

She laid her cheek against his; both faces were wet with tears.

There was poignant apology made and free, full, loving pardon given all in that instant.

And Mabella wept out her pain on his breast.

But the shame and bitterness and self-contempt ate into Lanty's heart like a venomous canker.

All this had been in the late autumn, just after the death of old Mr. Didymus, and now it was spring and all through the winter Mabella had suffered, and hoped, and prayed, and despaired, and now it had come to this that Nathan had seen Lanty intoxicated in Brixton!

Sidney went back to the parsonage sorely troubled at heart. Vashti stood in the doorway.

Her beauty struck him freshly and vividly. It was his whim that she should dress in rich and beautiful stuffs, and Vashti was quite willing to subscribe to it. Dole groaned in spirit at the spectacle of its minister's wife in such worldly garb as she wore, but Dole would have borne much at Sidney's hands.

To-day she was clothed in a softly draped house-gown of Persian colouring, bound by a great cord girdle about her waist; it fell in long classic lines to her feet. Vashti's face had gained in majesty and strength since her marriage. She was thinner, but that, instead of making against her beauty, raised it to a higher plane. There was a certain luxuriousness in her temperament which made her rejoice in the beautiful things with which Sidney surrounded her. She felt instinctively that she gained in forcefulness and in individuality from her setting. And, indeed, she fitted in well amid the beautiful pictures and hangings with which Sidney had adorned the enlarged parsonage. She had always seemed too stately, too queenly, for her commonplace calicoes and cashmeres. Her mien and stature had made her surroundings seem poor and inadequate. But in this gem of a house she shone like a jewel fitly set. Sidney had had his own way about the primary arrangements, and had installed a strong working woman in the kitchen with Sally, the ex-native of Blueberry Alley, as her under-study.

Vashti was perfectly content with this, and, whilst she knew all Dole was whispering about her, held upon her way undisturbed. She had developed, to Sidney's intense joy, a very decided taste in the matter of books. Her mind was precisely of the calibre to take on a quick and brilliant polish. She read assiduously, and her perceptions were wonderfully acute.

Her beginnings in literary appreciation were not those of a weakling. Her mental powers were of such order that

from the first she assimilated and digested the strong, rich food of the English classics.

She delighted in verse or prose which depicted the conflict of passion and will, of circumstances and human determination. Alas, her education only made her more determined to gain her purpose, more contemptuous of the obstacles which opposed her.

And yet, if her purpose had not been of the most steadfast, she might well have been discouraged.

Lanty and Mabella seemed so securely happy. Vashti was, however, gaining an ascendancy over her husband which almost puzzled herself. She had no comprehension whatever of the nature of the power by which she was enabled to cause a deep mesmeric sleep to fall upon him. Nor did she understand in the least how gradually but surely she was disintegrating his will. When his headaches came on now half a dozen gestures of her waving hands were sufficient to induce the hypnoses which brought him forgetfulness. Ignorant of the potency of suggestion she often stood watching him whilst he slept, feeling within her the striving of her dominant will, as of an imprisoned spirit striving to burst the confining bars.

"Come into the study," said Sidney, as he reached her side. "I have some very bad news."

"My father?" she said.

"No, Lanty." She blanched to the tint of the powdery snow. Together they went to the study, and he told her.

Her breath came quickly.

Was the longed-for opportunity to be given into her hands at last?

With all her mental activity she could not yet guess how Lanty's decadence might yield her the opportunity she craved.

But the position of affairs had seemed so barren of hope for her that any change seemed to make revenge more near.

So the evil in her leaped and strove upward like a flame given fresh fuel and freer air.

CHAPTER XI.

The fragrant pink arbutus had replaced the snow-wreaths upon the hill-sides, the downy whorls of the first fern fronds were pushing through the dark-brown leaves, the fragile hepaticas had opened their sweet eyes wide, when one morning Sidney took the sloping path which led up the hill overlooking Dole.

His face was pale and drawn, his grey eyes half distraught, his slender, nervous hands clinched as if to hold fast to some strand of hope, some last remnant of courage, some crumb of consolation for that moment when his soul, utterly bereft, should cry aloud in desolation.

Sidney Martin preached to his people sweet and wholesome sermons, instinct with the hopefulness and charity of one who believes that, "all things work together for good," and that "the mute beyond is just," but in his own soul was chaos.

Always sensible of his personal responsibility towards his fellows, he had now become almost morbid upon the subject.

The old workman had known Sidney better than Sidney had known himself, and his prophecies were being fulfilled.

Happy as Sidney was in his husbandhood, yet the possession of Vashti was not a narcotic strong enough to stupefy his keen spiritual nature.

Every Sunday before he entered the pulpit he endured a Gethsemane; every time he quitted it he sought the faces of his people yearningly, pitifully, eager to be assured that his words had comforted them.

He spent all his time thinking of and for them, and he had won closer to their hearts than he guessed. They gave him confidences which had been withheld from their fellows for years, and thus let in to the closed chambers in their humble lives, he was able to justify himself to Vashti for the very lenient way in which he looked upon their lapses. He sometimes wondered that their common experiences of poverty and effort did not make them

more considerate in their judgments upon each other. But they found in him always a merciful judge. He visited their homes, he knew their hopes and fears, he appreciated the pathos of their narrow ambitions, at which a less great-hearted man might have laughed.

He went into the little school-house frequently, and strove in simple words to awaken the children to the beauty about them, to the possibilities of life. He had great hopes of the children. Already he had singled out several whom he thought might make scholars. He promised himself that they should be given the opportunity.

He had been going to the school that morning when a little incident occurred which awakened all his most poignant doubts of himself, and the righteousness of his ministry.

Passing by the school-playground, he had seen some evil words chalked up in a school-boy hand upon the board fence. It was like a blow in the face to Sidney—so eager to instil the doctrines of sweetness and light into these children. Why, O why had that boyish hand traced the symbols to form that evil idea? It was as if a clear spring should suddenly cast up mud instead of water.

Sidney effaced the words, but turned away from the school. The whole morning was poisoned for him. Poor Sidney! Doubtless he was supra-sensitive, and yet—why had not the boy chosen some sweet and beautiful words to write upon that sunny spring morning? Surely they would have been more in keeping with the whole world as the boy's eyes saw it?

We may smile at Sidney as he agonizes alone upon the hill, but it was by such vigils as these that he won so close to the heart of the God in whom he had no belief.

Sidney wandered about in the woods upon the hillside till gradually some little of the peace of the day entered into his spirit. He gathered a bunch of arbutus to take home to Vashti. He encountered no one upon the return journey but Mr. Simpson, who "pass-

ed the time of day" with the minister, as he said afterwards, and then proceeded to try to draw him out regarding Lanty. It was very easy for Sidney to parry old Mr. Simpson's queries, but they made him very uneasy nevertheless.

Vashti whitened as Sidney related the circumstances to her.

Could there be anything new? she wondered. Sidney had one of his intense headaches, and, after the mid-day meal, Vashti proposed to give him ease from it by putting him into a sleep.

"You are my good angel, Vashti," he said, catching her fingers as she made the first pass across his forehead, and kissing them one by one. She looked down at him, for he lay upon the green leather couch in the study, and smiled almost tenderly. His continual sweetness of temper, his unselfishness, his thoughtfulness, and, above all, his great adoration for her had touched her greatly since their marriage. She was too keen an observer, too clever a woman, not to recognize that this man was head and shoulders above the men she had known. She had moments when she was enraged against herself for loving Lanty instead of her husband, but yet her heart never wavered in its allegiance to her yellow-haired cousin. There was something in his magnificent physique, his superabundant energy, his almost arrogant virility, which appealed to her. Beneath that calm, pale face of hers were strong passions, sleeping, but stirring in their sleep at the voice which did not call them.

Sidney, or Sidney's welfare, would never weigh with her a featherweight if balanced against a chance of winning Lanty from her cousin, or of revenging herself upon them both, yet there were times when she wished that it had been any other man than Sidney who was bound to her.

"It is you who are good," she said. "The village people think you are a saint."

"Vashti," said Sidney, wistfully. "Do you think I do them good?"

"Indeed, yes," said Vashti, "just think how they turn out to church. Its something wonderful."

Sidney's eyes lighted up with delight of her praise.

"Oh, Vashti!" he said, "I am so glad. I often wonder if you are satisfied with my work. You know it was you who ordained me to the priesthood."

A slow colour stole into her cheeks. She waved her hands soothingly above his brow, then posing two fingers upon his temples where the pain was, said gently but imperatively, "*sleep, sleep,*" and almost immediately, with her name upon his lips, he closed his eyes and fell into a deep slumber.

She leaned back in her chair and looked about the room, so manifestly the sanctum of a man of taste. The bookshelves which extended round and round the room to the height of a man's shoulder, were filled with books uniformly bound in dark green leather.

This was a miracle in Dole, and Sally was wont to dilate upon the astonishing circumstance, and marvel that Mister Martin could find the one he wanted among so many all alike. The mere fact of the titles being different did not appeal to Sally.

Above the bookshelves against a soft harmonious background were beautiful etchings from the paintings Sidney loved. Millet's peasants, Burne-Jones' beautiful women, Meissonier's cavaliers, Rossetti's "Beata Beatrix." Upon the top of the bookshelves were two exquisite marbles, the winged Victory of Samothrace, and the Venus de Milo, and one bronze—the famous wing-footed Mercury, slender, lithe, and seeming ever to sweep on with the messages of the gods.

Vashti sat long there, then she remembered that it was the day of the sewing circle. The meeting was at the house of Mrs. Winder that day.

Vashti rose and left the room, she put on her hat, paused to look at herself in her glass, and smiled to think of how the women would whisper, when her back was turned, about her Boston gown and her modish hat.

Vashti rather liked to amaze her fellow-women. With all her strength of mind there was much femininity about her, and when it came to prodding up other women she was an adept.

As she passed the open study door she paused and looked in where her husband lay, sunk in the unconsciousness of a hypnotic sleep. For a moment she had a great desire to awaken him, but still softened by unwonted tenderness she refrained from doing so. Vashti liked not only to parade her Boston finery before the sewing circle, but also her husband.

After all, being the minister's wife in Dole had charms.

"If I had only told him to come for me," she said regretfully. "I wish he would, at five o'clock. I've a mind to wake him up and ask him." She hesitated. The light slanted in across Sidney's face, its pallor shone out startlingly.

She turned away and ere long was nearing Mrs. Winder's. She walked slowly up the path to the front door. Sidney often forgot that it was one of the preacher's privileges to do this, but Vashti always remembered what was fitting; besides she knew the window of the sitting-room commanded the little path, and she thought the sewing circle might just as well be edified by her progress from the gate as not.

"My! Vashti is most terrible cherked up in her dress," said Mrs. Ranger to Mrs. Winder.

"Yes, that gownd must have cost a lot, but they say 'tis by the preacher's wish."

"Who said that?" asked Mrs. Simpson.

"Well," said Mrs. Ranger volubly, "I heard that too; it was Sally, up at the preacher's, that told young Mary Shinar, and Mary Shinar told Tom, and Tom had it over to our Ab at Brixton a week come Saturday, that the preacher draws the patternings for Vashti's gownds, and colours them himself, and measures Vashti with a tape line, and sends the hull thing off to somewheres in Bosting, and Sally up at the preacher's says that when they come from

Bosting the sleeves and the waist is all filled full of silk paper to hold 'em in shape, and that it's like a body in a coffin when the lid is taken off, and—yes, my turkeys has been laying for a week now," concluded Mrs. Ranger with an abrupt change of subject and tone, for Vashti at that moment entered the room. Now Vashti herself had ere now switched off her conversation to a side track, and when she heard Mrs. Ranger answering a question which had not been asked, she smiled in a manner to make even Mrs. Ranger uncomfortable.

Vashti had hardly taken her place before Temperance entered, and presently the twenty or thirty women were busy with their needles upon the somewhat formless garments which are supposed to conduce to the salvation of the heathen, and whilst their needles were busy their tongues kept pace.

There were many things of importance to be discussed, the health of Vashti's father (who had had another stroke), the setting of hens, the finding of turkeys' nests, house cleaning and garden making—the springtime in the country is always a busy time—and above and beyond all these things there was a most exciting subject, the downfall of a certain Ann Serrup; of this the matrons whispered together.

"Has Mr. Martin been over yet?" asked Mrs. Winder of Vashti, after trying in several indirect ways to find out.

"No," said Vashti, "I don't think he has heard of it. I didn't tell him and I don't think anyone has."

"If you take my advice," said Temperance, making her needle whistle through the cotton, "If you take my advice you'll keep the preacher away from that mess. He's that soft-hearted that he's liable to be taken in—besides it's more likely a woman's help she needs. Laws, I oftning think of Ann, all alone. Why don't you go yourself, Vashti?"

"I have thought of it for a couple of months," said Vashti. "It's nearly a year old now isn't it?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Winder proceed-

ing to give data. "But sakes! Why couldn't she stay over Brixton way without coming into our parish with her brat."

"They have souls," said Vashti, suddenly drawing the mantle of the preacher's wife about her.

"Well, one of 'em shouldn't have," said Mrs. Ranger irately. "Sakes, I don't know what girls is coming to!"

"I expect she didn't have much chance," said Temperance deprecatingly.

"That's no excuse for sin," said Vashti austere.

Temperance sniffed audibly. The clock struck five, and a footstep sounded upon the porch of the backdoor.

"Run see who that is," said Mrs. Winder to Jimmy.

The women held their needles suspended midway in the stitch, and Sidney's voice came cheerily from the kitchen.

"Why lands sake! It's Mr. Martin and by the kitching too!" said Mrs. Winder bustling forward to welcome him.

He entered gracefully, greeting them all in his gentle genial way which seemed to bring him so close to their hearts; but his eyes sought out Vashti where she sat half anticipative—half dreaming of the words he would say. Somehow it seemed to her that she was taking part in a scene which had been rehearsed long since and which grew slowly into her recollection. Sidney would say—she thought the words and Sidney's voice seemed the audible echo of the phrase, "You wanted me to come at five," he said; I just woke up in time; it was fortunate I did not forget. Are you going over to see your father?"

"Yes," said Vashti rising mechanically, a strange mingling of awe and exaltation, not unmixed with fear, at her heart.

"You will excuse my wife if she is lazy to-day Mrs. Winder," said Sidney laughing, "but I hope you won't follow her bad example and leave off before the six o'clock bell; we must have full time in the sewing-class!"

There was a general smile at this mild wit. Minister's jokes are always highly appreciated.

"What a beautiful view you get from this window," said Sidney, looking out across to the hill. Mrs. Winder saw her opportunity and took it.

"Yes," she said, "but you get a terrible fine view from the window in the front room—just step in, if you'll take the trouble," so saying Mrs. Winder threw open the door of the sacred front room, revealing all its glories to Sidney's gaze, and preceding him with a great assumption of unconsciousness, she rolled up the paper blind and pointed out of the window.

Sidney looked, and saw almost opposite him a new frame barn whose pine walls showed glaringly and somewhat oppressively in the sun.

"The new barn 'ill be done in two weeks," said Mrs. Winder as Sidney turned away; "you see it lengthways from here."

"It looks very well," said Sidney kindly. Then he bade them all good-bye and departed with Vashti, who was silently marvelling. This was the first inkling Vashti had of the force of "suggestion."

Meanwhile the tongues buzzed in the company they had left. The women were conversationally inclined; excitement is a great stimulant to the flow of ideas, and certainly this meeting of the sewing-circle had had its sensation. Mrs. Winder's boldness in inveigling the preacher in to see the glories of the front room had been appreciated at its full worth. Not one of these dames but had cherished a secret longing to show off her front room to Sidney—but so far he knew only the mundane comfortableness of the "setting-rooms."

Mrs. Winder had scored largely that day.

And the meeting was not over.

Mrs. Ranger had been irritated that afternoon in various ways. Vashti's smile when she entered had made Mrs. Ranger uncomfortable.

"Although," as she said to Mrs. Winder, "what could she expect? My sakes! I don't care if she did hear

me! It's all gospel truth and what can she expect, being the preacher's wife, but to be talked about?"

What indeed?

Then, too, Mrs. Ranger felt Mrs. Winder had indulged in reprehensibly sharp practice in regard to the front room—and—but it is needless to enumerate the different irritations which, combined, made Mrs. Ranger venomous. She felt she must ease the pressure upon her patience by giving some one's character a thorough overhauling; so with a side look at Temperance, and a tightening of her meagre mouth, she began to speak of Lanty.

Now in Dole, if any subject was brought up which hurt or pained you, you were expected to look indifferent, make no reply, and strive by keeping a calm front to deny the honour of putting on the shoe when it fitted.

The Spartan boy's heroism has often been out-done by women who smiled and smiled whilst venomous tongues seared their hearts. So Mrs. Ranger began boldly, as one does who fires from under cover at an unarmed foe.

But Temperance had been so long one of the Lansing family that she had assimilated a little of their "unexpectedness," and as Mrs. Ranger continued her remarks, egged on by acquiescing nods from the other women, there began to gather upon the brow of Temperance a deep black cloud.

Mrs. Ranger paused in her harangue to gather breath for her peroration, when suddenly the thread of talk was plucked from her ready lips by the strident voice of Temperance, who, rising to her feet, and gathering her sewing together as she spoke, proceeded to deliver herself of an opinion upon the charity of the women about her. In whatever particular that opinion erred, it certainly merited praise for its frankness. After Temperance had indulged in a few pungent generalizations she narrowed her remarks to Mrs. Ranger's case. Never in all the annals of Dole had any woman received such a "setting out" from the tongue of another as Mrs. Ranger received that day from

Temperance. Temperance spoke with a knowledge of her subject which gave play to all the eloquence she was capable of; she discussed and disposed of Mrs. Ranger's forebears even to the third generation, and when she allowed herself finally to speak of Mrs. Ranger in person, she expressed herself with a freedom and decision which could only have been the result of settled opinion.

"As for your tongue Mrs. Ranger, to my mind, it's a deal like a snake's tail—it will keep on moving after the rest of you is dead."

With which remark Temperance departed from the sewing circle which had metaphorically squared itself to resist the swift onslaught of her invectives; she gathered her skirts about her as she passed through the room, with the air of one fain to avoid contamination, and stepping forth as one who shakes the dust from off her prunella shoes as a testimony against those she is leaving, she took the road home. Temperance's mouth was very grim, and a hectic spot burned the sallowness of her cheeks, but she said to herself as she strode off briskly:

"Well—I 'spose its onchristian but its a mighty relief t' have told that Mrs. Ranger just once what I think of her—but oh pore Lanty and pore, pore M'bella! To think it should come about like this!"

And the red spots upon her cheeks were extinguished by bitter tears.

The sewing circle broke up in confusion; one could only hear a chorus of "Well—I declare" "It beats all!" "Did you ever!" as the ladies bundled their work together—each eager to get home to spread the news and to discuss the matter with her husband.

And that night in the starlight Mabella waited at the little gate listening for the hoof beats of Lanty's horse from one side, and the cry of little Dorothy from the house, behind her.

And when Lanty came—alas! What "God's glowworms" in the sky revealed, we shall not say.

But we will echo the words of Temperance—"Pore Lanty—pore, pore M'bella!"

(To be continued.)

BIRDS OF THE GARDEN.

SECOND PAPER.

By C. W. Nash ; with Drawings by the Author.

PERHAPS the most sociable of all our native birds is the chipping sparrow, which usually makes its appearance between the tenth and the fifteenth of April. It may be distinguished from all our other summer sparrows by its small size and bright chestnut crown, and by its confiding gentle ways. If not harassed by cats it will frequent the doorsteps and verandahs of our houses, and build its nest in any ornamental shrub about the lawn. I once saw a nest placed among some trailing plants growing from a hanging basket on a verandah at a friend's house; the young were raised and the old birds visited them and fed them, without paying the slightest attention to the people who might be occupying the verandah at the time.

Chippy's simple nest structure is composed of fine roots and grass, always lined with horsehair; in it are laid four or five pale bluish eggs, spotted and scrawled over with purplish brown.

These birds remain with us until about the middle of September, when they start off on their long journey to the extreme southern States and Mexico, where they spend the winter.

THE SAPSUCKER.

About the same date as that on which the chippy arrives, the yellow-bellied woodpeckers or sapsuckers appear, and they are generally quite common about our orchards and gardens for a week or two, after which the great majority of them drift on northward. They breed throughout their range in Ontario, but the bulk of them resort to the northern forests for that purpose. This species is worthy of some attention, because it is owing

to its propensity for boring trees to obtain the rising sap that more or less odium has attached to all the other woodpeckers, though none of them are addicted to this practice.

The sapsucker undoubtedly does in the spring drill small holes in the bark of trees to obtain the sap which flows from them, but though I have investigated the matter pretty closely during the last thirty years, I have never yet seen any greater harm result to the tree from the bird's operations than a slight disfigurement, and that only occasionally. This bird's food consists of insects which it obtains from the trunk and larger branches of trees, principally of those mature insects which resort to such places for the purpose of hiding in the crevices or depositing their eggs there. It also eats large numbers of ants. So that apart from its sap-drinking proclivities the bird's usefulness is beyond question, and I am satisfied that fruit growers and horticulturists would find it to their interest to protect this and all other woodpeckers, instead of destroying them, for they form the natural safeguard against the tree-boring insects.

Early in September the sapsuckers again become abundant in southern Ontario for a time, and re-visit their spring haunts, but by the first of October they have all sought their winter home which is (for the bulk of them) south of latitude 37°.

THE MYRTLE WARBLER.

About the twentieth of April the first myrtle warblers will in all probability show themselves, and by the twenty-fifth they will in most seasons have become abundant everywhere. They are readily distinguishable from any other

of the birds frequenting the garden at this season, by the four clearly marked yellow patches on their plumage; the crown, tail coverts and a patch on each side of the breast being clear yellow, the rest of the upper parts slaty blue with black streaks, beneath white with black blotches along the sides. Some strange movements occasionally occur amongst these birds, for though they are usually among the most abundant of all our feathered visitors, there are seasons when they are conspicuous by their absence; in such cases they have probably gone northward by some other than their ordinary route. In the fall, however, I have never missed seeing them at their proper time or in their usual number.

After the middle of September they begin to re-appear, and are soon abundant, and so remain until the frosty nights of October warn them to work southward. They winter in abundance in southern Texas, and great numbers pass on from there through Mexico to Central America as far even as Panama. They are hardy birds, however, and some winter as far north as the lower half of the Mississippi Valley. This species is the most abundant, as well as the first representative of that large class of birds known as the warblers. Of these we have about thirty species regularly visiting us in greater or less abundance every season. Why they were originally called warblers I do not know, unless it was because they, as a class, are possessed of less musical powers than most other classes of birds. At any rate but very few of them are entitled to take any rank whatever as songsters, and of these fewer still ever exhibit their musical qualities whilst with us. On two or three occasions I have heard the myrtle warbler sing, and I am inclined to think that this species is entitled to be considered the prima donna or star of the whole warbler tribe. However, as there are so many others that I have never heard sing at all, any of which could quite easily do better, without even then being equal to a very ordinary songster, I won't pretend to give

a judgment in the matter. Although the warblers as a class are not to be highly commended as song birds, they certainly are to be admired for the beauty of their plumage, many of them being among the most brilliant of our feathered creatures. Not only are they beautiful, but they are all of them of the greatest value from an economic standpoint. Their food consists throughout the spring and summer entirely of insects, varied in the fall by elderberries and other small wild fruits. Unfortunately very few of them can properly be called garden birds; the commoner ones amongst them are sometimes noticeable for a short time during their hurried visit in the spring and again on their more leisurely conducted trip towards the south in the autumn. The great majority do not breed with us, and none of them have any of the nice familiar ways or well-marked individualities which make other birds so interesting about our premises.

THE CAT-BIRD.

Some fine morning about the twenty-fifth of April your ears may be saluted with a drawling "miou," something like the noise made by a cat that has been out all night and is now repenting it. If you look in the direction the sound seems to come from, you may possibly see a dark, slate-coloured bird, but it is also probable that you will see nothing, and then you may hear the same note apparently coming from somewhere else. The sound is uttered by a cat-bird, and the bird is something of a ventriloquist. So long as the bird knows that it is not seen it will sit openly on a branch and squall at you, but directly it finds itself observed it drops into a thicket and hides. Don't abuse and condemn the cat-bird too hastily, because it has this hideous alarm note. It is like some human beings I know who have one bad habit, which is sometimes a nuisance, but who in all other respects are valuable citizens. The cat-bird has no other bad propensities, and is in every way a useful feathered citizen. If there is

any moderately thick shrubbery about the garden the cat-birds will be very likely to decide upon it for their nesting site. They are not very particular about close concealment if they find they are not likely to be harassed and disturbed. Last year a pair built in a small heap of brush I had thrown together not thirty yards from the back door of my house, and a pair have a nest somewhere near me again this season. The nest is not much more than a rough platform of twigs lined with fine roots, and in it are deposited four or five very beautiful dark bluish-green eggs.

As a songster the cat-bird is unexcelled by any of our native birds, the great variety of its notes and the spirit and vim with which it utters them are charming. This particularly applies to its morning and evening songs, which are usually given from the topmost twig of some tall tree, but it has another softer and even more beautiful song which it sings at all hours of the day in the nesting time. This is generally sung while the bird is hidden in some bush near where the female is sitting, and may be intended for her benefit alone. To hear it you have to approach very cautiously, for if the bird hears or sees you the song immediately ceases, and the bird comes towards you with wings drooping and tail jerking, and promptly overwhelms you with his cat-like yells so that you are glad to get away and leave them in peace.

The cat-bird's food consists principally of foliage-eating caterpillars with a sprinkling of beetles and other insects, and occasionally after a rain they will be seen on the lawn and about the flower beds hunting for cutworms and other underground larvæ. After the cherries ripen they will visit them, and perhaps levy some small toll for their services, but all they take they have well earned. After the young have flown they leave our gardens, and resort to the bush, where they remain in seclusion during the moulting season. By the end of September the bulk have gone on their journey to the south of

the southern States, where they spend the winter.

THE SWALLOWS.

Of the swallow tribe we have five well-known species in Ontario, viz., the white-breasted swallow, purple martin, barn swallow, cliff swallow and sand martin; the first four of these have attached themselves so entirely to the habitations of men that I suppose I ought to mention them here. The sand martin has still preserved its independence, and up to now has declined to have anything to do with men or their "contraptions." The white-breasted swallow formerly built its nest in holes in trees, and so did the purple martin, but now they invariably select a hole or crevice in some building, or take possession of a bird house erected for their benefit. From these places the house sparrow is now driving them by taking possession during the winter whilst the swallows are away, and persistently remaining in occupation after their return. If this continues all over the country the swallows will perforce be obliged to again resort to their original nesting sites, and we shall lose from about our houses a most useful class of birds. The barn swallow plasters its open-topped mud-constructed nest against the sides of the barn or under the porch, or any place that promises safety and a cover, and has not as yet been molested to any great extent by the sparrows, the nest not being quite big enough to suit their purpose. The cliff swallows build in colonies, and plaster their curious bottle-shaped nests against the outside of a barn; these nests the sparrows rather fancy, and some colonies have been broken up by them. This will cause the whole swallow tribe to leave the vicinity of our towns where the sparrows congregate most, and we shall not profit by the exchange, though, as our cities grow, we should have had to lose the swallows anyway, and perhaps it is better to have the house sparrow than no bird life at all.

THE MAGNOLIA WARBLER.

By the tenth of May the tide of migration is at its height, the majority of our various species of warblers will have arrived, amongst them the well-known yellow warbler, the only really friendly one of the family. It remains in and about the garden all through the summer, and builds its nest near our houses, but of this I will speak next month. Among the others that will probably be noticed are the chestnut-sided warbler, black-throated blue, black-throated green, black and white Blackburnian and Magnolia warblers; the last two of these are certainly among the most beautiful of our birds. A written description of these graceful little creatures utterly fails to convey any proper idea of the brilliancy of their colouring. The Blackburnian may, however, be distinguished by its black back and crown, the latter having a central spot of orange, while the rest of the head and the whole throat is a most vivid orange colour, underparts yellowish white, large white wing bars. The Blackburnians do not remain very long with us. By the twenty-fifth of May they have gone on to the woods north of us, where they breed. Early in September they return much duller in plumage, drift along with the crowd of other warblers, and so are much less noticeable than when clad in their flaming spring suit. They winter south of the southern States, many going as far as Central America.



THE CHIPPING SPARROW.



THE CAT-BIRD.

In the estimation of a great many people the magnolia warbler equals or even surpasses the Blackburnian in brilliancy of colouring. It certainly has greater variety. Everyone has his fancy about these things, and I prefer the Blackburnian. The illustration shows the arrangement of the markings, and the general colouration is as follows: crown, clear ash bordered by a white stripe running from the eye to the nape; below that a broad black stripe from the beak to and joining the black patch on the back; throat, clear yellow; back, dark olive with a black patch in the centre, tail coverts clear yellow, large white wing patch, beneath deep yellow, with two stripe of black on each side, fused into a patch on the breast; tail feathers with a white blotch on all but the centre pair. The female is duller, and the markings less distinct. Like the Blackburnian, this little beauty does not breed in southern Ontario, but it does not go very far north of us before selecting its nesting place. I expect before long we shall have conclusive evidence that this, as well as most of our visitors, raise their young in the Muskoka district. At the beginning of September the magnolias again appear, on their way to Central America, where they pass the winter.

THE BLUE WARBLER.

The black-throated blue warbler is a very neat little bird, easily recognizable by its blue back and white under parts, with a well-marked black patch on the throat, and white wing patches. The female is more difficult to identify, being a very plainly clad little woman, the upper part of her plumage is dull olive green, the under part yellowish white; there is always some trace of a white wing patch, but sometimes this is very slight. This species is not of



MAGNOLIA WARBLER.

much interest to us, as it soon passes on to the north, and we see it no more until its return in the fall. With the black-throated green warbler we have more concern; it is quite common and regularly breeds throughout its range in the province though, unless there are a good many evergreens about, it is not apt to stay in the garden to

nest, its preference seemingly being for rather open places, where cedars and hemlocks are dotted about. In some large gardens I know, I find it settled every summer. It has rather a plaintive sort of song, which it keeps up all through the season, even in the hottest weather, when nearly all birds are silent. They leave us early in October, and go south to Central America.

The chestnut-sided warbler is as compared with those just mentioned

quite a plainly attired little fellow, whose name sufficiently describes him. Although this bird's appearance does not render it very noticeable among the more gaily attired of his fellows, yet as it is one of the few warblers that really does warble, it is worthy of mention. In fact, the bird has some claim to be considered a songster. On several occasions I have heard it, and have been surprised at the volume of sound that can be produced by such a little body.

These birds breed throughout their range in Ontario, quite frequently selecting a bush or small tree in a garden for that purpose. On one occasion a pair built their nest in a currant bush in my garden in the town of Dundas, and hatched their young, but the inevitable prowling cat found them out and destroyed them.

THE REDSTART.

Another and most beautiful little warbler that frequently makes its home about our premises is the Redstart. The male of this species is black all over the head and upper parts with the base of the wing and tail feathers fiery orange and a large orange blotch on each side of the breast, the rest of the under parts white. The female is olive gray and has the orange of the male replaced by yellow. This bird differs

from all its cousins in that it has an individuality of its own. It is the most restless little creature that wears feathers; not only does it move constantly and rapidly from branch to branch but it keeps every part of its body also on the move even to its very tail feathers which it opens and shuts as if to display its colouration to the best advantage. The Redstart builds a very neat and pretty little nest in the fork of some young tree and lays four or five eggs, grayish white dotted with

various shades of brown and purple. They leave us early in September and go far south in Central America to winter.

WILSON'S THRUSH.

In most suburban gardens having a shrubbery there will appear a quiet, graceful bird, clad in a tawny coat. Across the breast there is a band of pale buff, shaded with dusky



WILSON'S THRUSH—"VEERY."

olive, and faintly spotted with darker markings. This is Wilson's Thrush or "Veery," as it is commonly called; altogether as well set up, well groomed and neat a little fellow as can be found in the bird world. I believe more has been written in the favour of this bird by enthusiasts than of any half dozen others. With most of it I am quite in accord, but I do take exception to the lavish praise that has been awarded to the bird for its song which is altogether

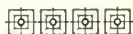
unmerited. When several of these birds are singing together on some still, lovely evening in June the effect of their notes, taken together with the beauty of their surroundings, produces a feeling of content and happiness that is indescribable and the ideas that then become associated with the birds' notes are inseparable from them afterwards so that they are to a certain extent revived each time we hear the song. But the song itself is not the triumph of bird music it is sometimes said to be ; however, one must not be too analytical in these things and so long as the pleasant impression is produced it

matters little what items are required to produce it. This thrush is generally very abundant throughout the country, breeding in all wooded places.

The nest, a rather loosely built affair, is placed in a bush near the ground. The eggs are four or five, of a beautiful greenish blue colour.

The Veeries leave us quite early, most of them having gone by the twenty-fifth of August, though they do not go so far south as many birds that stay much later. They winter principally south of the United States ; some few, however, stay in the Gulf States and Florida.

To be concluded next month.



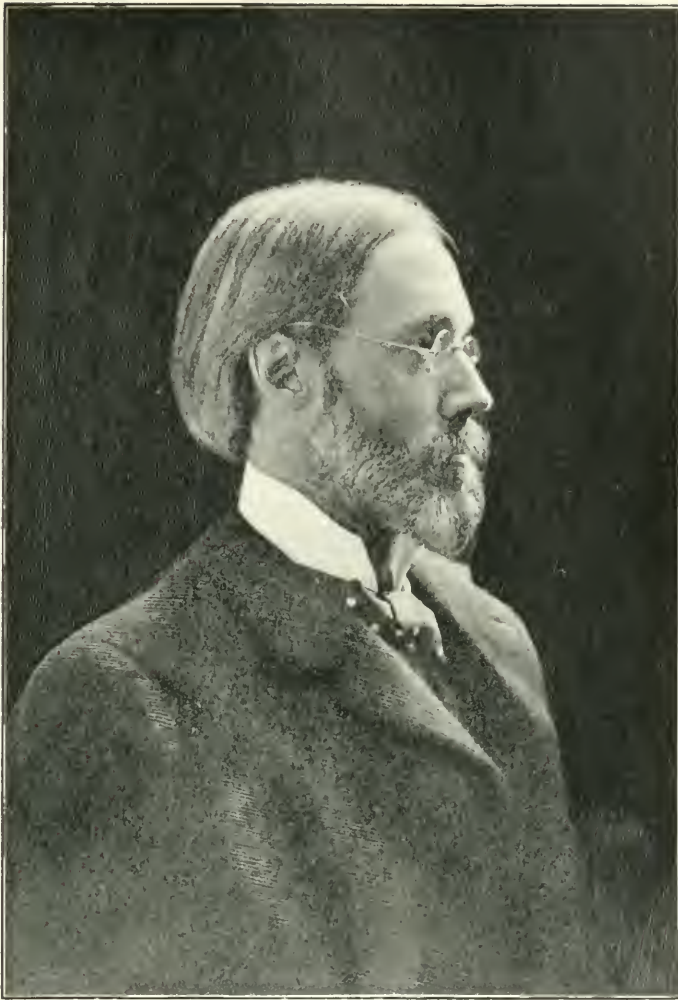
THE DEATH OF THE MOOSE.

IT was late in the woods where the north wind swept,
 It was late in the northern day,
 When my comrade and I up the beech-ridge crept,
 And found the big moose at bay.

He was wild with rage, and his eyes were red,
 And the foam lay on his breast ;
 But his strength went down 'neath the hissing lead,
 And the hand on the trigger pressed.

It was cold in the snow neath the sunset's flood,
 As we leaned on our rifles there ;
 And watched the red sun tint the redder blood,
 On the scene of his death and despair.

Reginald Gourlay.



TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

WILLIAM McLENNAN.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. V.—MR. WILLIAM McLENNAN.

WILLIAM McLENNAN, writer of prose and verse, is a Canadian who is receiving those rarest of tributes, honour and appreciation in his own country, as well as from the English-speaking world.

Mr. McLennan was born in Montreal, May 8th, 1856, and is the second son of one of that city's representative men, Mr. Hugh McLennan, a man who

has identified himself with the best interests of the Dominion for many years. He was educated at the Montreal High School; graduated B.C.L. at McGill University in 1880, and one year later was admitted a notary public of the Province of Quebec.

Long before attaining his twentieth year Mr. McLennan began writing both in prose and verse, at first meet-

ing with that indifferent success so trying to ambitious youth; but the laurel leaves soon unfolded in the form of some excellent translations made for a column in the *Montreal Gazette*, edited by John Lesperance, who afterward wrote of the subject of this sketch as being "One of the most substantial contributors to Canadian literature."

Mr. McLennan values verse translation most highly as training for a proper appreciation of the comparative value of words and propriety of expression; his efforts in this connection also having a practical outcome in the shape of a little volume entitled "Songs of Old Canada," which was published by Dawson in 1886. This was followed by a series of stories illustrative of Canadian life told by one, Melchior, in his limited vocabulary of English and published in *Harper's Magazine* in 1891-92.

For some two years Mr. McLennan worked on the period from 1642 to 1700, confining himself to Montreal and to the history of certain families; only publishing, however, a monograph on Dulhut, the explorer, which appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, one on Basset, the first Canadian notary, in *Le Canada-Français*, and a sketch of early Montreal in the Board of Trade Souvenir of

1893. From work of similar description on the French Revolution, Mr. McLennan evolved an interesting series of short stories, "As told to His Grace," also brought out in *Harper's Magazine*.

Mr. McLennan's training as a notary has unquestionably been of immense value to him in his historical work, and to this and his knowledge of the forms and nature of old documents, much of his successful and masterly handling of intricate problems may justly be attributed.

That Mr. McLennan's intimacy with certain historical periods ensures perpetual life to his writings is beyond doubt, and it has likewise proved an educational stimulant to the large mass of readers to whom study of any description is irksome, unless relieved by pleasing incident and sustained interest. His two books, "Spanish John," and the recently published "Span o' Life," written in collaboration with Miss McIlwraith, of Hamilton, are both "historical novels," whose elegance of language and purity of style suggest the art of the ever-lamented Robert Louis Stevenson.

Mr. McLennan holds many positions and has varied interests; he is the official notary of the Bank of Montreal, is a representative fellow in law of McGill University, a member of the Council of the Art Association of Montreal, and President of the Fraser Institute of that city.

Of his poems much might be written did space permit—but the world will sway to the rhythm of the song, from the "Span o' Life," lately set to music by Mr. Frederick F. Bullard, beginning—

"In Spanish hands I've bent
and swung
With Spanish grace and
skill;
I've scoured Lepanto of the
Turk,
And Spain of Boabdil;"



MR. MCLENNAN'S MONTREAL HOME.

and what heart has
not beaten sympathy-
tically to,—

“The span o’ life’s nae
lang enough,
Nor deep enough
the sea,
Nor braid enough this
weary world
To part my love
frae me.”

The graphic pen
pictures of old Can-
ada to be found
throughout this
book are invaluable,
and will only become
the more so with the
march of time. Who
has ever pictured
Louisbourg, always
associated mentally
with the French
king’s question,

“Are the streets paved with gold?”
with this—“Louisbourg, a pretentious
and costly fortification, but miserably
situate and falling to decay for want of
the most necessary repairs. There it
was, shut in on the one hand by the
monotonous sea, wild and threatening
with its ice, and snow and storm in
winter, sad and depressing with its
mournful fog in summer; and on the
other by an unbroken wilderness of
rock and firs?”

Two more intensely interesting views
of the past are given us of those long
June days in Quebec, waiting the com-
ing of the English. “There the white
coats of the regulars mingled with the
blue and grey of the Canadians and
volunteers. Indians stalked or squat-
ted about, taking no part in a labour
they could not understand,” and “Be-
fore this restless, toiling mass swept
the great empty river, changing its
colour with every change of sky which
floated over it, while behind stretched
the beautiful valley of the St. Charles,
its gentle upward sweep of woods
broken only by the green fields and
white walls of Charlesbourg until it
met the range of blue and purple hills
which guards it to the north. At a



A CORNER IN MR. MCLENNAN'S STUDY.

point opposite where we were standing
the nearer mountains opened out and
shewed a succession of golden hills
which seemed, in the tender evening
light, as the gates of some heavenly
country where all was peace, and the
rumour of war could never enter.”

In this author's study there is a con-
viction that its occupant has found
a dearly loved life work—that there,
with his favourite “masters of the
pen,” Sir Thomas Browne, Defoe, Le
Sage, Froissart and, to use his own
words, “our own Champlain and Dol-
lier de Casson,” surrounded by re-
lics of the old Canada he is preserving
and immortalizing, William McLennan
will continue to work out the brilliant
promise of his earlier years. The wide
windows look out upon an awakened
garden—from the scented screen of
apple blossom the soothing hum of the
bees mingles harmoniously with that
of the great human hive without the
gates—as with exquisite appreciation
come involuntarily to one's lips, Mat-
thew Arnold's beautiful lines,—

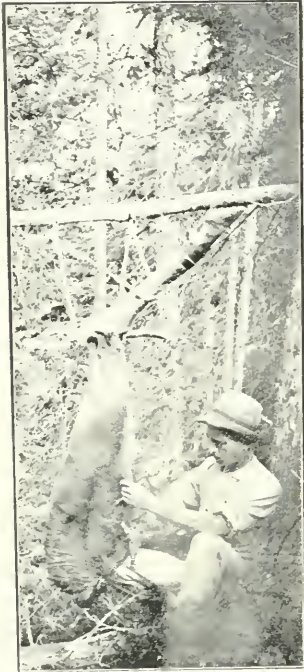
“Of toil, unsever'd from tranquillity!
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in re-
pose.”

E. Q. V.

WITH RIFLE AND ROD IN THE MOOSE LANDS OF NORTHERN ONTARIO.

SECOND PAPER.

By W. Ridout Wadsworth.



MOOSE STEAK AT A DISCOUNT.

MOST people of Southern Ontario would be astonished to learn of the wonderful amount of game that still inhabits that portion of Ontario west of the Ottawa River and North of the Cana-

only when he wants to replenish his larder. The greatest destruction of game is probably caused by wolves. In winter especially they run down and destroy great numbers of deer; let an unlucky deer find itself on glare ice or partially crusted snow, with a pack of hungry wolves on its trail, and its fate is sealed.

But the wolf, save when surrounded by a crowd of ravenous companions, is an arrant coward, and so wary and cunning that it is almost impossible to take him, even in a trap. A few are poisoned during the winter as they hang around the lumber-camps, on the lookout for refuse. But the number taken must be very small; the bounty of ten dollars per scalp that the Government offers seems to be too meagre an inducement for systematic hunting, and these pests continue their depredations comparatively undisturbed.

Some still night you leave the bright

dian Pacific main line, especially red deer, cariboo and moose—the “vanishing moose” of the pessimists is a myth. Here, away from the scrutiny of game-wardens and justices of the peace, game laws are more or less of a nullity; but they certainly are effective in this respect, however, that they deter parties from entering the district for the express purpose of hunting. The Indian may kill everything and anything he wants for his own consumption, but as the sale of hides and heads is prohibited, he hunts



ASCENDING THE ABITIBI.

These ever-recurring falls tell a tale of their own to the voyageur—a portage!



WHERE THE MATAWABIKA RIVER ENTERS THE
MONTREAL RIVER.

camp-fire and paddle alone down the dark lake. Not a sound strikes the ear. The silence is oppressive; you keep thinking how awful it would be to be lost in this solitude. Then, suddenly, from the shore beside you comes a sound that for the moment chills your blood, it is so unexpected, so weird—a long, inexpressibly dismal howl, like the cry of a wounded dog—

the howl of some lone wolf, the sentinel of the pack. It is prolonged for some moments, then again all is still, and the silence seems even deeper than before. With strained ears you wait for a repetition of that blood-curling sound; and once more it rises clear and close, followed by a rattle of sharp, short barks—the cries of the pack on the trail of some fleeing deer. The direction of the sounds show that the poor creature is making for the water. But the frenzied yelps suddenly cease. Does it mean death or safety for the animal? You listen and listen anxiously, and seek to pierce the darkness that envelops the shores till you begin to doubt your own powers

of sight and hearing. At length by the rustling of the night-breeze in the birches (which seems, however, but to increase your sense of loneliness and depression), you turn the canoe and paddle swiftly back towards the distant camp-fire, eager for the companionship of your fellow-voyageurs.

On the shores of every little lake, along every stream, the broken bushes, the torn water-lilies, the cattle-like hoof-prints in the moist ground tell a tale. Around certain lily-covered lakes, favourite feeding-grounds, run paths half a foot deep, beaten in the mud by the moose. The underbrush, too, is everywhere intersected by deer-paths. It is during the fly-season that one sees most big game, in the early morning or evening when they come down to the water. But in the summer it is almost impossible to come across these timid animals in the bush, as the least noise—the snapping of a dry twig under the foot, the rustling of a dead leaf—startles every creature in the neighbourhood, and all retreat to the densest thickets. What a life! Escaping danger and obtaining food seems to fill up the weary round of their existence.



AN IMPROVISED SAIL.

Indians' birch-bark running before the wind under a blanket.

The largest of the inhabitants of these forests, and, in fact, one of the largest wild animals on this continent, is the moose. The bull, in spite of his ungainly long legs and ridiculously short neck, has a certain dignity and grandeur about him, no doubt lent by his huge horns. In stupidity I doubt if he has a peer among the deer tribe. He apparently has not sense enough to start to run when suddenly surprised by man; but once he does start he lumbers along for miles and miles before it occurs to him to stop. He stands as high as a large horse; the cow is somewhat smaller. The very size of this animal has, doubtless, often saved him from the rifle of the conscientious sportsman. For my own part, I have oft-

felt that wanton waste of so much food would be unsportsman-like in the extreme. One may well pride himself on such self-restraint, for game laws are but indifferent bullet-proof shields at the distance of a dozen paces.

And, after all, does the pleasure of shooting consist solely in the pulling of the trigger? Is there not a keen enjoyment merely in knowing that the animal is in your power, that nothing but your conscientious scruples stand

between it and death? But when these conscientious scruples are removed by the knowledge that what you shoot will not be wasted—for instance, when there is a camp of Indians in the neighbourhood, ready to take all the fresh meat they can get without working for it—what a difference! What you will undertake under such circumstances for the sake of a shot! How many hours you will lie at night beside some marshy lake, cold and wet,

devoured by mosquitoes, breathlessly waiting for an opportunity—that, perhaps, never comes!

When it does come how amply those weary hours are redeemed in one brief moment—the thrill of excitement, the burst of exultation.—
A l a s !
that such



A YEARLING BULL MOOSE,

Whose unlucky star led him across the path of Mr. Wadsworth's party just at a time when their supplies were reduced to a few handfuls of flour and they were three days journey from the nearest H.B.C. Post.

pleasures should be forbidden by the law! Each wrong-doer must keep the memory of his sweet transgressions locked up within his own bosom.

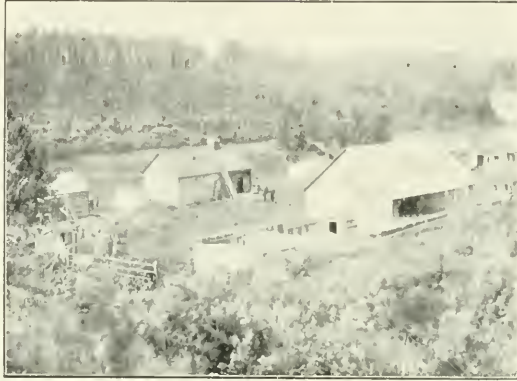
One cold misty morning, I recollect, I had paddled at daybreak with the "Convict" (of the suggestively shorn pate) to where a small creek flowed into the lake, a short distance from the camp to have a try for speckled trout. We were on the point of making our first cast when, behind us in the under-

brush, we heard the branches breaking and twigs snapping. "Bear!" whispered my companion, picking up the rifle and cocking it. All was quiet for a moment, then came another crash and—Disappointment! not the snout of a bear, but the head of an enormous bull-moose. A moose has about as much presence of mind as a superannuated milch-cow. This bull looked straight at us, and then, for no apparent reason in the world, and despite the fact that the "Convict" had a dead bead on him at about ten paces, stalked towards us out of the underbrush into the shallow water. He evidently intended to remonstrate with us for startling him, but suddenly changing his mind, wheeled round and went lumbering down the shore past our camp. It must have been a great temptation for my friend to pull the trigger, but he overcame it. "What horns; and seven cartridges in the magazine!" was all he said, as he uncocked the rifle and went on with his fishing. A moment! Then a splash. Another—and another. Out rushed the lines, the reels shrieked, the rods bent, and our quondam friend,

the bull-moose, was for the time forgotten.

On another occasion paddling round a bend on a small river (with a big name)—the Namabin-nagashishingue—we saw, on a small, marshy island ahead of us, a cow-moose and her half-grown calf. No sooner did the

cow see us than, deserting her calf, she dashed into the water and made for the shore. But maternal love soon got the better of an instinctive and momentary impulse towards self-preservation—she had gone but a few yards when we saw her turn, and, in spite of the fact that we were only a few canoe-lengths away, swim back to the island where the calf was still standing. Cow and calf stood gazing at us for a moment, undecided—then both plunged into the river. They reached shore. The cow landed, and after some difficulty scrambled up the muddy bank and dis-



BRUNSWICK HOUSE—A TYPICAL H.B.C. POST.



INDIAN SUMMER CAMP AT A H.B.C. POST.

appeared in the bushes; the calf tried to follow her, but stuck fast in the soft mud. For several minutes it struggled and plunged, while we cursed our stars for having been too lazy to reload our camera with fresh plates the preceding evening. At

length a desperate effort brought the calf to the top, and it made off to join its mother, well out of an adventure that with a party of Indians would have certainly ended differently.

It is said that thirty years ago there was not a red deer north of Lake Nipissing. Now they are very plentiful; for as the country to the south is gradually being settled, they are moving northward. Late one wild September

afternoon we surprised half-a-dozen on a small sandy beach, and that evening venison figured on our menu. A day or two later, two of our party had an opportunity of testing the all-absorbing curiosity of these animals. Paddling sharply round a point, they came upon a buck standing in the water ahead of them, and quickly decided, instead of securing a fine pair of antlers, to see

how close they could actually approach before he took to flight. With this end in view, while one slowly paddled the canoe, the other held up in front of him a large red handkerchief. The buck stood motionless, gazing fixedly at the strange red object. They drew nearer and nearer till—at length they were little more than a canoe-length away from him; still he was staring as intently as ever, and

his curiosity seemed as unsated. Then, all at once, the true state of affairs seemed to dawn upon him; he turned like a flash, dashed up the bank, and in a second had vanished among the underbrush.

Largely, however, as the sportsman relies on his rifle to aid him in eking out his scanty supply of provisions, he counts more largely on his rod; for the lakes and rivers to the South of the

Height of Land are full of fish, from the lethargic pike, through the ascending scale of pickerel, salmon-trout, maskinonge, and bass, to the game speckled trout, the aristocrat of fresh water. Except in the immediate vicinity of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts hardly any of these waters have ever had a hook dropped in them, and the fish are never disturbed save by the predatory attacks of their



THE TYPICAL HALF-BREED H.B.C. AGENT.

His Indian wife and child are dressed in gala attire.

larger neighbours. Given a good day, a phantom minnow or a few flies, and a little common sense, you can catch fish to your heart's content.

But, alas for the fisherman! The days of his "fish stories" are numbered; three-quarters of his former prestige has already vanished. It is the camera that hath done him this dishonour. In the good old days when the fisherman began to talk of ten-pound bass, en-

vious busybodies could do no more than hint that more fish were caught by the skilful manipulation of the long bow than were ever caught by rod and line. Now, with an infantile smile of mock credulity, they say blandly, "Yes, a ten-pound bass is a large fish. Excuse me, but would you mind showing me a photograph of it?"—which is, at the least, disconcerting for the fisherman.

The salmon-trout fishing of Lake Temagami is perhaps unexcelled anywhere. In the early autumn when the trout come into shallow water to spawn, and again in the spring, wonderful catches are made by the Indians and Hudson's Bay Company's people, who salt down enormous quantities of these fish for the winter. In 1893, we saw an Indian take a forty-pound trout, on a night-line, near Bear Island Post on this lake, while one morning two of us caught seven, ranging from six to fifteen pounds, and a

monster of twenty-four pounds that afforded us an interesting quarter of an hour and afterwards fed I forget how many Indian families. But fishing for salmon-trout does not rouse my enthusiasm, for during the summer they lie in deep water and must be taken with the troll. What chance has even a game fish of doing himself justice when caught by a heavy trolling-line—and, to my mind, the salmon-trout is none too "game."

I assisted last summer in the capture of a fish in a somewhat novel way. "The Convict" and I had been located for a week on a lake which in every-

thing that appeals to the sportsman cannot be surpassed—the scenery is bold and striking, game is abundant, while the name that the Indians have given to this beautiful sheet of water is in itself a sufficient recommendation from the fisherman's standpoint—Maskinongé-Wagamingue—the lake where the maskinonge lie. Maskinonge there are in it in extraordinary numbers and of extraordinary size. The lake seems wonderfully adapted by nature for this fish. It is large, deep, cool, and the numerous sandy, reed-grown bays opening off it mark where the creeks from the hills behind flow in. And not only is the

"lunge" fishing unexcelled, but in the deep water lie huge salmon-trout, while either below the falls at the head of the lake, or below those that mark its outlet, lurk the most ravenous, the most fiery, the most gamy black bass that ever cheered the heart of enthusiastic angler.



REED LAKE.

Whose reed-beds, extending for miles and miles, shelter thousands of ducks, but sadly impede the canoeist.

On our first introduction to this lake we had tried to troll with a light bass-rod. But familiarity by no means bred contempt, and after our first evening's experience resulting in a broken tip and the loss of yards and yards of line, we concluded that the old-fashioned, though somewhat prosaic method of trolling with a hand line would be more effective.

The following evening I was paddling the "Convict" past the reedy mouth of a creek when he hooked a bass. We were out for giant maskinonge, not for insignificant bass, and it was with very bad grace that

my partner hauled in his line. The struggling bass was within a few feet of the canoe, when suddenly there was a flash of grey in the water, and our bass disappeared in the cavernous jaws of a huge maskinonge. This was getting interesting, if not exciting. The "Convict" tugged at the line, and before our new friend had begun to realize the position of affairs I had driven the gaff-hook into his long, lithe body. Then came the fun. Struggling, squirming, plunging, leaping, he tried to shake himself free of the gaff, until it seemed certain either that I would be dragged overboard, or that the canoe would be upset. The "Convict" threw his weight on the other gunwale of the canoe, and shouted words of encouragement, such as "Hold on, old man! Don't let go!" and the like. As a matter of fact I could not have let go, had I wished to, for I had foolishly fastened the rope

on the handle of the gaff-hook around my wrist. Everyone knows how marvellous is the strength of a six-pound black bass; supplement this by about eight horse-power and you have some idea of the fight that this maskinonge made for his liberty and life. At length, thoroughly exhausted, and evidently badly wounded, he accepted the inevitable and ceased his efforts. It was simply out of the question to think of getting him into the canoe, so we towed him into shallow water and hauled him on land.

We had no means of weighing him, but he measured a trifle over five and a half feet long. Some idea of his size may be gained from the fact that one of the gleaming white teeth that we cut out of his jaw to keep as a trophy is two inches in length. This revelation of the size of the fish in Lake Maskinongé-Wagamingue took away all the "Convict's" enthusiasm for bathing in its refreshing depths. "Perhaps," he remarked, with a shiver, "there are such things as sharks in fresh water, and I have no limbs to spare."

It may be that bass and speckled trout are found together in the same water, but I know that where I have caught the one I have never found the other. In Nipissing district the natural conditions seem more favourable for bass than for speckled trout. In fact, I am acquainted with but three localities in the district where trout can be found—in the small streams



THE HEADWATERS OF THE NAMABIN.

A "short-cut" (of doubtful shortness) to Fort Matachewan.

flowing into the Upper Ottawa, in the Namabin-nagashishingue River and the mountain-lakes that feed it, and in a large unnamed lake that the "Convict" and I happened upon last summer, and whose charms we prefer to reserve for our own private delectation rather than to advertise to the world. The most trout, and by far the largest, seem invariably to be found in the lakes, and not in the streams. Even in August they still take the fly freely, especially at any place where a cold spring creek enters a lake. In the

creeks themselves we have never got fish over a pound and a-half in weight, but in the lakes the average is excellent.

What is it that gives trout-fishing its special charm? It is not the fact that they will take a fly; for bass, too, will often do so. Get among a school of bass, when "jumping," and you will think your cup of joy well-nigh filled. But, to my mind, bass-fishing lacks a certain indefinable something that trout-fishing possesses. You paddle in the early morning or at evening to the edge of a lily-pond, or to the mouth of a spring-creek, where the trout lie. Fish are rising everywhere. You anchor, and cast a "Jock Scott," with a "Silver Doctor," or couple of "Brown Hackles," perhaps, in the centre of that ever-widening circle on the surface of the lake, which

shows that a fish has just risen. The flies drop lightly on the water. A swirl! A splash! Your line becomes suddenly strangely animated. It darts hither and thither; now it rushes out till your reel screams,

then the strain relaxes and you reel up with all your might; but the trout is only preparing for a fresh effort to escape—a mad leap clear out of the water, and an attempt to shake the hook out of his mouth. You felt sure he was a big one, now you know it.

Away he goes again. Once more you reel him back—slowly indeed, for every inch is desperately contested. Rush after rush, leap after leap, taxes all your skill, but fills you with a wild exhilaration. And now you have him beside the canoe, evidently exhausted. Try the landing-net—but No! Scarcely has the net touched the water than whirr! goes the reel again. He seems to have regained new life, and his efforts to escape are every whit as desperate as before.—At last, however, he lies in the net. You decide to keep him, for he will be an incontestable verification

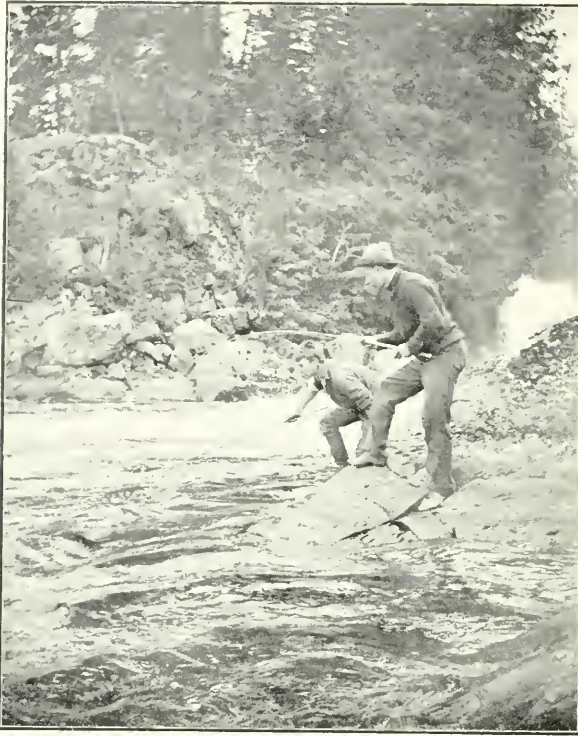


"You paddle in the early morning or at evening to the mouth of a spring-creek where the trout lie—you anchor and cast."



ON THE NAMABIN-NAGASHISHINGUE.
An ideal spot for trout—but no trout.

of your story when you return to camp. Be careful. Of course! He has wriggled out of your hands, and is leaping around the canoe, here, there and everywhere. How strong he is, and what a confused tangle of line,



A FAMOUS BASS POOL ON THE MATAWABIKA.

leader, flies and landing-net ! Slippery and elusive as a dozen eels. Look out, or he'll be overboard. But now you have him ; hold tight. A quiver, a few spasmodic leaps—and he has shuffled off this mortal coil. What a brilliant pink—yes, but what a weight ! Come, another cast. Life is short and fish are plentiful.

But is a canoe trip really all sunshine and fun, or does distance lend enchantment ? Is not the memory fortunately apt to sift the events of the past—to retain the pleasant recollections and to reject the unpleasant ? Are you not apt to forget sleepless nights, when the mosquitoes drove you nearly mad ; days, and nights too, when you were always cold and wet ; dreary paddles up stream against a heavy current,

weary portages ? The occasions, too, are forgotten when the larder was low, and the camp was put upon short rations. Are the dangers that you escaped remembered—for dangers there certainly must have been ? You boast of that ninety-five mile paddle, but forget the endless heart-breaking toil of those two rainy days and that pitch-black night when you were obliged to make a forty-hours' race against time over a new and unmapped canoe route—mile after mile, hour after hour, stopping neither for rest nor meals, intent only on one thing—to reach the railway. How quickly portage followed portage that whole night long ; but, scrambling, stumbling, falling, you pushed on over slippery rocks and fallen trees, ignorant of what new obstacles or dangers lay ahead.

During the course of cen-

turies the thought that "these memories, too, may some day be a pleasure" must have lost its efficacy as a remedy for discomforts. Little relief did it bring during that frantic paddle.

Yes, perhaps a canoe trip has its discomforts as well as its pleasures. A few weeks in the wilds certainly teaches one to appreciate the advantages that civilization offers—advantages that he has accepted all his life as the ordinary necessary birthright of man. But deprive a man of these advantages and see how quickly he will adapt himself to circumstances, falling back upon those natural mechanical and inventive gifts that Nature has given all men, but which city life causes to become atrophied for want of use.

THE END.

THE WIDOW OF MUMS.

A TALE OF RURAL ONTARIO LIFE.

By Erle Cromer.

VIII. SELLING THE HOGS.

THE clouds turned white one night and came down for a sleep. The fields foamed back through the zig-zag rail fences and washed up on the forest walls. All the chimneys in Mums got black collars after that, bigger every day; except Caleb Tooze's. That got snow in its neck.

Three days before Christmas, Reuben Moss and Rudge rode to town on a sleighload of dead hogs. That night, after he got the horses straw-rubbed and bedded, Rudge poked around out in the lean-to where in summer Sylvia fried pork, and where in winter all the house truck got piled together out of the snow. He was a good while finding the old slate over the crock of soft-soap; but he grabbed it hard when he did.

"Maw," he jerked as he opened the door and stuck in his head, and got a whiff of boiling cull beans, "where's that chunk o' soapstone use to be on the girt?"

"I seen it in the ash-gum yisterday," said Reuben, pointing his red beard at the door. "Guess it must 'a' fell int' the ash-pail. I laid it on the fence corner. Wonder what 'e wants it fer maw?" dropping his voice as the door shut.

Rudge soon settled that by coming in with the old slate in one hand and the soapstone in the other.

"I'm goana figger that out Da," he said as he pulled off his boots on the jack at the woodbox.

And in two minutes Rudge had one socked foot on the rung of Sylvia's chair by the table, and was scratching the slate with the soapstone at the rate of a hen with a brood of chicks. Reuben gave Rudge off-hand all the hog-weights he couldn't remember. Rudge

put the whole thirty down in soapstone and commenced to add.

"Nuthin' wrong 'th the weight Da," he said briskly when he got done. "'Taint mul'plied yit, though. That's likely where 'e bit yuh. Phew!"

Rudge wiped his forehead with his shirt-sleeve and looked at the stove.

"Rudgy!" protested Sylvia, as she slit a pair of old overalls into ribbons, "An' me shiverin' with the cold. Guess you're icxitid. Here, lemme have that sock. It's got a hole in the toe big nuf to pull't on by."

Rudge, bent on multiplying the pork-dealer into a juggle on the price of the hogs, eased his foot off the chair-rung and Sylvia pulled off the sock.

She had it darned ready to go on again before Rudge could get the soapstone to multiply.

"Guess you'd better leave it be, Rudgy," said Reuben. "Pensee'll be down in a mennit. Likely she c'n make that feller out to be a shark. He toted that up 'bout right though, seemed to me."

"Course 'e did, seem to you," retorted Rudge as he pulled on the sock and transported his huge bulk with a flop to the cool side of the table. "That's the way sharks allus does 'th the farmers. They don't teach mul'plication."

Rudge fell to again. The cull beans swelled themselves dry in the pot on the stove; Sylvia slit and wound an old smock into the carpet-ball; Reuben, tired of mathematics, let his red beard curl upon his potato-peel smock-front not far from where his corpulent pocket-book bulged out his vest from the inside pocket, and snored.

Rudge was on his tenth slateful of hieroglyphics when Pensee came down in her red wrapper and, sitting next

to Mrs. Moss, began to wind the rags and talk about her year at school, her hopes for a bigger one next, and the Christmas she expected to spend with some friend that had known her mother up on Georgian Bay somewhere.

"What are you doing, Rudge?" she asked at length, smiling—for Rudge's sweat-beaded big face was melting all the soapstone off the slate behind his faded-blue shirt-sleeve arched over the top, and all the magnetism in mathematics couldn't get him to make another scratch while Pensee sat there.

"Mul'plication," he mumbled hastily. "Maw, 'em beans burnin'."

Sylvia fetched slumbering Reuben a flip with an overalls' leg; he roused, and without further directions removed the pot of beans, which he carried to the lean-to. When he came in and shuffled off to bed in the room behind the stove, Pensee was leaning over Rudge's shoulder talking forgotten things about multiplication.

Reuben was asleep again before Pensee got through; and Rudge had forgotten all about the pork-dealer. He tried to multiply the hogs into the dollars and cents after Pensee and his mother had gone to bed; but he found himself wondering what horse he would drive Pensee to town with to-morrow, and he couldn't find a patch of the old slate as big as his thumb that hadn't some of her figures on it; so he wound the clock and took the slate, figures and all to his bedroom.

IX.—RUDGE AT SCHOOL.

That week and the next most of the hogs in Mums turned the same colour, and slid out with their eyes shut along the concession. Only Falconers' were left when Pensee got back; but they took a hot bath and starched their clothes less than two weeks after. The widow couldn't wait. She had taxes to pay, and, as she remarked: "It takes a live hog to make taxes and a dead one to break 'em."

After the hogs were killed Rudge Moss helped Peart Falconer skid out

and crosscut forty cords of wood. Peart returned the compliment. By that time a lot of the Mumsers were riding round on trees; mostly big oaks and elms, that left their heads in the jam-piles and got closer together on the sleigh-bunks than ever they had in the woods. Peart Falconer was the best log-hauler in Mums, and his nervous, muscly iron-grays could snatch a bigger load out of the bush and oftener in a day than any other team on the line. He offered Rudge a job of cutting along the back concession. Rudge would almost have given his big right arm to accept. But he had made up his mind otherwise. It took him half the winter to think it over. Then when Sylvia, his mother, got the new blue-jean smock done, and distinguished it from all others he had ever worn by a lap-collar, Rudge put it on and started to the little drab school. That was about the second week in February.

When Pensee rang the bell that morning Rudge was on the woodbox working multiplication questions from the blackboard. Seeing a vacant seat near after the scholars were all in place he wedged himself in. He wasn't able to get out quick enough to rise after the Bible-reading, so he merely leaned over the desk and arched his big hands over his forehead while Pensee's low voice undulated through the Lord's Prayer.

When she came to the M's in the roll-call Pensee hesitated, smiled into the corner at Rudge and quietly scratched his name on the register. When she got it done she smiled again.

"See, Rudge," she said, turning the register round, "I've written your name in capitals. All the others seemed such mites beside you I couldn't help it, I guess. Indeed I think you'd better be teacher and let Pensee be a scholar. Now, children, Rudge didn't come to be stared at. That's only for the teacher. I'm sure I hope when all you boys get as big as Rudge you'll be as earnest about trying to learn."

Pensee forgot the rest of the roll-call and gave out the lessons. That gave

Rudge a chance to wipe his hot face with the sleeve of his new blue-jean ; till Pensee came down during the buzz with her Fourth Reader open at "The Quality of Mercy," and told him to look it over till the call for the Fourth Class. He did, but he didn't make any marginal notes.

When the Fourth was called he got out and lumbered up to the desk with the book, but came right back to his seat and his arithmetic. There were about forty faces left at the seats and each wore a separate smile, but to Rudge it was one huge corporate giggle that made his boots feel like spile-drivers and his face like a full moon.

When recess time came Rudge wouldn't go out to play, but stayed in his seat filling his smock with multipliers and multiplicands. And all that day if Rudge sighted anything in multiplication, whether long or short, lying around loose on that board he snapped it up as quick as a dog catches bees in wet grass. He wanted to multiply, not so much perhaps on account of the eternal magic in numbers, but because for him very soon life must be more than anything else a multiplication, of bushels, tons, cords, acres, dollars, possibly children. But he didn't get half the questions right.

One evening in Rudge's second week at school Pensee kept him in for a special lesson. The shadow of the short winter day was just sliding into the yellow west. All the other scholars were gone. The fire-boy, knowing Pensee's fondness for lingering after hours, never swept till morning now.

Pensee sat down beside Rudge. It was a white little hand that took his pencil and began to make such graceful, round figures on the smoky blur left by his smock-sleeve. The first half-dozen passes hypnotized Rudge. Pensee might have got him to believe the multiplication tables were the tables given to Moses on Mount Sinai. Certainly there wasn't one of the latter he could have broken with her at his side that way. It was all about dollars and cents ; but it seemed to Rudge vastly

more like a sudden cool beeze off a clover-field on a hot day back at the slashing or one of the benedictions at the white church.

The twilight slipped off the desktops, most of it on to Pensee's hand before Rudge found out where to put the decimal point between the dollars and cents. The map of the world on the wall began to glimmer as the box-stove purred through the crack. Probably the map of Rudge's world was more light than anything else that night ; but it wasn't all the dry light of mathematics.

"Them dec'mals is queer things," he said, as he got up out of his seat, and Pensee began to pull on her gloves. "Guess they wasn't in mul'plication when I quit goin' to school. Say, they make a lot o' diff'rence in the valya, don't they?"

Pensee laughed. "It's a big world in studies, Rudge," she said, "but they're grand. They're like wise and reverend fathers reminding us always how little we know. I wish sometimes the boys and girls could never leave school. Still," laughing, "I suppose the babies must have mothers and fathers. We'll take problems in weights and measures involving decimals to-morrow, Rudge," she added abruptly.

"Well, thank yuh," said Rudge, as he stuck out his hand, "thank yuh—," and paused. He hardly knew whether to call her Pensee or Miss Vale ; she seemed such a child, yet so wise.

Pensee took his hand a moment. He too seemed to her like a child, of whom she could have no moral fear.

When they passed out, a load of logs stood on the little gore where the roads joined at the jog by the white church. The grey horses looked like mice in front of it. When Rudge and Pensee got up to it Peart Falconer was unhooking the "travey" from behind. He dragged the two-leg, wooden thing out by the chain through the snow and hitched it behind the horses.

Pensee nodded and passed on in at Moss's gate. Rudge stopped.

"Guess yuh got an extry haf trip

in to-day, didn't yuh, Peart," he said, as he sagged down on the binding-pole to see how tight it was. "Say, 'f I was you I'd a drove up on to little skids, seems to me. She'll likely git froze in pretty tight 'th that load on. Got 'bout three thousan' on there, haint yuh? Les' see—two booms, one sixteen'an' three fourteens, I guess. Yah. All pretty good bruisers, too. Whoa, boys! You're the lads to snatch out the loads, ain't you? You bet! An' Peart's the boy c'n glide 'em on 'thout lett'n 'em go up en' first er roll over either. George! I wish I was loggin'."

Peart said not a word as he snatched his hay cushion off the logs, laid it on the bunk of the "travoy" and got on to ride. But for a moment as he drew up on the lines, he looked up into Rudge's face. Rudge couldn't see the strange, wild gleam in that look. Neither could the horses; but they pranced and champed the bits as the hand that held them tightened on the reins.

Reuben Moss was lugging straw out of the stack-yard into the stable then. He had fed the pigs that now with a promiscuous racket tried to throw the trough out of the pen. Sylvia Moss, wearing Rudge's old smock, was carrying the night wood into the dark house. The pale glow of the brief twilight rose like thin smoke off the snow, floated about the dark barn, the yellow stack with the gash on the end, the dim out-houses huddled along the lane, the snow-smeared logs on the sleigh at the jog next to the white church, overhung by the star-shot, purplish gloom of the dropping night.

A light flared out of an upstairs window. One moment a girl-figure stood there, hand on the blind, looking out at the logs on the road. Both boys glanced up. Down went the blind: a shadow moved behind it.

"Shake, Rudge," said Peart, suddenly, and held out his left hand.

Rudge boyishly pulling back on the nigh gray's tug, dropped it and took Peart's hand in his right.

"Rudge——," Peart dropped the

hand as if it were shot away, "you can go to school to her and be her child, you big, simple soul, and be my friend, too, right through it all——."

The greys were plunging now; as if they felt the passion in the hand that held them and longed to give it vent. The lines went slack on the double-tree; the next moment tightened as both horses leaped round the jog. The "travoy" swung clear across the road like a huge pendulum, under the snow; back into the track; across to the other ditch. The horses were galloping then.

X.—THE WIDOW'S WORRIES.

Caleb Tooze was now getting domesticated. It would have been vastly more poetic if Minerva Falconer had left the old man and the old shanty together. Then some night a cold wave might glide out of the forest under the eaves and put the old man to sleep. But Minerva loved Caleb too well for that. The nearer he got to the end of his thread the better she loved him. She wanted to understand him, too. An old miser just about to step off the world's rim is liable to leave his earthly affairs in a muddle. Caleb probably had a soul somewhere. In Minerva's estimation he had better prove it by his will. That had been easier to read if written on the old man's face. But it wasn't.

Caleb occupied the kitchen-attic now; which with its drum on the pipe from the kitchen-stove was comfortable enough. Sometimes Minerva let him out on fine days to carry in wood.

It didn't make much difference to the wood, and it was seldom he got the privilege. But if he stood on the chip-hill and straightened up, pressing both hands on his stick he could see through the straggled trees the squat, snow-capped roof of his smokeless shanty over by the jampiles. Then he would forget the next armful and begin to toddle absently out the lane under the bare maples. But a deep-toned "Caleb!" from the house was usually enough to stop him. When it failed a black, swirling skirt over the

snow, and a black-cuffed hand on his shoulder brought him to the right-about before he reached the gate. After that he had to be content with sitting by the drum and fumbling the rusty key in his pocket. Fancy got ahead of his feet sometimes that would persist in wandering to the door. If he found it locked from the outside his little, prickly face would pucker into a spasm of rage, too feeble to last; for the next minute his hand got pinching his trouser's-belt and he began to chuckle. Very much of a child again was old Caleb. Sometimes even when Minerva sat and darned as she often did half a day at a time by the drum in the attic, he would forget she was there and dreamily chuckle on. He was a great character-study to Minerva.

One day a wet sou'-easter got up off Lake Erie, turned white, and started on a ghost-dance across Mums. It spattered half the gables, slid through the barn-cracks across the hay-mows, soaked all the oat cattle, plastered their tails to their cast legs, and put the woods out of sight. Peart Falconer came home at noon with a white team and a sopping coat. It took all Minerva's maternal insistence to keep him from going to the bush again. As it was he went to the stable.

Minerva followed. As she opened the door a whirl of snow struck her red petticoat and swept her in. Thud! went the door again, leaving the stable as black as a cave. Minerva let down her black skirt and rubbed the snow from her eyes.

Peart was seated on the oat-box idly whittling. He had not yet unharnessed the horses.

Minerva walked across and stood back to the empty end stall next the oat-box. She was silent awhile till she got her breath.

"Pearty," she said suddenly, "you bin huggin' that long enough. I might's well have a wildcat for a son as one that acts like it. I wanta talk to you, boy. I'm tired suspicionin' the on'y son I got. It's hell."

There was a slight tremour in the deep voice.

"Mother," said Peart with a wild burst of boyish passion as he flung down the cornstalk he had been whittling and jabbed the knife almost at every word into the lid of the oat-box, "I'm afraid I'm beginning to hate him! I saw him to-day at noon in the storm. He had her under his coat nearly carrying her—"

The off gray jumped and struck the manger with his knees. Peart had sprung off the oat-box and now stood with his arm over the horse's rump.

"Rock," he said affectionately, beginning to talk in strange, low tones to the horse as he unbuckled the crupper, "it's all been a mistake. The more I think of her the worse it seems, till I say to myself I'll pack and leave it all, go west and begin life new and honest. Then I think of her again and I can't. But I will. I will. I hate all I have ever been here. And then I think how we've worked together, he and I; long before the spring we broke you and Snatch in, Rock, and I feel as though I couldn't go anywhere without him. Rock, I don't believe there's another horse in Mums you'd pull an empty sleigh with but Snatch; and if Snatch was off his mettle some morning you'd want the short end of the double-tree, I know, to ease him along. Well, that's the way it's been with us, Rock, Rudge and me; till now—and if he loves her, Rock, I'm afraid there'll be bad blood between us. Whoa, boy," as he took off the collar and slid the harness back. "Mother," suddenly as he stood out before her holding the harness, "if you ever get Caleb Tooze's money pay your debts the first. If you get his land, sell it and pay the mortgages on your own. But never say my name even to yourself in connection with either. I'm done with that; maybe with Mums too before spring. Perhaps I don't talk much like an only son; but sometimes when I remember how other boys live I wonder whether, after all, you're my mother or not. That's rough I see. Well, maybe it was love brought me up, but a man can't fight his bringing up and love it too."

Peart hung up the harness. Minerva without a word left the stable.

XI.—THINGS GROW TRAGIC.

Friday night, after the storm, Peart Falconer and Rudge Moss went to a dance out beyond Mums.

That night Molly Falconer sat by the kitchen-stove chopping meat for head-cheese in the butter-bowl. The widow stoned raisins for mince pies, half a peck heaped on the marble-streaked oilcloth with more to follow.

"Molly," she said suddenly. Molly ceased chopping.

"If you're going to git Rudge Moss into the fam'y now's the time." The widow pinched a raisin so hard one of the seeds slipped into the head-cheese on Molly's lap.

"Molly Falc'ner," went on Minerva impressively, "you'd let Rudge Moss go off in a whirlwind and never say Boo! Well, he's goin'."

"Why, maw," said Molly, breathlessly, "he's jes' started to school!"

"So's the rope jist nicked on the fat steer," responded the widow with tart emphasis. "It's all right s'long's your steer's eat'n hay; but set a pail o' hot mash a rod away an' see how long the rope'll hold 'm." What d' you s'pose Ruddy Moss is goin' to school for anyhow, Molly Falc'ner?"

"T' learn figgers I guess," replied Molly. "Anyhow 'e told me he wanted to be able to do 'is own calclatin' on hogs an' wood an' hay an' all o' like o' that. Rudge wants to do things right when he starts in." Molly tossed her head.

"H'm!" grunted Minerva. "Figgers! I guess, Molly Falc'ner, d' you know what kind of a figger Rudge Moss makes when he thinks 'bout you now-a-days? Look, Molly." And holding three fingers askew, the widow made a neat O with her index and thumb.

"Yes," she went on oracularly, "an' there's somebody else that when 'e thinks about 'e makes a string o' oughts as far as fr'm here t' the barn, an' sticks a big 1 right in front of 'em. D' you know who? Well 'tain't 'is mother

—ner likewise Molly Falc'ner. It's the girl that teaches 'im figgers."

"Maw!" Molly almost dropped the meat bowl.

"It's so," calmly responded the widow as she crunched a handful of raisins. "Molly Falc'ner, I wouldn't be you to be made oughts of clear fr'm here t' the barn jist fer a one to stick up in front o' me, an' that one Pensee Vale—not fer a drove o' steers.

"I wont neither!" snapped Molly, brushing back the quick tears, that a nature so transparently impulsive could not control. "Pensee ———!"

"Now, here you air, Molly Falc'ner, went on Minerva, 'suh wrapt up in Rudge Moss you can't see out. Pearty suh desprit after Pensee Vale, he don' know chore-time fr'm Sunday School, an' either Pensee er Rudge suh dead 'n love with each other they can't hardly tell which is which. What's a woman to do? I declare as I say it's like cows 'n a cornfield. Let 'em be an' they'll eat their heads off 'fore mornin'. Chase 'em an' they'll tramp more'n they'll eat. We got to go easy, Molly. But there's one thing you can say as hard an' mean as hard as you like. Between you an' me, Molly, Pensee Vale aint the girl fer Rudge Moss. She is the girl fer Peart Falc'ner. If you don't b'lieve me, ask Caleb Tooze who's goin' to git 'is money—maybe 'is farm—when 'e's dead an' gone."

Whatever else Minerva said to Molly that night, she said while both sat by the stove with their shoes off, the widow with her red-stockinged feet on a stick in the oven.

Before Mrs. Falconer went to bed she filled the stove with wood. Molly sat up long after that writing a letter. It was not Molly's specialty to write letters. The last page of this one bothered her considerably.

"Pensee Mums is bad for talk i dont beleeve a ioty about all theyre saying about you and Rudge but it aint always what we beleeve maw says its what the rest says and theyre all talking maw says but im sure if Rudge aint got his figgers up good its all right for you

to stay in and teach him extrys and im sure neether one of yous has done anything rong youre both to good whatever they say Pensee you can be sure theres one girl dont beleeve a word of it and thats Molly Falconer and theres one place you can come and be to home and thats right heer and im sure Caleb ud be as glad as anybody hes all the time talking about you poor Caleb im afraid he aint long for this world maw says well Pensee i hope you will dowhats right and come assoon as you get this no more at present but im awful sorry so is maw yours truly

"Molly."

When Molly came to herself the fire was out. Men's voices in the doorway startled her so she left the stove-lid half off, snatched the letter under her apron and ran out of the room. She knew those voices. Nor for all the love and money in Mums would she have let Rudge Moss see that letter.

But what did Rudge want at that time of night? Molly quaked with curiosity and fear as she looked out of her frosted window upstairs and listened. She could dimly see two forms on the snow near the well-curb. One was Rudge; and if ever Molly Falconer wished she was her own brother it was then; for it seemed to her as if Rudge almost had Peart in his arms. Timidly she shoved up the window, put her shoe under it and crouched on the floor with the cold wind through the maples blowing on her left ear.

"Peart, you'd ought a know. By George, you'd better know. Don't call me no friend o' yours while that yarn's goin' around. Ther' aint a friend o' mine in Mums I wouldn't smash 'f I was man enough 'f I thought he b'lieved that damn scandal and ud say so to my face. Peart, you're the best friend I got, but so help me God 'f I ever fin' out you had the fir's' thing to do 'th that yarn I'll smash you—if I'm man enough. D' you hear?"

Rudge's back was turned and Molly couldn't hear more than an owlsh jabber, Peart's quiet good-night, and Rudge's heavy-booted stride out the

lane as the kitchen-door opened and shut. With a shuddering little sigh she pulled the shoe from under the window, put it on, likewise a shawl over her head and as soon as she heard Peart come upstairs to bed, took the letter and tiptoed down; out into the yard, down the road. Far along the concession she could hear the dull thump of Rudge's boots; till she got to Caleb Tooze's bridge when a light flared suddenly out down by the jog and she knew Rudge was at home.

When Molly got to Mosses' front door and slid Pensee's letter under, Rudge's shadow was playing hob with the light over on the cherry-trees. That excited Molly and she let the letter go so far under that she couldn't touch it with her finger-nails. Indeed she felt so much like a female Guy Fawkes just then it was a wonder to her the whole house didn't blow up, Lords, Commons and all. Shivering with wretched fear she picked a cautious track on the snow round to the west end and watched Rudge's beloved shadow on the blind.

Rudge's mental atmosphere was a cyclone just then. He was fighting he scarcely knew what behind that window as he fastened on his old clothes and pulled on his big felt boots. If it had been anything in the shape of man, beast or image he would have smashed it. But it was only a phantom; a bit of gossip he had heard at the dance along with Peart Falconer that made him feel as though for every day he had gone to school that winter he had been twice a fool; made him one moment so angry with Pensee Vale, as he packed a brown gansy full of clothes and afterwards twisted the bundle into a corkscrew in his big hands, that he wanted to go straight to her door and tell her so; the next, chin on his hands, he sat on the edge of the bed and stared at one of his fine boots he had kicked over near the door.

After a while he got up, took down the old cracked slate from the wall he had hung there the night Pensee began to teach him multiplication, rubbed off the round figures with his sleeve, took

a pencil from his pocket and began to write—

“Maw when you git this i will be out of Mums. if you want to no why ask Pensee. if she dont no she will fore long. dont you let dad go huntin after me. i dont no where i will be, but im going to stay away till this — lie about me and Pensee is stopt.”

Five minutes later Molly saw the light slip off the cherry trees. Thinking Rudge had gone to bed, she sadly picked her way back into the path and

shivering hurried to the road. Molly felt as though Mums was falling down; as though something was brewing between the Mosses and the Falcons that would end in Rudge's giving her right up, perhaps marrying Pensee altogether. And the more she thought about it the harder she ran; and her skirts made so much noise in the quiet air she couldn't hear the roosters crow — or the clump of a heavy pair of boots back the side-road.

To be Continued.

TWO SIDES OF A STORY.

By Percie W. Hart.

I.

“I came to a small shack with a burlesque rail fence surrounding it. The bright moonlight enabled me to distinguish a rude door. Scarce hoping to find such a hovel inhabited, I pounded lustily upon the boards, and shouted salutations in various tongues and keys. At last, to my huge satisfaction, I heard unmistakable signs of life within. For several minutes, however, I had to continue my boisterous summons.

“‘Is—is—is anybody dar?’ finally came in muffled accents from inside the hut, ‘coz if dar is, he better done go away lively, or old Bill Mose gwine to blow him inter de middle ob nex’ week wid a shotgun.’

“I had to enter upon a most lengthy argument with the old negro, and shove my hand under the door for him to feel, before he would consent to admit me.

“‘Didn’t know but you might be some ob dat gallus sojer crowd come bodderin’ roun’,’ he cackled tremulously, while ushering me inside of his small and very far from cleanly abode. ‘Sometimes dey do go galivantin’ all over mah patch, an’ worrit ele Bill Mose tremenjus.’

“‘Soldier crowd?’ I queried amazedly, wondering if the old negro might be insane.

“‘Yes. Dose dah sojer folkse ’round Redcoat’s Road.’

“‘I did not know that there were any soldiers nearer than Halifax.’

“‘Dese yere not libe sojers. Deys ghostesses!’

“This seemed to prove the insane theory, and I hastily changed the subject by asking him to pilot me townward.

“‘Now? No, sah,’ he replied vigorously, ‘wait till mornin’ an’ I’m gwine in myself. But dis yere ole Bill Mose don’t cross no Redcoat Road in dah moonlight, foh all dah money eber was made.’

“Strange to relate the old fellow utterly refused to be moved from his determination. But I finally compromised. It appeared that his objections only lay to actually crossing what I understood to be a thoroughfare called Redcoat Road. As this, according to his account, was more than half-way in towards the town, and as I could readily do the balance of the distance unassisted, I managed to prevail upon him to accompany me so far.

“‘Dis Redcoat Road,’ continued

old Bill, entirely of his own accord, as we walked along, 'ain't much ob a road at all, and dats what makes it so gulgouslike.' (Old Bill's English was most original.) 'Nobody knows whah it comes from nor gwine to, neidder,' he continued, 'but, anyway, dese yere sojer ghostesses uses it reg'lar—speci-ally on moony nights.'

" 'What do they look like? Have you ever seen them close at hand?' I queried, more to pass away the time than anything else.

" 'Seen dem? Shuah! Dis ole Bill Mose seen dem more dan a thousan' thousan' times, an' as clo'cest as I am o you now. Dey ride in fine coaches, one after annuder, dah hosses jist jumpin' up an' down like hoppin' cats. Dah genel'men is dressed in red coats wid swords an' gold lace an' things mighty gay. And dah ladies—dah ladies all in silks an' satins, wid diimons an' socktossles jist scrump-schious. But dah road——'

" 'I could no longer restrain my mirth. The new word 'socktossles,' and the comical seriousness of 'ole Bill Mose were too much for me. I laughed out loud.

" 'Dats jist dah way dah sojer folksess done carry on,' resumed my aged companion grimly, 'only when dey laff, it jist make yah creepy-like all ober. I reckon a ghost laff is diff'runt from a libe pusson's. 'Sides, its jist pow'rful scary to see dem coaches full ob ladies an' genelmens go galivantin' 'long through dah woods jist as if dey was acomin' from——'

" 'If it is a real road, it must surely be somewhere,' I remarked.

" 'T'aint no road yah kin see, least-way, only jist what might hab been a road oncest. But, bless yer! dose ghost coaches and hosses don't need any reg'lar road. Y'kin look right through an' through de hull passel ob dem. Dey don't stop for no trees, nor nuthen. Dey—bless-de-good-Lord-for-all-His-mercies!—Here dey are acomin' now—listen!'

" 'What? Where?' I ejaculated, astonished at the continued earnestness of my guide, who had sunk to his

knees, and was pointing one long, lean finger towards a spot some few hundred feet ahead of us.

" 'Kin yah make out dat big gum tree?' went on the old negro, in a sort of awed whisper, which gradually increased to a species of howl, as he continued: 'Dat tree am d'reckly in dah centre ob Redcoat Road. Hark! Duz yah hea dah wheels a-rollin' an' a-creakin', an' dah hosses a-snortin' an' a gallopin'? . . . Here dey come. . . Look, Massa, look! . . . One, two, three, fough—fibe . . . Fibe coaches all shiny an' goldy-like! Dat big fough hoss one allus goes ahead. . . See dah sojer folksess in dah red-coats an' big swords? . . . What did I done tole you 'bout dem? Ain't dey gay? . . . Dat team allus done shy ober at dat big gum. . . Reckon dey like to scart dah ladies. . . Dah is missus dat allus smiles so, perty—ain't she!——'

" 'I leaped towards that big gum tree, as old Bill called it, in about two bounds. Upon each side, and extending as far as I explored in both directions, were deep furrows which might have been the ruts of an old waggon road. But if it ever was such a thing, it must have been years ago, for the whole was overgrown with trees, and many of them were even greater in girth than the big gum. That I saw a long procession of old-fashioned, low-hung coaches, filled with gentlemen and ladies, attired in the elaborate military and civilian costumes of the eighteenth century, bowling merrily along through the woods, careless alike of obstructing trees and the incongruity of their surroundings, is, of course, utterly absurd. But, between the eloquence of old Bill Mose, the moonlight, and my own highly excited frame of mind, I could readily have imagined almost anything."

II.

EXTRACTS FROM "WANDERINGS IN BLUENOSELAND."

"Close up there, men!"

"No straggling!"

"Forward all!"

These and similar orders were being voiced at frequent intervals by haggard-looking officers.

It was a cheerless day in late autumn. The cold rain fell in drenching torrents. A regiment of soldiers was marching down Broadway. Not the palace-bordered thoroughfare of the present, however, but the crude street of colonial times.

The troops were followed and surrounded by a crowd of wildly excited civilians. The behaviour of those latter ran the whole gamut of human emotions. Women held young babes aloft and sobbed a tearful farewell to bronzed veterans. Others, giving no heed to their squalling infants, threw handfuls of mud and even rocks at the marching column; and howled derisive epithets into the very ears of the sullen men. Here and there white-haired patriarchs invoked blessings upon their departing sons. Others, however, were calling down the vengeance and wrath of Heaven upon individual malefactors. Half-naked children scuttled about, cheering, reviling, or simply screaming, as the whim suited.

The silken flags of the regiment, carried along in the centre of the column, hung all limp and lifeless from their crown-topped poles; but the rents and tears made by the bullet-hails, could easily be distinguished. The men were uniformed in no very regular fashion, but bright scarlet jackets and white leather belts predominated. Upon some parts of their equipment were the letters "L.N.Y.L.I."

In many ways this little historic pageant was a uniquely sad one.

It took place on the 25th day of November, 1783. On that date the rear guard of Sir Guy Carleton's army evacuated New York. Among this general's troops were many bodies of American-born soldiers. Of such was the Loyal New York Light Infantry.

The acknowledgment of the Independence of the United States by Great Britain brought joy and peace to many thousands of American households; but it also shattered or partially

destroyed no inconsiderable number. The Loyal New York Light Infantry, as well as other similar organizations, were forced to expatriate themselves.

"Good-bye, mother," shouted a tall sergeant, bravely waving his shakoo towards a window, wherefrom a silver-haired matron leaned outward, unmindful alike of pelting rain and the great tear-drops slowly following one another down her cheeks.

"Your cousin vows that you shall see the Stars and Stripes floating from the tall flagstaff on the beach before your boats are many rods from shore," remarked a gossip rather sneeringly to a young ensign who marched upon the left flank of the column.

"He does," growled the officer between his teeth. "Perhaps we can disappoint him that much."

"It is hard indeed to be parted from you thus," sobbed a pale wife, struggling along beside her soldier husband.

"I know it, Ann; I know it," he replied, striving to comfort her with his strong right arm, "but the transports will be dangerously overloaded as it is. We are promised that other shipping will soon arrive to bring all that care to away. Then you can join me, and together we will make another happy home in the new country."

"Whither away, Charles," jauntily cried a foppish-looking young man, addressing an officer, whose insignia declared him a major in the Royal service. The major's sword arm was in a sling, and his cheek showed the scar of a recent bullet wound.

"I understand that the 2nd Massachusetts are in the advance of General Washington's line," eagerly queried the officer, without paying any attention to the supercilious air of the other. "Is it so?"

"Yes," replied the civilian, "together with some artillery and infantry of the Continental Army."

"Would it be asking too much to

have you hand my father this note?" went on the officer, producing a small piece of folded paper from his sabretache.

Needless to say, the march was continuing, the civilian walking beside the other while engaged in converse.

"Ye gods!" ejaculated the young fop in an affected theatrical air. "Sons fighting against fathers! Brothers against brothers! 'Tis a——"

"Better fight and die, if need be, according to one's convictions, than skulk about in safety, fattening upon the success of either side," interrupted the officer indignantly.

"Give me your missive. I will engage to hand it personally to your parent," replied the young man, his face flushing with conscious shame.



Arrived at the shore, there was considerable delay incidental to the embarkation. A young ensign slowly and laboriously ascended the tall staff from which the banner of England still waved. In the bustle and confusion of the moment, however, his actions excited but slight notice. Not till the noise of hammering was heard aloft was any great attention paid to him. Then it could be seen that he was engaged in firmly nailing the big flag to the staff.

"A foolish act, young sir," commented the old colonel harshly, and yet with a certain degree of sadness in his tones, when the ensign descended to earth once more with his task accomplished.

"My mother's sister's son will find it no easy thing to have that down and the American banner in its place before we are out of sight," cried the young officer to a throng of applauding comrades.



The future of the Loyal New York Light Infantry had been settled for them by the too-late generosity of the British Government. In common with the great bulk of the other loyalist troops, they were to be disbanded and given grants of land in that part of

America still remaining to the Crown. After various vicissitudes and adventures, which need not be enumerated here, the regiment and its followers finally settled upon a beautiful, though still entirely primitive, spot near the easternmost extremity of Nova Scotia. With much pomp and state, salutes of artillery, and other ceremonials, they took up their abode.

These soldier-colonists were far different from the bulk of those religionists, adventurers, and traders who first settled upon the shores of the New World. Their officers were men of considerable education, and in most cases had formerly held commissions in the regular army. Even the rank and file was mainly composed of young men of gentle birth, who had left comfortable city homes in order to fight for what they considered to be the right cause. The years of campaigning had long sapped out whatever mercantile or dogmatic instincts they had formerly possessed. The regiment had become inured to the practice of arms, and knew no other trade so well.

When it came to founding a settlement, they modelled it upon the plan, as nearly as could be, of their native city. Broad streets, alternating with narrow lanes, public squares, governmental sites, fortifications, even a navy yard, were plotted and staked out in the midst of this howling wilderness. Rude structures of logs arose, where, later on, goodly piles of brick and masonry were intended to be placed. Shiploads of furniture and upholsterings came out from England, and the richest products of the European looms brushed against the virgin mosses of the forest. What with back pay, bounty money, and the lavishly-provided governmental supplies, the new colony was fairly bubbling over with prosperity.

With all the prejudice of rank and class, several of the field officers of the Loyal New York Light Infantry had chosen a site some miles distant from the main town for their own peculiar estate. They had caused to be there erected the most elaborate residences of which

the rough building material was capable. Also, a good road was cut through the thick woods that intervened, and the huge lumbering coaches soon wore deep ruts between Stormont—as the little suburb was called—and the main settlement.

Although no longer officially in existence, yet such was the force of past discipline, that, at regular intervals, the regiment paraded as of yore, and went through accustomed evolutions to the awe and bewilderment of curious red-skinned aborigines. It is true that after some few years both ranks and officers were scanty in number, and once brilliant uniforms and accoutrements sadly worn and bedraggled; but the shot-torn colours and the fierce old white-haired colonel remained constant. After each of these functions, the aged warrior would tenderly place the regimental flags within his satin-lined vehicle and trundle back to his big log mansion at Stormont.

It can readily be imagined that there was much social commerce between the officers resident in the two settlements. Scarcely a fine night passed but what the lumbering carriages went back and forward on the Stormont road, carrying belles and beaux attired in all the costly bravery of their times. Stately dinner parties alternated with more trivial dancing assemblages; lovers broke and exchanged vows; social ambitions fought out all their insidious campaigns, and the elegance and puerility of the then society was reproduced on a petty scale, where some short while before had been but lonely forest trees and redskins' wigwams.

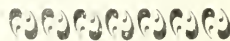
But fate had more trials and tribulations in store for these joyous settlers. After a year or two the governmental

supplies were no longer available. The colony was left to work out its own destiny. The result would have been a foregone conclusion to any shrewd man of the world. These soldier-settlers knew little of agriculture, not very much about fishing, and rather less of commerce. Their efforts in these directions were persistent, but without skill, and therefore well-nigh unavailing. When back pay and bounty money gave out, something very much like starvation stared them in the face, despite their luxuriant surroundings. Many, in desperation, fled with their wives and families to more hospitable climes.

The last parade of the Loyal New York Light Infantry was held at midnight, when the old colonel was buried. His grave is near the site of his own house. Old Micmac Indians have told of the three volleys fired and the dull rattle of the muffled drums. After that, the regiment scattered far and wide. The colours were never seen again.

In the fall of 1811 a most terrific gale of wind swept over the province. Among other damage it blew down many trees along the Stormont road, which made that thoroughfare impassable for wheeled vehicles. These obstructions were never cleared away, and the buildings at Stormont, as well as most of those at the main settlement, soon became untenanted, and in due course left only hollows in the ground to show where they once had stood.

In a lonely grave among the thick-growing fir trees of that place, once called Stormont, lie the two crown-topped poles, which in by-gone days bore the colours of a New York red-coated regiment through many a hard-fought field.



EMPIRE DAY.

A DETAILED HISTORY OF ITS ORIGIN AND INCEPTION.

By W. Sanford Evans, M.A.

ON June 6, 1896, the Wentworth Historical Society of Hamilton passed a resolution of condolence with Mrs. Clementine Fessenden on the loss of her husband. In her few words of reply Mrs. Fessenden, who was accompanied by her little six-year-old grandchild, said she hoped the patriotic spirit of the grandfather would descend to the grandchild. Thereupon it was moved, seconded and carried, that little Kathleen Trenholm Fessenden be made an honorary member of the Society, in recognition of the loyal service of her ancestors and as an earnest of the future.

It was a notable experience for the child. Mrs. Fessenden was struck by her delight in her badge and the maple leaf she wore; by the glow of her young spirit; by the deep impression made on her mind by this identification with a worthy past; and by the patriotic aspiration that vaguely stirred her. The thought naturally followed: Why should not all children be stimulated in this way? If the new life and aspiration that came to this one child could come equally to all children, what a tremendous influx of national energy there might be with the next generation. In this thought lay the germ of Empire Day.

With a devotion deserving of all praise Mrs. Fessenden set herself to secure the realization of this vision of national benefit. In the schools the children could be most easily reached. The *Montreal Daily Star* of August 24, 1897, contained a letter from Mrs. Fessenden discussing the idea, and requesting that "school boards and others be visited and petitions circulated asking the endorsement of a movement looking toward the formation of a national patriotic scheme of education." This was followed by

letters to other papers. Mrs. Fessenden wrote also to the Minister of Education for Ontario, suggesting a day of special exercises, the children taking part to be known as the League of the Union Jack. Under date of November 6, 1897, she received the following answer:

"DEAR MADAM,—I have your letter of the 2nd inst., and am delighted to notice the loyal tone by which it is animated. As Canadians we have been greatly at fault in neglecting the cultivation of a patriotic spirit, and if the formation of a league such as you suggest could be of service for that purpose, as I am sure it would, it ought to receive the support of every patriotic Canadian. As there is no provision in the regulations of the Department for flag exercises of any kind, I think it would be well to consult the Inspector, and perhaps the Chairman of the Board of Trustees, before such exercises were introduced into the school. So far as the Education Department is concerned you may rest assured that any effort made to foster in our school-children a love for our own country will receive a most cordial support. I shall even be prepared to consider any general scheme for the schools of the whole Province that may be submitted."

Mrs. Fessenden accordingly submitted a general scheme, and in acknowledgment Mr. Ross wrote again on November 23rd, 1897:

"It would be of some advantage if the scheme were taken up by the Hamilton Board of Trustees, as that would call public attention to the movement, and perhaps make it easier for the Department to act."

Mrs. Fessenden then waited upon the Hamilton Board. On January 7th, 1898, it was moved and carried "that the Board set apart one afternoon in the year for the purpose of inculcating patriotic sentiment." The details, together with the date and name of the day to be set apart, were left to the Minister of Education. At Mrs. Fessenden's instance the School Boards of

London and Dundas adopted the idea and memorialized the Minister. Other School Boards were approached and many personal letters written. In the meantime the leading papers in Ontario and in Montreal had given the scheme notice, and it had been endorsed by the Canadian Club of Hamilton and by the Wentworth Historical Society. These results represented a great deal of work on the part of Mrs. Fessenden.

Mr. Ross then took the leadership in the matter. Political duties prevented his attending the meeting of the Dominion Educational Association in Halifax last August, but he forwarded a memorandum in which the following passage occurs :

"One of the questions which I intended to bring before the Association was the selection of some day during the school year to be specially devoted to the cultivation of loyalty and attachment to our country and to the institutions under which we live. In the month of May I corresponded with the Superintendents of the different Provinces, asking for suggestions with regard to the title of such a day, and the time which would best suit the convenience of the schools. I am glad to be able to say that the answer to my enquiries evinced the most cordial approval of the proposal, and all that remains now is for the Association to fix the date for observing such a day and select a title. Among the titles suggested were the following: 'Flag Day,' 'Britannia Day,' 'Patriotic Day' and 'Empire Day.' None of these titles, except the last, seems to be acceptable."

Mr. Ross then gave his objections to the other titles and his reasons for favouring Empire Day, and with regard to the date said:

"As to the time most convenient for the celebration of such a day, from suggestions received and from a careful consideration of the whole question, I would respectfully advise that the school day immediately preceding the 24th of May be the day selected."

On August 4th the Association unanimously passed this resolution:

"Resolved that the Association recommends that the school day immediately preceding the 24th of May be set apart as 'Empire Day,' and that the Education Departments in the Provinces and Territories be respectfully requested to arrange for such exercises in their respective schools as will tend to the increase of a sound patriotic feeling."

Pursuant to this resolution formal action was taken by the Education Department of Ontario, the Council of Public Instruction of Nova Scotia and the Protestant Section of the Council of Public Instruction of Quebec. In the schools under the jurisdiction of these three departments Empire Day was duly celebrated on May 23rd last, as it was also in some schools in New Brunswick and Manitoba. It is expected that the day will soon be universally observed in Canada.

Outside of Canada, too, the day has already attracted attention. The English newspapers contained brief news references to it when the Ontario Education Department announced the formal action taken by it on the 1st of March. The idea seems at once to have commended itself to many in the Mother Country, where the Queen's Birthday has not hitherto been even a holiday, and where there has been no special patriotic day in the schools. On April 25th the London *Times* contained a letter from Lord Meath on the subject, together with one from Mr. Chamberlain to Lord Meath. After giving the substance of the reports he had read in the papers, Lord Meath said:

"This appeared to me such an excellent idea and one (especially if connected with a half-holiday) so well calculated to advance the cause of unity within the Empire, that I ventured to ask her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for the Colonies whether he could not see his way to use his great influence unofficially to push this movement throughout other portions of the Empire, so that ultimately the anniversary of Her Majesty's birthday throughout the length and breadth of her dominions might be associated in the minds of her subjects, especially of the young, with that vast Empire which has in so large a measure been the product of her long and glorious reign. In answer to my appeal, Mr. Chamberlain has been good enough to send me the enclosed reply, which I shall be obliged if you will kindly publish. (Signed), MEATH."

Mr. Chamberlain's letter was as follows:

"DEAR LORD MEATH,—I have received your letter of the 8th inst., in which you call my attention to the reported action of the Education Department of Ontario with regard to

the Queen's Birthday, and suggest that I should endeavor to get their example copied in other parts of the Empire. I agree with you in regarding the Sovereign's birthday as an appropriate occasion for such special efforts to foster Imperial patriotism and loyalty as appear to have been made under the direction of the Education Department of Ontario, and I should be glad to see similar action in the schools of other parts of the Empire. (Signed), J. CHAMBERLAIN."

A Committee, called the Queen's Eightieth Birthday Committee, were already at work to secure the special observance of the 24th, and their plans included the children of two or three schools. The chairman of the Committee gave this information in a letter to the *Times* in reply to that of Lord Meath. Later, the London School Board, on motion of Lord Reay, the chairman, issued instructions that the children of the London Board Schools should, on the morning of the 24th, be addressed on the Queen's reign, while the afternoon should be a holiday. What influence Canada's action may have had in the case of the London School Board, it is impossible to say. But these facts show at least the simple beginnings out of which an Empire Day may, under Canada's example, develop in the Mother Country. There is little doubt also that the example will before long be copied in other parts of the Empire. Lord Meath's letter is an evidence of the agencies already at work.

It has seemed worth while to place on record these facts of the origin of Empire Day. As a matter of record, also, I think it is worth the necessary space to give some typical details of the first celebration in Canada. I have clippings from local papers in all parts of the country. One idea prevailed, but there were many minor differences in method. Even a partial list of interesting features should contain useful suggestions for principals and teachers.

The general scope of the exercises may be gathered from the circular issued by Mr. Ross to the Inspectors of Ontario :

"Part of the forenoon might be occupied with a familiar talk by the teacher on the

British Empire, its extent and resources ; the relation of Canada to the Empire ; the unity of the Empire, and its advantages ; the privileges which, as British subjects, we enjoy ; the extent of Canada and its resources ; readings from Canadian and British authors by the teacher ; interesting historical incidents in connection with our own country. The aim of the teacher in all his references to Canada and the Empire should be, to make Canadian patriotism intelligent, comprehensive and strong. The afternoon, commencing at 2.30 p.m., might be occupied with patriotic recitations, songs and readings by the pupils, and speeches by trustees, clergymen and such other persons as may be available. The trustees and public generally should be invited to be present at the exercises. During the day the British Flag or Canadian Ensign should be hoisted over the school building."

The Inspectors handed on these suggestions, in some cases with more detail, to the trustees and teachers, who were left to work out the programmes.

It will perhaps be the best plan to give the features of chief interest under certain general headings. The details of the class work of the morning have, naturally, not been reported. I have already stated the Provinces in which the day was observed. High Schools, Public Schools and Separate Schools took part, and all grades from the Kindergarten to the Normal classes.

In most cases the exercises were held in the school buildings, the classes congregating in one or more rooms according to the accommodation. But there were several divergences from this rule. In Montreal a great public meeting was held on the evening of the 22nd in the Arena Rink. This celebration stands first in point of time and in magnitude. The music was furnished by a choir of one thousand school children. That the meeting was held on the 22nd instead of the 23rd was owing to the fact that a Military Tattoo had been arranged for the latter night. In Petrolia, Ontario, all the school children gathered in the Opera House on the afternoon of Empire Day ; and in Galt in the grand stand in the Park. At the High School in Sherbrooke, Quebec, the exercises were held on the school lawn.

There were several street parades, the children carrying flags and maple leaves. In Petrolia, for example, the children marched to the Opera House,

headed by the High School cadets. In Galt the officers, bugle band, and a color party of the 29th Batt. led the way to the Park. All the school children of the town were in line, some riding on decorated bicycles. In Woodstock the children of one school marched through the principal streets and back to the school again. At other places there were marches around the school grounds.

Decorations were very general, and sometimes really elaborate. The materials used were pictures, particularly pictures of the Queen, flags, bunting, flowers and maple leaves. The blackboards, also, were brought into requisition and were covered with drawings of the Union Jack and other flags, the national flowers and emblems of different parts of the Empire, the Canadian and British coats-of-arms, and maps of the world with the British Empire filled in. In many cases these drawings were made by the children themselves. Maple leaves were very generally worn, and the staff of one school presented each child with a tiny Canadian ensign as a *boutonnière*. In some kindergarten classes the children made British flags.

Printed programmes were common, but not universal. Some were mere catalogues of the events of the day, and others contained, in addition, appropriate selections or explanatory notes. In one class the children prepared their own souvenir cards.

Music, of course, there was in abundance, both vocal and instrumental, choruses by the children being the leading feature in every case. I find that no less than forty different patriotic choruses were sung. And nearly all the patriotic poetry that was not sung was recited.

A feature that might be very largely developed was the dialogue. The Seven Provinces was a favourite, each Province being represented by a girl who spoke for it. Other dialogues were The Loyal Brigade, and Red, White and Blue. At the Model School in Toronto, Kipling's poem, A Song of the English, was beautifully and effectively rendered as a dialogue, England

receiving the declarations of her dependencies and giving her answer. These dialogues were combined with fancy drill. Manual exercises, military drill, fancy drill, the saluting of the flag, and, in Galt, a Maypole dance, formed the spectacular part of the programmes.

Public men responded well to the invitations to deliver addresses, it being a rare programme on which there were not at least two speeches. General Foster, United States Consul, delivered the principal address at the County Academy, Halifax.

Essays by the children on Patriotism, on Canada, the United Kingdom, England and her colonies, and short biographical sketches of distinguished men were an important feature. One class in Brantford must be credited with a novelty: Each pupil gave one fact relating to Queen Victoria. In Whitby one of the High School girls was chosen by her schoolmates to impersonate Laura Secord, and receive the contributions from all the scholars of the town, which the School Board had decided to allow to be collected toward the proposed monument.

Finally, the telegrams to the Queen from the school children of Montreal and Halifax should be mentioned. The Montreal telegram read: "School children of Montreal in their first celebration of Empire Day send expression of their loyal devotion to their Queen and Empire." The Halifax telegram was similar: "The school children of Halifax celebrating Empire Day in common with all Canadian schools, send loyal greetings to their beloved Sovereign." The reply received was: "Queen thanks you and all Canadian school children." The Secretary of the Protestant Board of School Commissioners in Montreal received the following letter from the Queen's Private Secretary, Sir Arthur Bigge: "The Private Secretary is commanded to express the thanks of the Queen for the kind message of congratulation which the school children of Montreal have forwarded through you to Her Majesty."

Such, in brief, is the history of the first Empire Day. Will the day prove a good thing or a bad thing? We must not lose sight for a moment of the fact that it may prove a dangerous influence. False notions of patriotism, false conceptions of national work, and false enthusiasms are much more easily imparted than true ones. The institution of Empire Day, far

from solving anything, has thrust upon us one of the gravest problems. With this aspect of the question I cannot deal at the end of an article. But while I express my belief in the day's wide possibilities of good, I would insist that the realization of these possibilities depends, not on the day itself, but on the wisdom with which the appeal to patriotism is made.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

THE modern nervous system has much to try it. The daily despatches from the four corners of the earth, with murmurs of revolution and threatenings of war, keep the mind of man on the tenter-hooks of suspense. Three centuries ago, if civilization was ruder, the bliss of ignorance relieved the mass of mankind from much strain. To-day the possibilities of war—or worse—in South Africa create anxieties in distant parts of the British Empire. The meeting of Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor at the Cape, with Oom Paul has failed to produce a favourable result, and the Imperial authorities have to deal with a kind of diplomacy which knows no modern finesse, but is rugged and uncompromising to the last degree. For centuries the long arm of England has reached out far to protect her subjects, to secure them equal justice, and to enforce at least a recognition of civilization from the most stubborn despot. In the last resort there is always force, but with the Boers—owing to their successful repulse of a former British attack—this force means less than it does to other communities. The full price of the Jameson raid is now being paid. But for that senseless movement—since a revolt which fails is always wrong, while one which succeeds passes into history as a noble and necessary revolution—the demands made upon the Transvaal Republic would be irresistible. Nor can Eng-

land, in the interests of peace and humanity, call in another nation to advise the Boers to take the course to which this proud and tenacious race must inevitably, in the end, bend its neck. England, being the suzerain power, must deal with its own refractory state. What hidden resources there may yet be to avoid armed conflict, what card, to use the phrase of the gaming table, the Colonial Secretary may have up his sleeve, it seems almost impossible to divine.

Lord Salisbury staved off war by an agreement with Russia on the Chinese question, but he has not quieted the apprehensions of those who fear that in the competition of the European Powers for control in China, Britain is being



BARON BILDT—SWEDEN AND NORWAY.
THE PEACE CONFERENCE.



BARON DE STAAL—RUSSIA.



M. DE BERNAERT—FRANCE.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

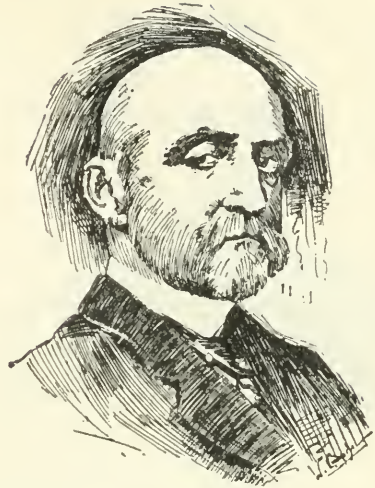
left behind in the race. Intelligent travellers, like Lord Charles Beresford and officials who represent British influence and commerce in China, believe that, in the imminent break-up of the Chinese Empire, Great Britain will not hold that influence which her commercial supremacy would warrant her in asserting. An alliance with Japan and the United States is urged. There are almost inseparable obstacles to this, chiefly due to the fact that, under its form of government, the American Republic cannot be counted upon to maintain such a continuity of foreign policy as is involved in a regular alliance. Where the commercial interests of the Republic strongly point to a certain line of policy, that course is to a certain degree pursued by one Cabinet or another. But it is not easily crystallized into any definite agreement, and those who study foreign policy, especially the course of events in China, are forced to the conclusion that England must fight for her own hand there, aided only by such benevolent neutrality and general co-operation in details on the part of other nations possessing interests similar to her own. It is possible that Lord Salisbury is acting on some such principle, and that if he

appears at times to be at the mercy of circumstances it is because the British Empire, powerful as it may be, is not a paramount influence in every quarter of the world.

The apotheosis of mere Number is being carried out with fine ceremonial in Australia. The union movement has hung fire, because in New South Wales—the Ontario of the Australian provinces—the exact majority by which Federation ought to be carried has raised, at one stage or another of the long agitation, a vexatious obstacle. Mr. Reid, the Premier, was not a cordial friend of the movement in its early and critical stages, and the measure failed to secure the prescribed majority, although the majority of votes recorded was large enough to impress the ruling politicians, including Mr. Reid, with the necessity of carrying it by some means. The conference of Premiers drew all the colonies once more together, but a new difficulty has arisen in connection with the Upper House in New South Wales, which proved unwilling to promote Federation after the Lower House had endorsed the Premier's new proposals. Encouraged by this inaction and hostility in New South



ANDREW D. WHITE—U.S.



CAPTAIN MAHAN—U.S.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

Wales, Queensland has likewise been backward in dealing with the question, although Mr. Dickson, the head of the Ministry, has promised co-operation. It does not appear that Australian Union is yet assured, owing largely to the selfish bungling and to some extent bad faith of the politicians. In Canada the steadfast attachment of Mr. George Brown to his Conservative allies for the purpose of Confederation enabled the measure to be passed, and if the constituencies were not consulted on the details of the bill before it went into force, there does not seem any substantial reason to regret that fact to-day. The idea of counting heads every time a necessary constitutional change is decided on, and then allowing a small adverse vote to stifle it, may be carried too far.



Lord Tennyson, the new Governor of South Australia, received a very hearty welcome from the people there who greeted him with especial cordiality, doubtless as the son of his father. The selection of a man not previously prominent in political affairs may have occasioned some surprise at the moment, but there is no reason to fear that Lord Tennyson will fail to make an acceptable and capable colonial ad-

ministrator. It is the good fortune of Britain to possess what has been termed a large "reserve force" of men who can be sent with confidence to the outlying parts of the Empire. They may not in every case be brilliant, but in the majority of instances they are safe men, who will strengthen the Imperial connection and be a source of constant inspiration to new communities as presenting an imported mind free from local prejudices and party proclivities. The tributes which have been paid to Lord Elgin, who lately retired from the Viceroyalty of India, indicate the spirit in which the services of public men are required in Great Britain. Here was a perfectly untried man, selected by Mr. Gladstone at a time when choice was limited, owing to his political isolation, and who, going to India, with much to learn at a period of unusual difficulty, achieved a distinct success, owing to the faithfulness, zeal and courage shown in the discharge of duty. The British press are unanimous in awarding praise to Lord Elgin for the sense and patriotism he exhibited throughout his term of office, and if history does not place him among the ablest of Indian Viceroys, she will, at least, declare that like many other Britons call-



SETH LOWE—U.S.



COUNT NIGRA—ITALY.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

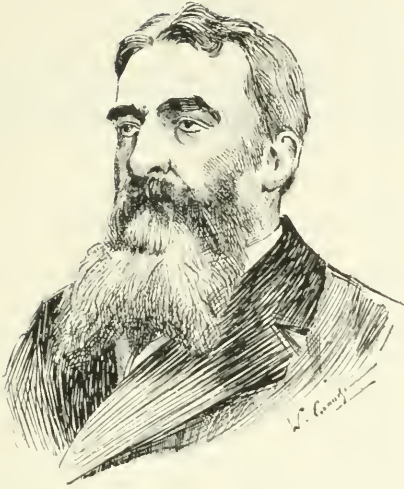
ed to arduous posts from the tranquillity of private life, he did the state good service.

The clamour that is continually raised on this continent against railway corporations for the high freight rates which are maintained, almost invariably leads up to the argument that if state control were substituted for private ownership this and other evils would disappear. The experience of Victoria, a colony which owns its lines of railways, indicates that the revision of rates is not an easy task provided the lines are worked on business principle. The farmers there have complained of the high charges on wheat carried to the seaboard, the charge being 12s. 4d. a bushel per 150 miles when wheat sold as low as 2s. 6d. The Victorian Government, owing to the requirements of revenue, skilfully shelved the question until the present season's heavy crop had been marketed. Where the railway administration is entirely at the mercy of political, rather than business, influences a policy of putting the rates below cost of carriage would probably prevail, and no doubt in time Victoria will move in this direction. But that state railways can at once enable a community's producers to meet foreign competition and prove a

paying investment remains to be demonstrated.

The Salisbury Government suffered a reverse in the Southport election, mainly, it is thought, owing to the defection of evangelical Churchmen who are displeased with the inaction of Ministers in the ritualism controversy. The policy of political leaders is to give the bishops a chance, but the rank and file are not bound by any half-avowed compact to avoid parliamentary interference for the time. The laity seem to be in earnest, and when staunch party men break away at the polls the measure of their earnestness is indicated.

The British House of Commons continues to occupy itself with business of less Imperial interest than usual, although the bills themselves are of national importance. One dealing with education has occasioned much discussion of matters which throw more light upon the economic and social conditions of England than subjects involving foreign policy—although, naturally, we hear less of them. In opposing a provision as to the age of children for compulsory attendance at school, a member for an Essex constituency deprecated any step that threw further obstacles in the way of farmers ob-



M. DE BEAUFORT—BELGIUM.



DUKE OF TETUAN—SPAIN.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE.

taining agricultural labour. It was pointed out that the eastern counties were being steadily depleted of rural population. One farmer had to milk his cows by means of a gas engine! Wages go up, but the rush toward the cities progresses faster. These counties have less population than they possessed in the days of the Stuarts, even less than in the Middle Ages.

In the colonies the supposition is that delay in dealing with the Pacific Cable scheme is due to vested interests—that is the cable companies already in existence. As a measure of defence the value of the projected cable would be great, and this consideration can hardly be overlooked by the Imperial authorities. They must know as well as we do the needs of the Empire in time of war, and if the project is abandoned because the Imperial Government declines to proceed on the lines recommended by the commission, the fault will certainly not rest upon the colonies. Both the Canadian and Australian Governments have acted with unusual vigour in the matter, and it will be an exceedingly unfortunate precedent if, after the colonies have been

worked up to the requisite pitch of enthusiasm in behalf of the project, the Imperial Government should strike out on an entirely new line, which is not considered practicable by colonial opinion.

The Peace Conference of 1899 is at least a picturesque affair. If we could forget that society rests upon force, a general resolution not to fight would be an admirable vow for all nations to take. If life could be diverted of the stern, hard conditions which surround existence, and the human character remoulded by the elimination of passion, the Conference could fix a date for the Millennium. In providing fresh means whereby nations on the verge of war may either arbitrate their differences, or secure, without loss of dignity, the services of a mediator, there is doubtless work for the Conference to do. At least discussion may do good. There is, also, food for thought in proposals to restrain warlike nations from free use of the more hideous weapons of destruction. But where any such proposal threatens to cripple a particular service or a particular nation we find that it meets with little favour. When the

Conference seems likely to condemn the use of explosive bullets, the *London Times*, no mean exponent of higher civilization, proceeds to say: "That type has been adopted by our military authorities for the purposes of a special class of warfare in which this country is necessarily more often involved than other powers, and if our experts can show, as they undoubtedly will, that its use is not at variance with the ordinary laws of humane warfare, we can hardly be expected to abandon it in deference to the theoretical objections of others, whose necessities are not the same as ours." This opinion indicates the spirit in which any drastic attempt at change will be met. From the number of able men who take part in it, the Peace Conference must always be interesting. That it will discover the panacea for war, that it will even propound remedies for reducing international conflicts to a minimum, only enthusiasts need expect. On paper the most beautiful sentiments and the most elaborate plans for arbitration may be set down. The timid will be much comforted by the phrases used and the enumeration of promising expedients. In the ultimate event, whenever there is cause, and they can safely do so, nations will fight exactly as before—and the strong will prevail.

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The twists and turns in the Dreyfus case have been set forth to the world in such detail that the average mind has lost sight of the salient facts and finds it hard to determine what all the pother is about. That a man was unjustly sentenced for a crime he did not commit is no new thing even under the highest forms of law. What strikes at the root of the principles on which modern states rest is the comparative ease with which the wrong was inflicted, and the participation of persons and interests that ought to be above suspicion. In a country where all men are compelled to serve in the army, it becomes a serious matter when by means of a secret trial, forged documents and false testimony a soldier's liberty can be taken away. Whose life is safe under such conditions? Added to this feeling are the innumerable causes of unrest in France, the lack of confidence in its rulers and itself which the nation exhibits. A republic armed to the teeth is a menace to itself and to others, and the final issue is certainly not disarmament and the gradual resumption of commercial and pastoral pursuits by a community well fitted for both. The Dreyfus crisis may not produce the inevitable revolution, but come it will at last.

A. H. U. Colquhoun.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

PROFESSOR WILLIAM CLARK, the new president of the Royal Society of Canada, brings to the office a dignity and honour equal to its own. Whether at the University of Aberdeen or at Oxford, whether in some of the leading pulpits of England or in the chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Trinity University, Toronto, whether a contributor to literary papers or special lecturer at a sister university—wherever he has been and in whatever he has done, he has won honour and praise as a dignified and thorough scholar. Although he has just turned seventy years of age, his glance is as keen, his movements as alert and his brain as active as those of most men a score of years younger; moreover, he is broader in his views and in his range of thought than most clergymen or priests, and thus quite capable of bearing the highest literary honour in Canada with full credit to himself and the Society of which he is to be the chief administrator.

This publication is honoured in having Professor Clark among the contributors to its thirteenth volume. His articles on Dante's Divine Comedy are masterpieces of appreciative interpretation.

Sir John G. Bourinot, who was the first secretary of the Royal Society upon its formation by the Marquis of Lorne in 1882, has been re-elected to that office. In 1891 he was vice-president, and in 1892 president. He has been secretary continuously since 1893, and has long been recognized as the central figure in the Society's group of active workers. To his perseverance and energy much of the success of the Society must be attributed.

W. Sanford Evans, who writes the history of Empire Day in this issue, is

just now at the head of a newly-organized "League of Canadian Clubs," which aims at establishing Canadian clubs in the various cities and towns in Canada. The league is composed at present of three clubs, situated in Hamilton, Toronto and Galt. Mr. Evans, who is now a Toronto journalist, was the first president of the Hamilton club. He contributed to the second volume of this magazine an article on the Canadian Club movement.

There are people in Canada who are paying \$10 per barrel for Manitoba flour, although the price in Toronto and Montreal runs from four to five dollars. These people who are forced to pay such fabulous prices live at Moose Factory, on James Bay. This Hudson's Bay Company's Post is reached from the outside world only once a year, and that by a ship which arrives from England in August. This annual ship brings in all the supplies for the population of five hundred whites and Indians; and Chicago pork sells at \$27 a barrel and Manitoba flour at \$10, these huge prices being due to the double transportation across the Atlantic.

At this isolated post there live two important whites, the Bishop of Moosonee and the Hudson's Bay Company's Chief Factor, W. K. Broughton—the one ruling the spiritual affairs of the district, and the other the temporal. The latter has been at this post over thirty years. The Bishop has a fine garden. A visitor to it on October 7th, 1898, states that all kinds of vegetables were growing in it at that date.*

Two smaller posts are connected

* Ontario Crown Lands Report, 1898 : p. 56; sub-report of A. Niven, O.L.S.

with this larger one. At New Post on the Abbittibi, one hundred and thirty miles from Moose Factory, an officer and two men are stationed to look after the fur trade of that region. Another officer is stationed at Abbittibi, on Lake Abbittibi, and he has often about him in the summer-time three or four hundred Indians, who have come in to meet their friends and trade their furs for flour, pork, blankets, guns, knives and ammunition.

This information from the Ontario Government Reports should prove interesting to those of our readers who have been following Beckles Willson's articles on the early days of the Company's rule at Nelson and York Factories, which are on the same body of water, but much further north than Moose Factory. It should be interesting to those also who read Mr. Wadsworth's two articles on the Moose Lands of Northern Ontario. Mr. Wadsworth has spent two or three summers hunting in that region, and knows it very thoroughly.

In the summer of 1898 Mr. A. Niven, a land surveyor, and a party of eighteen persons were engaged in running the boundary line between Nipissing and Algoma along the Abbittibi and Moose Rivers. The line was already partly run, but Mr. Niven ran it 180 miles farther to a point about twenty-nine miles southwest of Moose Factory. He reports that the fishing in the Abbittibi and the Moose is not very good, the water being too muddy for trolling. He saw two white porpoises in the Moose River about ten miles from the Factory. There are no red deer along this line, he claims, but there were signs of moose and caribou through part of the district, namely, from the 120th to the 220th mile, the last eighty miles being almost without game of any kind. Beaver are very plentiful between the 180th and 230th mile, their ponds proving very troublesome to the surveying party.

This district which Mr. Niven describes as being frequented by moose

and caribou is a beautiful piece of country containing some millions of acres of good farming land—just as productive as any in Ontario. For nearly a hundred miles it is as level as a prairie, but is covered with spruce and poplar of considerable value. Why the Ontario Government after such a report offers to give away a considerable portion of this land to a railway contractor cannot be understood. Premier Hardy would be wise to commence immediately a colonization road into that district and throw it open for settlement. For the purposes of agriculture, the land is of double, perhaps triple the value of the land now being settled on by the Doukhobors and Mennonites in the North-West, while the timber is very valuable for paper and pulp.

It is not pleasant work finding fault or indulging in severe criticism, but it is hardly avoidable when one looks at the records of the last twenty years of Ontario Colonization. It is represented by one colony in Northern Ontario which is named "Dryden"; this has been a wonderful success but has never been duplicated. The rulers of Ontario during the past twenty years have been sleeping amid the deadening aroma of petty politics, and there has been no intelligent Opposition or well-informed Press to awaken them. They have done absolutely nothing for the Province except to collect and spend its revenues, to appoint sheriffs and license commissioners, and to perform other municipal duties of equally great importance.

The *Toronto Globe* does well to point out that the sentiment against private control of railways has been growing in Canada, and that "there is a movement of considerable force in favour of public instead of private ownership." Everyone must agree with the *Globe* that the present Government has not been so liberal with the railways as was its predecessor, and "has carried the principle of government control a long way." Whenever new railways have been sanctioned and bonused dur-

ing the past three years, running powers are reserved for future companies desiring to use them. The usefulness of the Railway Committee of the Privy Council had been increased by an extension of its powers to make regulations for all Canadian railways.

Soon we may expect to see the bonus system abandoned in favour of a loan system, and after that will come the question of public ownership. The first of these two reforms will probably be inaugurated within a year or two, although the latter cannot be expected for some years to come.



Mr. W. F. Luxton, in 1893, wrote a letter showing why he had lost control of the *Winnipeg Free Press*. In this letter occurs the following paragraph :

"Shortly after the Provincial Government granted a bonus of some \$160,000 to the Canadian Pacific Railway for the Souris extension; and then began the friendship of the C.P.R. for the Government, which has been ever since manifested. Subsequently, some \$70,000 has been given that company as a provincial bonus on the Pipestone extension; and what is presently under consideration is a bonus for a Dauphin extension. Beyond a doubt these are the considerations for which the C.P.R. converted its hostility to the local government into friendship; and besides, all the circumstances, with which I am painfully familiar, convince me that it is a part of the arrangement that the *Free Press* shall be brought into line with the government. To that position, under my management, it positively never could be brought."

This is an example of the charges that will be made so long as this railway bonus system is kept up. If it were done away with we would hear less about bribery and corruption. Mr. Luxton's statement may or may not be a fair one, but it shows the possibilities; and in some cases, as the Canadian public is well aware, there have been more than possibilities.



Some persons have remarked that Mr. Norman Patterson's criticisms of the Canadian people in the June issue of this magazine were too strong and scarcely justifiable. But Mr. Patterson wrote nothing so stern as the following editorial paragraph from that staid daily, *The Montreal Gazette*:

"Some Liberal papers resent the statement that Ontario's electorate is the most corrupt in Canada. They have the facts against them, however. There have been more unseatings for bribery, more saw-offs to save unseatings, more scandals in connection with the bribery of electors, and more legal whitewashings of corruptionists in Ontario than in any other three provinces in Canada. The records of the courts are in proof that the people are politically rotten."

This is severe. Yet it contains more than an element of truth. Without attempting to excuse the persons who seek and accept bribes, I think any person is safe in saying that the leaders, provincial and federal, of both parties are responsible for the state of affairs which the editor of the *Gazette* deplores. They have created what are known as "campaign funds," to which members of parliament, members of legislatures, office holders, contractors, and those interested in party success are required to contribute. The politicians are not seeking to govern the country well, but to hold or gain the treasury benches. This is the primary object of every political party, very few politicians being willing, as Sir William Meredith was for many years in Ontario, to occupy the Opposition benches rather than adopt the policy of campaign funds or to sacrifice their political and moral principles.



The *Winnipeg Telegram* condemns Mr. Greenway, because at a luncheon given at the Manitoba Club to Mr. O'Connor Power, on June 14th, 1888, Mr. Greenway declared:

"I have sometimes complained that we have shown too much disposition here to invite Icelanders, Mennonites, Scandinavians, Germans and so on."

I have always thought fairly of Mr. Greenway as a shrewd administrator, but that quotation makes me think more of him than ever. This influx of the foreigner is something every nation cannot bear without injury.

Outside of his railway and education policies Mr. Greenway is not very vulnerable, and if he is beaten by Mr. Hugh John Macdonald in the approaching provincial election, it will be because the province desires a change.

John A. Cooper.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

PRINCIPAL CAIRD'S BOOKS.

PRINCIPAL JOHN CAIRD, of Glasgow, was for many years one of the most noted scholars of the English world, and in Canada there are professors and clergymen who have profited by personal teaching from him. Fourteen of his "University Addresses"* have just been published and they show the wonderful range of the man's thought and knowledge, as well as the brightness of his intellect. His language is always simple, his arguments clear and easily comprehended, and it is these characteristics which will make "University Addresses" a popular book. The subjects of the lectures are as follows: The Unity of the Sciences; The Progressiveness of the Sciences; Erasmus; Galileo; The Scientific Character of Bacon; David Hume; Bishop Butler and his Theology; The Study of History; The Science of History; The Study of Art; The Progressiveness of Art; The Art of Public Speaking; The Personal Element in Teaching; General and Professional Education.

Another volume by the Principal is entitled "University Sermons." While this must necessarily be of greatest importance to clergymen, it will be found not without interest to the general reader. For example: The first chapter deals with the subject, "What is Religion?" and we are all interested in knowing what so great a scholar thought was comprehended in that word. His sermon on "Truth and Freedom" also contains many specially forcible thoughts and suggestions.

* Principal Caird's books are published in Canada by the Upper Canada Tract Society, 102 Yonge Street, Toronto.

Of course, both these books are for the earnest seeker after knowledge, not for the dilettante whose life is composed of vapid pleasure and stimulating sensation.



CANADIAN CITIZENSHIP.

Another book of this class is John Millar's "Canadian Citizenship," just published by William Briggs, whose list comprises so many excellent books. The author, who is the Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario, and whose name has appeared on a great number of title pages, has produced a book which should be in the hands of every voter. The Rights and Duties of Citizens, the Nature of Government, Patriotism, Municipal Government, the Judicial System, Taxation, Political Parties—these are some of the subjects discussed. Of course they are not treated exhaustively, but simply to such an extent that most citizens will find their minds stimulated and their information increased. The only fault of the book is that it lacks in brightness and sprightliness, but this fault is more than wiped out by the admirable arrangement and condensation.



MODERN ENGLAND.

Sometime ago there was reviewed in these columns a volume by Justin McCarthy, M.P., entitled "Modern England Before the Reform Bill." There is now issued in the same series* a sequel volume "Modern England: The Reform Bill to the Present Time," and it will be found to be most comprehensive and delightfully attractive.

*Story of the Nations Series; London: T. Fisher Unwin.

To be sure, Justin McCarthy is not always an absolutely safe guide, since he occasionally sacrifices sense to sound, detail to sweep. But his books are very readable, and so long as the profound scholars continue to produce tedious narratives, the unreliable but charming history will have the preference. Justin McCarthy writes for the public and writes well. If he wrote much better, the public would not be inclined to read him.

His chapter on "The Foundation of the Canadian Dominion" is very misleading and will probably receive more extended notice in a future issue. He gives the whole credit of the Canadian Confederation to Lord Durham, overlooking the labours of many equally able men and removing entirely the laurel wreaths which have hitherto encircled the brows of "The Fathers of Confederation."

The two last chapters of the volume are very interesting: "The Close of Some Great Careers" and "Literature, Art and Science." The volume is profusely illustrated, among these prints being portraits of Ruskin, Cobden, Bright, Disraeli, Aberdeen, Manning, Lawrence, Roberts, Dickens, Gordon, Tennyson, Rossetti and a score of others.

NEW FICTION.

The number of books supplied for our summer reading is as great as usual. But it is difficult to think that the late Harold Frederic ever expected his last book* to be classed in this way. His motive, which is intensely clear, is too great, too majestic for an ordinary summer book. Mr. Frederic went out into the London stock market and, beyond the events happening there, he saw the men who made them happen; and beyond the men, he saw their motives, their ambitions and their lives. He chose Joel Stormont Thorpe, the man who floated a valueless rubber company and made millions out of it, as a type.

Thorpe was crude, cruel, restless,

heartless, ambitious, but determined. He went into the fight determined to win, determined to beat the stock-brokers at their own game. They laughed at him, sold short on his stock to make sport of him, and were finally fleeced as they had fleeced others. Then Thorpe began to spend his money. This part of the story will perhaps be by some designated an anti-climax. But if one considers that this is not the history of the stock-market, but of one man's soul struggle, then it will not be so regarded. Thorpe takes a house and installs in it his niece and nephew, and begins to enjoy the world. Afterwards he buys an estate, captures a handsome, intellectual woman, and expects his happiness to be complete. There is the real climax: Alexander had conquered the world and found his ambition unsatisfied. Thorpe one day says to his wife: "It would make all the difference in the world to me, if—if you were really—actually my other half!" And then—with all their servants, their wealth, their greenhouses, their position in society—"the husband and wife looked dumbly, almost vacantly at one another, for what appeared a long time." They each were crying, "I want to get nearer to you"—crying in vain for what wealth, society, influence, cannot give.

"I, for my sins, carry upon my back the burden of a prodigious fortune." "We are the tired people; the load is never lifted from our backs." These are the remarks of the Duke of Glastonbury to Thorpe in the discussion which closes the volume.

The chief merit of the book seems to be that the author has seen the tragedy of life in the case of such men as Thorpe and has dealt with it plainly and thoroughly. In fact, he has almost preached to us about life—but he has done it gently, earnestly and sympathetically. He has told us a tale which must be a balm to our sorrows and a stimulus to our contentment.

Henry Sexton Merriman's books, "The Sowers" and "Roden's Corner," have had a splendid sale on this con-

* The Market Place, by Harold Frederic. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

continent. His latest book, "*Dross*,"* is as good as anything he has written. It is a tale of France in the days when the sellers of toys in the gutters of Paris offered the passer a black doll under the name of Bismarck, or a monkey on a stick called the King of Prussia—when the French were ripe for "one of those strokes by which high heaven teaches nations from time to time through the world's history, that human greatness is a small affair." Bismarck was the instrument which the Teacher used, and Sedan was the place where the lesson was taught. But the political events of 1870 are only a background for domestic events in which the principal characters of the story play a part. The Count de Clericy loses several million francs in the form of drafts which had been prepared for the purpose of transporting his fortune to London for safety. After this misfortune he drowns himself. His private secretary, a young Englishman, suspects a former private secretary, a Frenchman, and a long chase ensues. Incidentally the attachment of the secretary to the late count's daughter plays an important part.

Mr. Merriman is much like Thackeray in some ways, for he is always anxious to paint a lesson or point a moral. He makes comments on many things and at many times when such comment seems unnecessary, although quite opportune. His style is almost directly opposed to that of Mr. Howell's who seldom intrudes upon his tale a thought or remark of his own. Mr. Merriman's stories are simpler and his dealing with the problems of life and with conduct in general is in his "asides." The style of both these writers differs materially from that of Sienkiewicz whose new book must now be considered.



Henry Sienkiewicz was born in 1845 in Lithuania and was educated in Warsaw. He devoted himself to literature and in 1884 gave to the Polish public his three great historical novels, "*Fire*

and Sword," "*The Deluge*" and "*Pan Michael*." The two former have already been translated into English by Jeremiah Curtin and have been well received by this continent. The third is said to be in the press of Little, Brown & Co. Another of his novels, "*Without Dogma*,"* has been translated by Iza Young and we have a Canadian edition of it. This is not an historical novel, and the chief interest lies in a single character—a man who is battling for his own soul. This man tells his own story, starting off with the apparent belief that, as a friend told him, "a man who leaves memoirs, whether well or badly written, provided they be sincere, renders a service to future psychologists and writers, giving them not only a faithful picture of the times, but likewise human documents that can be relied upon." Leon Ploszowski is a pessimist and this fills his life with neutral tints and prevents his accomplishing anything. He is without dogma. But eventually he meets a woman who stirs him, and she the wife of another. Then there is a different kind of struggle—the man without dogma and the woman with dogma, fighting side by side. Here is a problem which raises the book above the crowd of lesser novels with only paltry problems, or without problems at all. The novel without its "knotty proposition," is not a human document. The novel that simply tells a story amuses us, pleases us, sometimes elevates us by its realism. But the book that adds to the artistic realism the discussion or portrayal of a soul struggle of some kind, must leave with us instruction as well as a sense of pleasure. This is the key-note to the value of "*Without Dogma*," as it is to the importance of "*The Market-Place*," and in a lesser degree to "*Dross*." Those who have read "*Aylwin*" will have seen there the same principle exemplified. In the poems of Browning, Rossetti and others, a similar principle obtains, though worked out in a necessarily different manner.

*Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

*Toronto: The G. N. Morang Co. Cloth, \$1.25; paper 75 cents.

Of a somewhat similar character, though of a very different quality is "A Dash for a Throne,"* by Arthur W. Marchmont. This work may be classed with "The Prisoner of Zenda," "The Pride of Jennico," and some of Weyman's books. It is a tale of court intrigue in Bavaria, with an intricate plot, exciting incident and strong dramatic interest. It lacks some of the finer grace of "The Prisoner of Zenda," but is quite the equal of some of Anthony Hope's other works. Its main interest lies in its startling incident.



Another very pleasant book is "When Knighthood was in Flower,"† by Edwin Caskoden (Charles Major). It is a tale of the days of Henry VIII., showing the life of the court and the members of the royal household, the international relations of the earlier years, and something of the domestic conditions. The language is quaintly archaic, the style admirably suited to the subject, and the atmosphere much clearer than might be expected from a litterateur of the western United States dealing with a remote period in English history. It is not too much to say that it deserves its popularity.



E. F. Benson, the author of "Dodo," made his mark in the world of books—not the literary world, for there is a difference—by his delineation of the character of an odd and daring woman. He has just given us another novel, entitled "The Money Market,"‡ in which the leading female character is Sybil Otterbourne, a young lady with a "microscopic soul, not large enough for two emotions at a time, nor even for one fine one." She is engaged to a young man with a fortune of three million pounds. This young millionaire decides to chuck it all because he discovers that it was all made out of money-lending. Sybil, like the

true daughter of the world, decides that she cannot marry a poor man. Then the other girl wins him by her goodness and naturalness. Of course, no one will accuse Mr. Benson of having invented another plot, for there is absolutely nothing new about the story except in the names of the characters and occasionally in the language they use. It is tiresomely old, and why he should have chosen it, it would be hard to say. The book is less flippant, less brutal in its frankness than "Dodo," and here and there in it there are delightful descriptions of scenery and works of art, but on the whole it is a much less inviting book than its bolder predecessor.



Very few of the English novelists have laid the scenes of their novels in Wales. Allen Raine, however, has chosen that picturesque part of Great Britain as the particular field for his investigations. One of his earlier books is entitled "A Welsh Singer," and his latest book, "By Berwen Banks,"* deals with Welsh character and life. It has a sweetness and charm of its own showing that the author has the average ingeniousness of his calling, and a little more knowledge of the technical requirements than some. The plot is similar in some respects to that of "The Battle of the Strong," Valmai being the name of the long-suffering woman in the case.



"Love Among the Lions"† is a very fair attempt at a humorous story by F. Anstey. The illustrations are equal to the text.



"The Confounding of Camelia,"‡ by Anne Douglas Sedgwick, has the true female style which George Eliot and Mrs. Ward have missed—the style which is productive of long, complicated, sometimes senseless sentences, and very badly arranged paragraphs. And yet the story is passable,

*Toronto: William Briggs.

†This book was published anonymously last year, and already the sales are over fifty thousand. Toronto: Geo. J. McLeod.

‡Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

*Toronto: W. J. Gage Co. Cloth, \$1; paper 50 cents.

†Toronto: Geo. N. Morang & Co.

‡Toronto: George N. Morang & Co.

and some of the scenes rather well handled. The latter are laid in and about London—a city which apparently shares the favours of most of the modern authors.



NOTES.

The Officers' Association of the Militia of Canada has just issued the Transactions of the semi-annual meeting for 1899. This forty-eight-page report is chiefly taken up with a paper on "The Evolution of the Canadian Army," by Capt. C. F. Winter, of Ottawa, whose abilities are well known.

A meeting of the Canadian Society of Authors was held on the evening of May 30th at the Canadian Institute, Toronto, Hon. G. W. Ross in the chair. The following officers of the Society were elected: Hon. President, Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., Toronto; President, Hon. G. W. Ross, Toronto; Vice-Presidents, Hon. J. W. Longley, Halifax; W. D. Lighthall, Montreal; Prof. Jas. Mavor, Toronto; Secretary-Treasurer, Bernard McEvoy, Toronto; Executive, Messrs. James Bain, A. H. F. Lefroy, O. A. Howland, J. Castell Hopkins, John A. Cooper, B. E. Walker, Pelham Edgar, and the officers ex-officio. A council was decided upon, comprehending all the provinces of the Dominion, the full list of which will be given later. Candidates for membership to the number of 61 were elected, including: W. W. Campbell, Barlow Cumberland, G. R. Parkin, Charles Lindsey, Prof. John Campbell, Duncan Campbell Scott, William Banks, Rev. W. S. Blackstock, D.D., D. B. Read, Q.C., Ernest Seton Thompson, George Martin, Francis Blake Crofton, Agnes Maule Machar, Dr. W. H. Drummond, Wm. McLennan, B. Kelly, Mrs. Theo. Coleman, Dr. P. H. Bryce, Constance Rudyard Boulton, C. C. James, J. Macdonald Oxley, R. W. McLachlan, C. Edgar Snow, Julia Henshaw, E. M. Chadwick, Prof. T. H. Rand, B. T. A. Bell, Mary E. Dignam, William Banks, jr., Rev. Duncan Anderson, Arthur Doughty, Fred. T. Hodgson, George C. Rankin,

W. D. Le Sueur, Janet Conger-Allen, Louise P. Heaven, H. H. Wiltshire, S. Frances Harrison, S. E. Dawson, John Henderson, R. T. Lancefield, H. H. Langton, D. Kinmount Roy, Thos. C. Weston, Janet Carnochan, Verna Sheard, W. T. James, Jas. L. Hughes and others.

The *Bookman* says: The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Honoré de Balzac has just been celebrated in France, at Tours, the birthplace of the famous realist. The municipal Council of Tours was petitioned to make an appropriation toward the celebration of May 16th, but the majority of the members of this Council are Socialists, and they refused the request, thinking that Balzac was a "Clerical" because of his *Curé de Village*, *Curé de Tours* and *La Messe de l'Athée*. That Balzac, the great originator of realism, the master of Flaubert and Zola, should be classed as a Clerical even by the most ignorant of Frenchmen appears more than passing strange. He did yearn for the luxurious, as many poetic natures have done. He craved the robings and jewels that accompany wealth, but gained them when it was too late to enjoy the fruits of his tremendous labours. Worn out with creating the *Comédie Humaine*, conceived in his fertile brain, he died when only fifty-one years of age. A dullard at school, a failure as a law student, starving almost in a garret for ten years, undertaking enterprise after enterprise only to fail, he barely grasped literary success before death met him. "I long to be famous and to be loved," he wrote his sister; and fame and affection such as he longed for were his but for a moment. His bride was a widow within less than a year. And the fame that has been awarded to him is chiefly posthumous. His genius made him one of the "moderns" in so emphatic a way that it is difficult to believe that the expounder of "environment" and "adaptation" wrote before the theory of evolution was accepted. Whatever place may be assigned to him in the roll of the immortals, he himself claimed to be nothing more than the "Secretary of Society."

IDE MOMENTS

ARTISTIC PERCEPTION.

THE artist was indignant. He wasn't much of an artist. Bohemianism, as he called it, was his peculiar line. Other people called it shabby bumming, begotten of a strong dislike of honest hard work. But he had had a few pictures. He was explaining their absence. He had sent them to the Montreal Exhibition, and the Montreal Exhibition still had them. "Five dollars and seventy-five cents, fees for unpacking, hanging, re-packing and express! No, sir, not me. It's extortion," and every hair of his uncombed dilettante beard stood out in bold relief, "I'll never pay it. Never—never—never;" and everybody believed him. "But they can keep them"—the fell spirit of sinister revenge glistened in his eyes and his voice rose to a triumphant shout—"for they cannot sell them and I know it." And we all knew it. C. L. S.



AN ENGLISHMAN OUT WEST.

The Englishman, and he was very much English and therefore couldn't help it, came out to the west and patronized half a continent. He approved of the Red River, tolerated Winnipeg and said that the Rocky Mountains were very creditable. And then he dropped a vague hint, at the fourth tumbler one night in a little western town on the Saskatchewan, that he might locate in the vicinity—that is if the country was reconstructed for him. He was one of the globe-trotting kind that knows it all and looks on continental Europe as a pleasure ground and the colonies as places to send their younger sons to get rid of them. But he had money. The Westerners will tolerate much from an Englishman with money who is delivered into their hands, and the aforesaid western town was agitated. During one

dull season and an early frost the whole Province of Manitoba struggled along on English younger son remittance men who were farming with a double-barrelled Manton and two pointers and a setter each.

The Englishman was happy for a week. He held a sort of levee for real estate agents, livery-stable keepers, and prominent citizens with openings for investments. The town devoted itself to the Englishman, for times were dull. And then the Englishman showed the qualities which social students say have made him what he is. He gave his quasi-approval to a dozen different properties. He objected to one because it was too far from the railroad, and pooh-poohed the protest of the vendor that the railway people didn't know he was coming, or they might have changed the location of the road even if a high hill and a river intervened. He didn't like the way the river flowed regarding another. The painful frequent habit of rivers flowing down hill provoked him. The system of government survey of prairie land by sections and quarter-sections didn't agree with his park-like ideas. He suggested that an old baronial pile on one location on the bluff overlooking an old buffalowallow was requisite before he would buy. He might have bought something, for the town was getting a worried look, if it were not that he found the survey stakes of one half-section had been burned by a prairie fire three years before. He spent the rest of the summer trying to run down the man whose carelessness had started the fire one hundred and fifty miles away. And the town gradually returned to the business of petitioning the government for a bridge, a court-house, a police barracks and any old thing. Incidentally they farmed. C. L. S.

STORIES OF DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

The Duke of Beaufort, who died a few weeks ago, was a celebrated whip and an all-round sportsman. T. P. O'Connor, in "M.A.P.," tells the following concerning him :

A gentleman in Bath, whose duties brought him in contact now and again with the Duke, saw, early in the racing season several years ago, that Reve d'Or was entered for the City and Suburban, and expressed the hope that she would carry his Grace's colours to victory. The Duke was not sanguine ; his luck had not been in the ascendant, but he offered to write to the gentleman in question as the race approached, saying what he thought of his mare's chances. The event came and went by, the Badminton's hoops winning the day. The Bathonian, to whom the Duke had promised to write, heard nothing from the noble owner, and concluded that he had forgotten all about the conversation. But, about ten days after the race, he was surprised to receive a letter from Badminton enclosing a cheque for £24 10s. Said the Duke : "Dear Mr. —, owing to other matters, and being in doubt about the prospects of Reve d'Or, I did not write to you. However, on the day of the race, I believed we had a chance, so I put on £3 for you, and have now great pleasure in sending you the enclosed cheque." Those who know the Duke can quite imagine him doing this.

Though the most genial and hospitable of noblemen, the Duke had a wholesome contempt of "snobocracy." Many years ago, a Bath tradesman, who fancied himself and his hunting get-up, not only made a point of attending a lawn meet at Badminton, but had the presumption to take a seat at the luncheon. The Duke, who was a keen observer, gave the uninvited guest, a never-to-be-forgotten snub. Addressing him by name, before all the company, he said, "When I want the Bath —" (referring to Mr. —'s particular business) "I will send for them." There was an undignified exit.

I have seen his Grace raise his hat to a poor fellow breaking stones on the road, and I have also seen him give the merest shadow of a bow to a facetious country squire. Some twelve months ago I was at Yate Station, chatting with the Duke, who had just driven me back from the Sodbury Board of Guardians. We had not been the length of the platform ere a heavily dressed young man came bouncing out of the booking office. Catching sight of the Duke, he rushed forward, and, without any apology for interrupting the thread of our discourse, he drawled out, "Ah, your Grace, how d'y'e do, how d'y'e do? Beastly hot day, 'pon my soul!" Turning on his heels, the Duke looked at the young swell beside him, as if he was investigating a rare plant or curious biped, and then said, "Thank you, sir, I'm quite well. As you say, it is a hot day." Without regarding him further, his Grace calmly turned again, and resumed our conversation.



On the bench, his Grace was most indulgent, and it was often due to his kindly spirit that many a "poor beggar" (to use his own words) was given another chance. I recollect being at the court-house one day, not long since, when a poor girl was being examined by counsel, and occasionally badgered in the orthodox way. The witness got confused, contradicted herself, and felt her position most acutely. The Duke watched her for some time, and it was evident his sympathies were with her. Turning to counsel, he said, "Why, this poor girl scarcely knows where she is!" Counsel argued that he was not exceeding his prerogative, and that if it had not been necessary for him to adopt such a mode of examination he should not have done so. "That's just where you and I differ," said his Grace, and he looked so thoroughly in earnest that counsel, in deference to his wishes, did make matters easier for the poor girl whom he had previously led into such an awkward *impasse*.



FROM PHOTOGRAPH BY BENJAMIN KIMBALL.

See article in this issue.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

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THE CAPTURE OF SHEITAN.

A TALE OF A VICEROY'S DIPLOMACY.

By W. A. Fraser.

IF a man go into a dark pantry and drink from the first bottle he puts his hand on, he may get wine, or stove-polish, or cream, or disinfectant. If he stand well with the gods he may get cream, but the average explorer will hit upon the bottle of disinfectant.

Many offices in India are filled on this dark-pantry plan; and the office of Police Nabob of Calcutta had drawn a queer decoration for its head. Officially he was not called Police Nabob; that is only a story-teller's license. This story is about the time Eden-Powell was Nabob.

People asked why he had been pushed up to that place; but nobody answered them, and they passed on to other things.

The Nabob was always discovering something—some tremendous conspiracy among the natives. If some caste took to painting their knees crimson, that meant another mutiny was on the tapis, and if Eden-Powell didn't watch sharply the British Raj would be swept out of an Indian existence.

When Sen Mullick gave the *nautch* (dance) out at Hathabad, near Calcutta, Eden-Powell felt that the time had come for him to distinguish himself. A contemplative goat would have characterized the thing he did as stupid, but Powell felt that he had received an inspiration.

Sen Mullick was one of the black sheep the Nabob had written down as second cousin to Nanna Sahib. At this *nautch* there would be some mischief hatched, and he'd find out all about it for himself.

That was why he got the disguise. It was a decorative thing, this disguise, a long, unkempt beard and wig, purchased in detachments from different hairdressers; and an up-country native's outfit of clothes, silk-embroidered vest and all.

Not a soul knew about it but the Nabob himself. When he had saved the Empire, and could place his hand on the shoulder of the leader of the new revolt, he would declare himself, but not till then.

The beard bothered him a bit, also the wig. They weren't sufficiently attachable, it seemed to him; the soft wires passing over his ears were quite inadequate to the desired stability of the make-up; so he had his bearer bring him from the bazaar an adhesive compound warranted to cement oil and water together.

Eden-Powell lived at the big hotel, and the night of the *nautch* at Mullick's place he went to dinner in evening dress, as usual.

A man can't have all these big things on his mind and contain them without showing a bit queer; so when

the Nabob disappeared after dinner, he left behind, somehow, an impression that he was going a trifle dotty. It was probably a touch of sun. That is a common enough thing in India; so it would not have mattered much if it had not been used rather extensively in trying to account for the sudden disappearance of Powell later on.

When he left the table he went to his room, packed his disguise in a hand-bag, slipped quietly down the stairs, passed the *durwan*, walked a block, and engaged a *gharry* (carriage) just by the entrance to Government House. He had done all this in so methodical a manner that the elation of success already began to creep into his marrow. By Jove! if the thing came off he'd get a "C.S.I." or some other tag labelling him as a great man in that land of great men.

The lean, coffee-coloured driver of the *gharry* stretched over in his high-perched seat and looked closely at the Sahib who had ordered him to drive to Sen Mullick's. That was diplomatic; for it was a good four miles to Mullick's place, and some of the Sahibs were painfully indifferent as to their ability to pay for the luxury of a cab. The look satisfied Sunda. The Sahib was round-faced and fat, therefore prosperous; the clothes were such as capitalists wore.

Satisfied as to the prospect of pay, Sunda laboured faithfully with expressive Hindoo adjectives and a long-lashed whip at the skinny *tats* (ponies) that pulled his *gharry*.

Inside, Powell Nabob attached himself to his disguise. It was a laborious undertaking, inducing much profane thought, for the gum arabic, or whatever he had got from the bazaar, clung to everything it touched with an appalling persistency. A porous plaster was like the touch of velvet as compared with the amorous embrace of the wig and beard on Powell's head and face. He felt that whatever else befell, the hirsute part of his disguise would stick to him. Also was he tolerably certain of the lasting qualities of the tan skin-dye he rubbed on face and hands.

He chuckled softly when he thought of the consternation it would spread among the conspirators when they knew that the Police Nabob had been among them.

When Sunda arrived at Mullick's, he jumped down, opened the *gharry* door, and peered into the interior with a broad smile of welcome on his face for the fat, chubby, youthful Sahib who had done him the honour of selecting his *gharry*.

An old man, who could have given many points in disreputable appearance to a hill fakir, emerged from the inner darkness. Sunda drew back with a weird feeling of uncomfortable astonishment. He took another look into the *gharry* for the fat Sahib with the pleasant face. He had gone, vanished. There was only the dishevelled thing in much-tangled hair and native garb.

Then Sunda knew. He had carried the devil. His passenger was *Sheitan*, who sometimes rode with *gharry wallas* before a great evil fell upon them.

The driver's lean, big-jointed knees tipped toward each other in drunken desolation. He clung to the door of the *gharry*, and steadied himself, as a harsh, thick voice muttered from the mastic-matted beard the order, "*Bhito!*" (wait for me).

Eden-Powell passed into Mullick's *compound* (garden), and Sunda climbed wearily up to the battered seat of his ark-like vehicle. There is not much charm in the ungilt life of a *ticca gharry walla*, but at that moment the misery of Sunda's existence was intensified a hundredfold. Why had *Sheitan* selected him as a victim-host? Years before Sunda had sent his child-wife to sleep with a dose of *datura* (poison), but it was so long ago that it could not be because of that. Even Baloo, who drove the big chestnut horse with the white face, and had also brought a fare to Mullick's *nautch*, could offer him no consolation when he told of the satanic passenger. "It will bring you evil, Brother," Baloo said. "It is always that way when he rides—evil, evil, nothing but evil."

Then Baloo thought of something.

"We will go and see Baboo Chunder Dey. He knows of these things, for they are written in the books he reads, the books that are of our speech, and also the books that have come over the black water from *Bilati* (England)."

Where one Baboo is thin, nine are fat and ponderous. Chunder Dey was one of the nine-tenths, and his mind of a greasy solemnity. "If they both said it was *Sheitan*, it might even be so, for the incongruity of this thing was expatiated upon in the theosophical and metaphysical publications." That was what Baboo Dey said with grandiloquent uncton, for next to *gheebattered* food, the Baboo loves complex English. Sunda saw at once that Chunder Dey understood the thing. Sunda's simple ways were no match for the devil, but with Baboo Chunder it was quite different.

Chunder pulled at his *hookah* (pipe) in reflective gasps. The *hookah* bubbled back like a laden camel, and the patient drivers waited.

"Why not catch this *budmash* (bad fellow)?" asked Chunder Dey at length. "There will be much gain in that—also honour. If *Sheitan* is reincarnated, and gets into your *gharry* again, Sunda, we may catch him."

And while Eden-Powell sat among the others and watched the *nautch* and listened for words of sedition, the Baboo gathered unto himself twelve lusty hirelings from the bazaar and instructed them as to the capture of Sunda's passenger. He carefully concealed from them the fact that this was supposed to be *Sheitan*.

When Eden-Powell left the *nautch* in disgust at the paucity of mutinous conspiracies he found Sunda waiting for him. He got into the *gharry*, and about a mile out ran into a real, live, up-to-date mutiny. He had discovered it in reality, his long-dreamed of revolt had materialized. That India was in a blaze from one end to the other he never doubted; but what concerned him more immediately was that he was considerably mauled, most effectually bound and gagged by means of an evil-smelling breech-cloth shoved into his

mouth; carried off, and cooped up in a little heathen temple called Ootypara.

The capture had been most successful. Sunda was overjoyed; he promised to carry Chunder Dey back and forth to the city free of charge for a whole year.

Eden Powell's bag containing the evening clothes had been left in his *gharry*, that was all that was left of the round, fat Sahib the Evil One had spirited away. Sunda took the clothes down to the Hoogley, and threw them in the river. The bag he sold in Rada Bazaar for three rupees, and thus secured payment of his fare in a round-about way.

A sampan boatman fished up the clothes and turned them over to a policeman. The policeman took them to the station, and there was read on the band "Eden-Powell." Also Eden-Powell was missing. It was really useless to look for him, for was not all this proof that he had drowned himself. Everybody suddenly remembered that the Nabob had been queer for a long time. The second mutiny had had unhinged his mind to a certainty, and the night he had disappeared he had been quite mad at dinner—quite mad, all remembered that.

To drag the Hoogley would be like dragging the clouds—as useless. A six-mile current and a flood and ebb tide made an undertow that sucked down big ships when they touched bottom as though they were eggshells.

Eden-Powell was drowned, there was no doubt whatever about that. The notice went out, and a new man was put in his place. Chunder Dey read of these things, and fed his prisoner, *Sheitan*, through a hole in the door of the temple at Ootypara, and in no wise connected the devil with the Nabob of the Calcutta Police.

That Eden-Powell was furious is one way of putting it. He even tore down little bits of plaster from the strong brick walls in his rage, and shied them at the fat, greasy face of Chunder Dey as he gazed at him through the square

opening in the door. But that made no difference to the Baboo.

It took his mind many days to determine what he should do with his capture. At first Powell concealed his identity; it would hardly do to have it known that he had been shut up by a Bengali Baboo. His prestige would be gone, and he would simply have to leave the force.

At last, when he saw that there was small prospect of getting out, he told Chunder Dey that he was the Police Nabob. At this the Baboo smiled solemnly and said:

"Eden-Powell, the Police Nabob, is dead. He drowned himself in the river, and they have found his body. I am a 'B. A.' and have read these things in the publications."

"Who the deuce am I, then?" asked the prisoner.

"You are the devil," answered the Baboo, blinking his heavy cow-eyes at Powell.

Powell tried to remove the beard, but it was like a fresco that had been set in mortar. The skin he might pull off, but there was no severing the hair from it. His disguise had been a most emphatic success.

Many natives heard of the capture of the Evil One, and came and stared with charming unconventionality at Powell and passed uncomplimentary remarks. The Nabob was a good linguist, and these remarks revealed themselves to him in all the beauty of the native vernacular. The trend of most of the criticisms on his personal appearance was that he was not even a respectable looking *Sheitan*—did not come up to their conception of that awful incarnation.

Then the Baboo sat down and wrote a letter to the "Powers" in Calcutta anent his captive. He knew enough of official life to realize that if he hoped for any *kudos* (glory) for himself in the thing he must get at the Chief Magistrate, else the underlings would cheat him out of the credit of it; so he addressed his letter to the Viceroy.

Of course the Baboo was clear enough as to what he meant to con-

vey in his epistle, but it can't be said that the production elucidated that point very satisfactorily. He wrote:

"By Your Excellency's providential favour, last night the Satanic ruler of the place where also Pluto will catch Your Excellency's enemies, did come among us at the time of Sen Mullick's *nautch*. I, who am Baboo Chunder Dey, B.A., am solicitous of an appointment in a Government office by the favour of the Sahibs, did advise Sunda to forcibly take possession of said *Sheitan*.

"Also in said *gharry* was the bag, which I have not taken, or perhaps Sunda has sold.

"Your Excellency will know that this agent of Pluto, who is *Sheitan*, did project himself from the body of a fat Sahib, and is even now, with hirsute adornments like Your Excellency has seen, a much penitent fakir.

"Your humble petitioner craves and humbly begs that Your Excellency will advise as to the adjustment or otherwise of the devil who is now in the possession of your slave."

That was pretty much the state of the letter signed by Chunder Dey, and delivered by hand through the portals of Government House.

The Secretary to the Viceroy read it more or less, and was on the point of consigning it to the waste-boat when he remembered that the Viceroy had a penchant for gathering unique and original manuscript as evolved from the brain of a Baboo; so he submitted it to Her Majesty's representative with the apologizing remark that the writer was evidently a large consumer of *bhang* or opium, or both.

The Viceroy was intensely interested in the Baboo's letter from the start; it opened up a wide field for metaphysical research.

Every Viceroy has some predominant fad, and Lord Roma's was the ever-engaging investigation of native character as allied to things spiritual. There was an incongruous air about this idea of a Bengali Baboo having captured the King of Evil that tickled the Viceroy's fancy immensely.

He sent for Chunder Dey. The Baboo left his *durwan* to guard Eden-

Powell, and presented himself before Lord Roma with a feeling that at last the gods had sent him fortune.

The august presence of the ruler of all the Indies unnerved him, and his account of the capture of *Sheitan* was a marvellous bit of disjointed imagination. The thing he had captured by the aid of twelve stout henchmen had descended from the clouds to the top of Sunda's *gharry*. Sunda, who always spoke the truth, would bear him out in that, he asserted. That was near to the house of Sen Mullick. Then the thing that was assuredly *Sheitan* had one minute been like a Sahib, and the next like a dog, and finally it was an evil-looking fakir.

Everybody had run away because their livers turned to water in fright; only he, Chunder Dey, had remained, and captured this that was *Sheitan*. No one had helped him, because they were afraid; only the twelve stick men had been of assistance at the time of putting him in the temple which is Ootypara. He had done all this for the good of the Sahibs, and their religion; and if His Excellency would pass an order for his appointment in the Revenue Department it would be well.

Taken all together, it seemed to be enough to interest even the Viceroy. So Lord Roma ordered that a policeman be sent out to bring in this crazy fakir whom Chunder Dey had locked up in the temple. "They may kill the poor devil, you know," he said to Lord Dick, the Secretary.

An order was passed to Police Constable "C 914" to proceed in a *gharry* to Hathabad and bring in the native fakir from the Ootypara Temple.

"C 914" was a red-faced Irishman lately recruited from a sailing ship, and he felt considerably the importance of this his first real constabulary commission.

When Eden-Powell saw the rosy face of "914" at the wicket in his prison door he was overjoyed. "How are you, my man?" he called out blithely.

"No familiarty, ye dahm hath'an,"

responded "914" scornfully. "Say 'Sir' when ye see a Sahib, or ye may get yer fuzzy head cracked, ye black spalpeen."

The Nabob gasped in astonishment. "I'll fix you for this insolence," he said with a fine return to his old pompous self.

"Insolence, ye dirty fakir ye!" exclaimed "914," his Irish dander getting up. "An' ye'll fix me! I've heard that as soon as a naygur in this country learns English he gets cheeky, an' I belave it now."

By this time the constable had the door open, and producing a pair of steel handcuffs from his pocket, rushed at the prisoner as though he were going to take a fall out of him in the Græco-Roman style. The new constable wasn't an adept at putting on the bracelets, but he had the strength of a bull, and soon Eden-Powell was securely shackled and considerably shaken up.

"I'll discharge you from the force for this," he said pantingly, as the constable dragged him along toward the *gharry*.

"Oh yes," replied "914" derisively, "you'll do all that, an' sack the Viceroy, too, perhaps, ye English-spakin' begger of a native. Come, get in here, me Circassian beauty," he added, prodding the Nabob in the ribs with his police baton, "An' it'll be better form for you to be talkin' yer own native *baht* than gallivatin' with broken English."

Eden-Powell was horror-struck. He would rather die than that all this should get out. He felt like exasperating the Irishman until the latter murdered him. Once or twice on the long drive to Calcutta he tried to enter into conversation with his guardian, but the latter, sitting bolt upright, ordered him to shut his bazoo, or talk to the native driver in his own language.

"It drives me fair mad," he said, "to hear you naygurs talkin' English. It was the likes of you that murdered all the women and children in the 'black hole.'"

When the Nabob tried to remonstrate,

"914" jabbed him in the ribs again with the end of his baton, and told him to hold his whist. Baboo Dey followed behind in another *gharry*.

Lord Roma had ordered that the fakir be brought straight to Government House, for he had become deeply interested in the affair and wanted to see just why the natives had pitched upon this man as a representative devil.

In under the pink-yellow stucco gate, lion-topped, "914" passed with his prisoner, and up the many steps that led to the imposing guardian in crimson and yellow who held possession of Government House door; "914" stated his orders; the crimson-gold native disappeared, returned, and said: "Lord Sec'tary Sahib sends salaams."

They passed in, Chunder Dey with them, and after a wait of twenty minutes in a hall, were ushered into the presence of the Viceroy.

Eden-Powell started impetuously forward when he saw the Viceroy and Lord Dick, the Secretary, sitting there. The powerful hand of "914" brought him back with a jerk that nearly dislocated his neck. "Kape still, ye h'athen," he hissed in his ear. "Salaam the Lord Sahib."

Chunder Dey salaamed obsequiously and addressed the Viceroy. "Your Excellency, this is the maker of all evil, *Sheitan*, that we have captured."

"Bring him closer, officer," replied the Viceroy.

It was like a nightmare to Eden-Powell. If he gave his name or were recognized, the farcical absurdity of the thing would be sufficient to cost him his place, he felt sure. If he didn't he might be sent to jail as a troublesome fakir. It was a terrible situation, as bad as a mutiny.

"Does he understand English?" asked the Viceroy.

"Yes, Your Excellency, replied Eden-Powell.

The Viceroy gave a slight start at the sound of the voice. It was most assuredly very English-like. Powell saw the keen gray eyes fixed upon him

with a peculiar intensity of expression. "Your Excellency, this is all a mistake——" began Powell, when "914" interrupted him. "Kape still, ye scut!" he whispered hoarsely; "answer when you're spoken to, and kape your tongue atune your teeth."

"What are you saying, officer?" queried the Viceroy, not hearing plainly.

"He's like a parrot with his English, Your Excellency," replied the constable, saluting.

"What's your name?" the Viceroy asked the fakir.

"I can't give it, Your Excellency," replied Eden-Powell, hesitatingly.

As he spoke the gray eyes again flashed upon Powell like the rays of a fluorescent lamp. Eden-Powell started—surely the right viceregal eye had closed in a subdued wink. He had never heard of a Viceroy winking; it seemed incompatible with the awful dignity of the office, but that right lid had most certainly drooped. Then Lord Roma spoke again. "Well, never mind about your name, we'll get that later on. You speak English very well, where did you learn that?"

"At Harrow-on-the-Hill—I mean in England—Your Excellency."

Again the upper lid of the Viceregal eye stumbled and fell down, completely curtaining the steel gray of the eye. There could be no doubt about it this time; Eden-Powell knew a wink when he saw it—that is, when he saw it the second time. What it meant he didn't know, but a wink always telegraphs the information, "Go slow."

The Viceroy turned to Baboo Chunder Dey: "What makes you think this is *Sheitan*?" he asked.

From the mass of voluble information the Baboo poured out he gleaned that it was chiefly the personal appearance of the fakir that inspired the Baboo with his belief. Also Sunda had declared that he had reincarnated himself several times in his presence.

"I don't blame the Baboo," hazarded Lord Dick: "this chap certainly looks more like the devil than anything I ever saw."

"He's a bad one, Your Lordship," chipped in "914." "He puts on as much stoile as an evictin' landlord."

Now Lord Dick was an Irish landlord himself, and a ripple of laughter passed through the soul of the Viceroy at this shot of the constable's. But "914" was oblivious to all that; he was simply possessed with the desire to get much punishment for the cheeky fakir.

"I think," said the Viceroy, speaking to the Baboo, "that you are quite right in your surmise; and are quite deserving of that appointment because of your services to the State over this matter. You will see that the Baboo receives a clerkship in the Revenue Department," he said, turning to Lord Dick, "as reward for capturing the devil. You may go, Baboo."

Chunder Dey salaamed his thanks, and walked out on the soft, springy air. His feet smote heavily on the polished floors, but he knew it not, he felt that he was swimming.

Eden-Powell listened in blank amazement, and was about to remonstrate when the hard, polished end of the baton passed persuasively across three ribs of his right side. That and the memory of those two winks induced him to keep his mouth closed.

When the Baboo had gone, the Viceroy addressed "C 914." "I think, officer, that this fakir is probably quite harmless; not at all the evil one the Baboo would have us believe. You may leave him there in that room on the right. I will have the case looked into by the proper people. You can take the—ah—the—ah—handcuffs off his wrists; after that you may report to your inspector that you have left him in my charge."

"C 914" placed Powell in the room indicated, took off the bracelets, gave the prisoner a frightful scowl, saluted, and marched solemnly out of the presence of the Viceroy.

Then Lord Roma stepped into the room in which had been placed the fakir, closed the door deliberately and said: "Well, Mr. Eden-Powell."

The Nabob's knees collapsed, and he said imploringly: "You know, then?"

"Ah! I was not mistaken, then," interrupted the Viceroy blandly. "I thought I recognized your voice when you first spoke. May I ask why an officer of her Majesty's service, occupying the position Mr. Eden-Powell did, appears before me in this ridiculous plight, charged by a Baboo with being *Sheitan*?"

It was terribly humiliating. Eden-Powell told His Excellency the whole truth; it was the only way.

Later on the information went forth that the victim of Chunder Dey's campaign, the deranged fakir, had been sent off to his own country.

When people saw Eden-Powell in his office again they learned that he had not been drowned at all; but only in the General Hospital for two weeks on sick leave.

Sunda still believes that he carried the devil; and Chunder Dey that he captured him, for did he not get his appointment because of that?

Eden-Powell believes no more in putting down young mutinies, single-handed, in a mastic-applied disguise.

The whole thing showed that the Viceroy had a good heart and much sense. He had saved the Nabob's dignity with a wink.



THE PEOPLE OF PARLIAMENT HILL.

By Charles Lewis Shaw.

"CAN I go this way to the Astor House?" inquired Thackeray, slightly bewildered, one afternoon by the maze and mesh of New York's East Side.

"Well, I dunno," answered the Bowery boy, as he eyed the figure of the great novelist reflectively, "but"—he tilted his cigar to a more acute angle—"I guess ye kin if ye behave yourself."

A considerable knocking about had convinced the Bone and Sinew and myself that a man can go anywhere if he behaves himself, and we went to the gallery of the House of Commons. I called him—this off-and-on comrade of many years—the Bone and Sinew. He had been accustomed to it in political speeches and editorials, and never even wondered why "brains" hadn't been added. One week of the Commons gallery explained. The men below him didn't proceed on the hypothesis that he was endowed that way. That is why there is a change of Government occasionally, and Lincoln's epigram, that "You cannot fool all the people all the time," requires to be verified.

The night of his arrival, Jack—that was the Bone and Sinew's name—and I had a discussion about political economy, constitutional government, the British Constitution, and, incidentally, the Canadian House of Commons. This was the Bone and Sinew's first visit to Ottawa when the House was sitting, and he seemed to think that his conversation should harmonize with the legislative atmosphere. He had been worrying through a long Canadian winter on a few trivial questions like Free Trade and Protection, Bi-metallism, Imperial Federation, and a Differential tariff, and he came down to Ottawa to get them settled. He feared to be alone with them for another twelve months—and he came

to the fountain-head of the political wisdom of his country. When I bade him good-bye after he had drunk deeply at the said fountain-head for one solid week, he had a hunted, troubled look in his eyes. Instead of the fearless specimen of stalwart Canadian manhood, who looked his fellows proudly in the eye as if he gloried in being at least a part of a government "of a people, by a people, for a people," there was something in his face, as he clambered on the rear platform of the train, that boded trouble in several back townships at the next general elections. For his idols had been shattered.

When the Bone and Sinew winced a little that first night at a general reference in the orthodox Canadian way to His Excellency the Governor-General as "a nice gentlemanly figure-head whom it was convenient to have in the neighbourhood to open Parliament with a certain amount of frills, sign the Bills, advertise the country and sort of emphasize the tie with the dear old Motherland," I knew he would be worth trotting around with. I thought I might find out something more about the innate sense of Canadians on men and things political in one week of the Bone and Sinew than a year's *Globe* and *Mail* and *Empire* editorials; and I did. The Bone and Sinew started out with quaint, jumbled-up political ideas, which can be found in no other country but our own—a mixture of sentimental, loyal Toryism that almost died with the last hope of the Stuarts at Culloden, flickered into life at the American revolution, and yet smoulders in the hearts of the Canadian descendants of the United Empire Loyalists, and a radicalism born of the sturdy independence of life in field, forest and prairie, untrammelled by the prejudices of centuries and false ideas

of Nature's law of caste. He was a Canadian.

Our first glimpse of the House was unfortunate. It was the middle of an all-night session, and the members didn't look impressive. No man is a hero to his valet, but the Canadian House of Commons cannot afford to throw "the shreds and patches" of its extremely limited cloak of dignity aside for a minute in public. It is then indecent. It may be that the country is too new or that the aforesaid cloak becomes burdensome after wearing it all day, and that two o'clock in the morning offers excuses; but the horrible suspicion arises that the House is more comfortable, more at home, as it were, in its shirt sleeves. Still Oom Paul and his parliament of Boers do good business, and there is a cuspidor apiece in the legislative halls of the "greatest nation on airth." However, the Bone and Sinew, who had a moment before looked on the buildings standing in their dignified beauty on Parliament Hill, as a lode-star that guided the destinies of his great and beautiful country, as a temple to be approached with the mingled feelings of a devotee to a shrine and a subject of a mighty empire to a throne, was shocked. A member on the Government side was engaged in the intellectual task of imitating a coyote in the last stages of ravenous hunger, and was succeeding very nicely. By the end of the session he will do better, and will be referred to by the Ottawa correspondents as "the prominent and genial member for —," and then he will be spoken of in his local paper as "that distinguished statesman —." A member of the Opposition was talking against him; at least he must have been doing that or something equally mysterious, for no one, not even he himself, seemed to know what he was talking about. Half of the members present were asleep or half-a-sleep, except on occasions when they showed that there was ever present with them the all-pervading thought that they were controlling the future of a great and glorious country by soul-inspiring cat-calls,

patriotic desk pounding, and heart-stirring yells reiterated at convenient intervals. They wished to show the people of Canada that their representatives in Parliament assembled were at the helm of State.

I remember once being on a campaign, which, by the way, was prompted by the same spirit of partizanship that the all-night session in the Canadian House exemplified in miniature, and which ended in disaster and disgrace where the outlying sentries of the Bashi-Bazouk regiments converted the stillness of the Soudan into bedlam by shrieking all night at one another to let their officers know they were on duty.

The Bone and Sinew looked apologetically at the door-keeper of the gallery, for the servants of the House of Commons are under the impression that the buildings were built for them, that the members cannot be helped, and that the rest of the world are interlopers. He whispered "What are they doing?" I told him they were ruling the country, guiding the ship of state, and incidentally were making a holy show of themselves.

"Is it necessary to go on like that?" he asked, as pandemonium broke out in a new place below us.

I said I didn't exactly see how it could be avoided as long as democratic government was by party, and that government, party, and individuals were necessarily imperfect and human. No man claimed that our government was an ideal one, for if perfect men were the legislators they wouldn't represent the people. Referring to the question before the House, I told him that if the Minister of Railways and Canals happened not to have had a big square jaw, and had not been accustomed to "bossing" a Provincial Assembly for the last few years, and if the Opposition didn't know they were within their rights in asking an answer to the question Mr. Blair refused to give, and wished not only to harass a leader of a party which had ousted them from power, but also show that, although in Opposition, they were not to be bull-

dozed by any Minister of the Crown, these seemingly ridiculous school-boy proceedings wouldn't have occurred. Jack said that the Opposition were apparently anxious to get an answer, and that it must be an important one which the Government was trying to keep back. And Jack looked mystified when I told him that the answer was immaterial to both Government and Opposition. "Then why does the Opposition persist in obstructing?" he asked, and it took him fully five minutes before he realized that his question struck at the root of the weakness and strength of government by party. The point in this case *per se* happened to be unimportant, but it had a right to be answered, and the Opposition took the only means in their power of insisting on that right. Through the cat-calls, yells and chaff there was the deep undertone of man's inherent right to know how he is governed—the voice of the free-born Briton. But Jack wanted to know if it was necessary to turn the House into a bear-garden, and that grown-up, free-born Britons with whiskers and bald heads should go in for childish horse-play to assert their principles. I asked him to remember that there were several million men prancing around Europe, drilled and armed, ready and willing to kill each other at the command of a few dozen men, for a mere matter of national honour or sentimental principle. There was as much sense in horse-play and loss of sleep as smokeless powder, Gatlings and wholesale murder. I suggested to the Bone and Sinew that he should reform the world. He said he would start on the House of Commons. It was easier and could stand it.

About the middle of the week the Bone and Sinew began to have opinions. An evening with him in the Russell rotunda, after the House had adjourned, was a liberal education. He had lived the major portion of his life in the lumber woods and frontier towns and settlements, and his business as bush-ranger necessitated a quick sizing up of men and things. He was one of those

who live in the silent, far-off places of the earth, who think much and have the unerring instinct of the Indian to aid them in their judgment of their fellows.

"Who is that?" he asked one night, as a big, aggressively self-satisfied man came into the hotel, and was immediately surrounded by members of the Commons and Senate, with whom he condescendingly shook hands when he had time to take his thumbs from the armholes of his waistcoat. That sort of man always carries his thumbs that way—it is his hall-mark.

"Who's that?" repeated Jack, for he saw that there was a factor in Canadian political life before him. There was.

"Dan Mann," was whispered with a suspicion of suppressed awe in the voice.

"Has he a seat in the House?" again queried Jack, as he followed the inflations of the contractor's chest.

"Several," some one answered; "and there is a report that he has a pretty good cinch on a seat in the Ministry."

The Bone and Sinew didn't say anything for fully ten minutes. He seemed to be doing a lot of thinking, and then he merely muttered, "I now understand why Alexander Mackenzie built that private staircase. He couldn't be blamed if he had built an underground passage from the House to his bed-room."

This removed any doubt of Jack's off-hand judgment of men.

As he grew accustomed to his surroundings he became almost painfully opinionative. He was tearing up in fierce whispers the Constitution, the British North America Act, the Parliament of Canada, Senate and Commons, objecting to the policy of the Government, suggesting one for the Opposition, and in a general way praising, censuring and condemning everything, from the Prime Minister and Sir Charles Tupper down to a Gulf member, as we listened one night to a debate on the Drummond County Railway Bill or some other old thing, and I protested. Several fellows in the press gallery, I in-

formed him, had said that it took a man at least six months' attendance at the House to get even an idea of it. Jack let his eye rove from end to end of the gallery above the Speaker's chair, and said reflectively, "that they probably would." He then continued to settle the standing, political, mental and moral, of the members.

One of his reasons for the Premier's success as a leader was that he was a gentleman. Incidentally he was not "parishy" in his ideas; was a man of culture and taste, had any quantity of *savoir faire*, was a fascinating if not convincing speaker, industrious and assiduous in his attendance in the House, and had an attractive personality. That Sir Wilfrid was not a strikingly practical man who could meet on equal terms Mr. Foster in debate on Finance or Sir Charles Tupper on matters of international moment, or others on the detail of government, might be admitted. The Prime Minister didn't make even a good country law practitioner. He was above it. He was built to do what Alexander Mackenzie, with all his sturdy strength of purpose, rugged honesty and Scotch shrewdness, that Edward Blake with all his eloquence, brains and professional standing could never do—lead a successful Liberal party.

As a set-off to this torrent of praise I ventured to remark that Sir Wilfrid and his Government had stolen the clothes of their opponents. "Guess they have, guess they have," Jack answered, but he looked attentively at the strikingly handsome face and graceful figure of the Premier for a minute and went on, "But they seem to fit him nicely."

He continued, "That is what I have been trying to tell you. A man like Laurier is not hard to fit. That is where he is a politician. Grand old Mackenzie's Scottish bones stuck out all over through every suit or policy democracy in its present stages could provide him with. As for Blake he wouldn't stand still long enough to be measured and then he wanted to cut the policy himself. In fact he cut the

whole blooming policy, party and country at last." Jack didn't even smile at the pun.

"As for Laurier not being practical—he is adroit enough to make it unnecessary, and anyway he has Mr. Tarte always on hand. Tarte is practical enough for a half dozen governments. Tarte is one of those numerous men the Conservatives sized up the wrong way. They thought him merely a valuable electioneering agent while he wanted a bigger job which he could fill. He is filling it now. Sir Adolphe Caron hasn't been heard of for a long time. Like the Church of England, when Wesley got religion violently, the old staid Conservative Church thought they hadn't room for him.

"John Wesley would probably have been only the leader of the Low Church party and the instigator of a great revival within the church he loved so well if he had been given half a show. As it is, the Methodist denomination is a considerably important body nowadays and there are no late reports of it being enamoured with the church whose Bishops refused John Wesley permission to preach. The parallel between Mr. Tarte and Rev. John Wesley here ends. Mr. Tarte would not like being paralleled with a Methodist, many people think, but that is just where they make the mistake. He may be an unscrupulous politician for all I know, but there is one thing, if he is unscrupulous, he won't be small about his unscrupulousness. He is bigger than he looks, and too broad to run on a narrow-gauge line."

I accused Jack of being a Grit. He said he was not, but he wasn't a consummate ass, for a man that would not recognize strength in another or played or fought another on the presumption that he was a scoundrel or a weakling because he happened to be an opponent, was an ass. And he knew a big man when he saw him.

I asked Jack if Sir Charles Tupper wasn't a broad man. He said he was, but things had gone too far and had got too tangled up internally and externally, as regards the Tory party,

before he took a hand in the game for him to appear to advantage, and the game of politics was one that the old Cumberland war-horse understood.

In support of that fact I told him of an interview a western Conservative had with Sir Charles immediately after his assumption of the leadership. The old statesman said he would and could have settled the Manitoba School Question months before. His Manitoba supporter asked how? And Sir Charles solved the question which had divided cabinets, disintegrated a great political party, was the keynote of a thousand platforms, and defeated a Government, by simply saying "Beaten Greenway at the Provincial elections."

The Bone and Sinew, who knew Manitoba, dreamily said, "And it would only have cost \$100,000 or so; and a Conservative Government, both in Dominion and Province, would have come to terms without importing any sunny ways, as easily as the Liberals did."

"More easily, Jack," I said, for I also knew Manitoba. "And then there would have been no Manitoba School Question."

"They may say what they please," continued Jack, in his rambling dissertation on the members (for McMullen was speaking at the time and didn't interrupt him) "about Sir Charles Tupper being of a school of politics that has gone out; that the rather verbose speeches of the Opposition leader, like Johnsonese English, belong to another, slower day; that telephones, electric cars and bicycles have come in during his absence from active politics, and that this isn't an age of traditions, rounded periods and four-hour speeches. But remember the veteran Tory hasn't had a chance practically since his return to find himself in charge of a House divided against itself, and then leader of a party disorganized by unexpected defeat. Still, life is short, and Sir Charles sometimes forgets that everybody hardly dares to hope to live as long as he does. They say that Sir Charles Tupper is of an order of things that has passed away. Bosh! It is the

same old order, only manipulated in a little different way. Has the ballot-box done away with electoral bribery and corruption? Because West Indian slavery and the East India Company, whose interests controlled a majority in the Imperial House of Commons, are abolished, is it to be said that the Canadian Pacific Railway is not on a paying basis. There are good and evil in human actions in the Dominion of Canada as there was in the garden of Eden, and they are not to be measured by the efflux of decades. And the quality, *facile princeps*, to which the Liberal party owes the fact of successful leadership is that Sir Wilfrid Laurier has the gift of diplomatically using both for his country's benefit and his party's advantage. A man who can successfully manipulate both the good and evil influences attendant upon a party government without loss of self-respect, personal and political honour, building private staircases or cutting the country, is something more than a political juggler. He can be a Canadian party leader. Sir Charles Tupper would probably do very well as head of a government, but as Opposition leader he is handicapped. Evil influences do not flock tumultuously around oppositions, and evil influences count. They mean the difference only too often between office and opposition. They have put a good many lines in Sir Wilfrid's clear-cut face, and his shoulders are not as square as when I heard him cheerfully address a meeting four years ago on 'Free Trade as they have it in England,' and let his silver-tongued eloquence loose on the meretricious influence of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Red Parlour is not the only room in an hotel; if there was a Van Horne there is a Shaughnessy; instead of Manning, Macdonald and Co. and the Onderdonks, there are Mackenzies and Manns. In a word, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has succeeded Sir John A. Macdonald."

And then the Bone and Sinew tried to listen to McMullen, who was defending the Government about something or other. He asked me if he were the

highway robberies he was sentenced with three others to be hung on Tyburn Hill.

Having sown the wind, and hearing in his ears the oncoming rush of the whirlwind, he vowed to Heaven that if one more chance be granted him he would live peaceably to his life's end. Whether these prayers made in terror reached Heaven, or the Prince of Darkness looked after his own fortune certainly turned her wheel and meted out long life to a man who seemed to stand on the edge of eternity.

For while he awaited execution Queen Mary died, and Elizabeth came to the throne. Furthermore, the time set apart for coronation fell upon the very day that Davenport and his companions were to make their unhappy exit.

Now, her Majesty was not minded that her reign should be ushered in by bloodshed, and graciously pardoned all criminals (not guilty of murder) who were condemned to suffer death on that auspicious day. She was also pleased to bestow the papers of liberation with her own fair hands. And when this prisoner, Richard Davenport, came into the royal presence with his fine, melancholy, face and appealing blue eyes, the Queen's heart melted with pity, and she turned quickly to her attendants saying that here some error of justice must surely have taken place, for if an evil spirit dwelt in so fair a body it was for the first time. Furthermore, as the youth seemed quite broken-hearted, she desired Lord Burleigh to bestow a purse of five golden rose-nobles upon him that he might begin life anew.

Following this the prisoners were disbanded, Davenport bowing himself away in graceful humility, and the nine others, who had no straight features or appealing eyes of azure, in a miserable, shambling bunch, making for the open, frantically, lest by some trick they be overtaken and condemned afresh.

Still more, the Queen bore this lucky scapegrace in mind and desired to have him become a good citizen. Therefore he was given the post of toll-

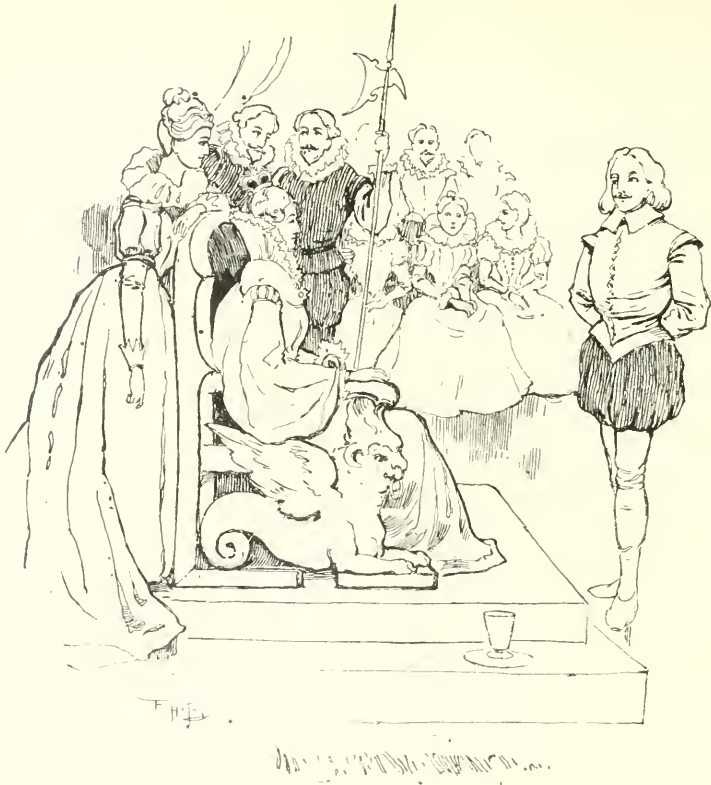
taker on London bridge—a minor position in the gift of the crown. But though Richard Davenport found the earth firm beneath him instead of the distressful opposite, his nature was unchanged, and he lived a peaceable life only for policy's sake.

Within a year he married a pretty, timid country lass who knew nothing of his past. Gentle was she and sweet as one of her own garden roses, and the rushing of life over the bridge wore her heart away. She grew white and transparent as a spirit, then died, leaving one child—a girl beautiful beyond words, and blessed, as it seemed, with a high courage, for she feared neither the turmoil of the place nor the fierce and dominating temper of her father. And the little daughter of Davenport was well acquainted with all the haunting sights and sounds of the bridge, for since her starry eyes first opened upon this changeful world these things had been constantly before them—an ever altering panorama.

After her mother died, the man, tiring of the care of the child, sent her daily to a convent, where she learned out of books both French and Latin, and where her tiny fingers caught the cunning art of tambour embroidery. But when Joyce grew old enough to take charge of the house her father bade her stay at home, and, save for Silas Sloper, a one-legged old sailor who did odd work about the place, the two lived quite alone in the tollhouse.

It was damp and dark and filled with the scent of mouldy wine barrels, for there was a tavern next, a rendezvous for sailors and watermen where a thriving business was done by one Jock Ferrier in old Burgundy and a certain hot wine of Spain.

Joyce Davenport was used to the sound of drunken revelries and carousing, yet she grew up as clear of soul and white as one of the little lilies that blossom in the deep marshes where the river widens out, and her face was the one bright, pure thing the sun saw when he looked into the latticed windows of the old tollhouse. She was of a sunny nature and very gentle, yet with



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"Came into the Royal presence with his handsome face and appealing blue eyes."

this gentleness was strangely blended an unbending will. There were times when the man wondered why he dare go but certain distance of demand with her, for though he had broken the spirit of his wife, this little maid of his had power to make him quail by simply looking at him in her still and tranquil way. And therefore she made a quiet place for herself in the heart of tumult.

Through the noisy hours of the day the toll-taker was busy and watchful lest some keen and money-saving driver pass by without tendering the city's lawful coin. Then he paid small heed to the comings and goings of his daughter, and she might trip in and out as she would. Provided only that his dinner be set to his liking, and she make no delay over it, he asked nothing further. But at eventide when traffic grew less, after the bell of St. Claves had tolled six times, and the river

turned rose colour in the west, when the diamond panes in the windows and shops of the bridge houses showed like cut brilliants, golden and fiery till they dazzled the eye, then did her father turn the key in the door, and the little maid was locked in, like a jewel in a rusty casket.

Then too came the one-legged sailor and watched the gate through the long evening, leaving Davenport free to follow his own wild fancies. Generally these led him to those places amongst the lowest river streets, where cock-fighting, bear-baiting and such pastimes were interlarded with much drinking of cheap wines, and chance games.

The girl would throw open the windows that swung back like tiny doors, and leaning out, talk softly to Silas. He was slow of speech this old sailor man and not over-wise, yet of an

honest heart and of enough shrewdness withal to let no rider go by without handing down his silver penny. It was his greatest pride to be left in charge of the tollhouse and the little lass, and he was much like a gray old watchdog who, while seeming to sleep, hears each smallest sound.

In idle moments Silas told tales of the sea, when sailing was a different matter from what we know it to-day, and it grew to be the dearest delight of his simple soul to watch the lovely face at the casement grow bright with interest as he spun his yarn out from one thrilling climax to another. Often afterwards would that poor head of his ache sorely, for the resources of his brain were not great and those flights of fancy exhausted all its strength. Just where truth ended and exaggeration began he did not stop to ask himself; sufficient was it for Silas to see the blue eyes of his young mistress wide with astonishment, and to hear her sweet voice tremble with anxiety as she plead to know more of some hardy hero or reckless adventurer.

As time passed she grew tall and passing fair; then there came a day when Richard Davenport suddenly awoke to the fact of her marvellous beauty and all it might mean to him.

Joyce had come to the doorway to call him to his mid-day meal; and standing, framed thus in the rough wood, the room dark behind her, she made a picture rare and not to be forgotten. Her hair, which was of a flaxen that seemed touched with silver, waved about her head so light and soft that each breath ruffled it. The delicate brows and curling lashes of her eyes, in strange contrast, were dark as a Spaniard's; and the eyes themselves blue

like the hyacinth flowers that grew on the river bank far away from the city. The cupid's bow of her mouth was red and sweet, whilst her face had all the spring-like colouring of an apple blossom.

The russet gown she wore fell open at the throat, and her father saw the warm whiteness of it and the exquisite curves of her rounded arms, for the sleeves were rolled high.

He gave a low exclamation and drew his hand across his eyes as though dazzled.

"What is't father?" the girl asked. "Art not well?"

"Ay—well enough, lass," he returned half-roughly, following her into the room; "the sun was in my eyes—an' hark'e! keep thee close to the house in future. I will na have thee wandering past the shops, nor to Southwark neither! Dost heed me?"

"I hear thee, father," Joyce replied gently, cutting the wheaten loaf. "But



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

JOYCE AT THE CONVENT.

it seemeth a strange command. Thou didst ever let me go as I wished, so I returned by sundown ; an' I wandered far, far from the town, sometimes just following the river. Hast not seen the marsh marigolds and brown-eyed Susys I have brought back oftentimes ? Yes, an' I went all the road to Greenwich last March for the first pussy-willows. Dost not remember ? An' the tale I told thee of when I found the young cygnets in the old swan's nest ? Thou didst not chide."

"Egad, I will do more than chide an' thou goest again. So do not bring me to't."

Joyce stepped round behind his chair and clasped her arms about his throat ; for in somewhat she loved the man, and ever her ways were coaxing.

"Give me thy reason, then," she said with a little sigh. "I am no child, father."

"An' that is my reason, i'faith ; thou art no longer a child, Mistress Joyce, an' thou art too fair withal. Dost not know my face once brought me the luck of my life ? Thine is more beautiful, an't shall bring thee gold, an' high fortune, an'—who knows lass—a title to thy name perchance !"

She laughed merrily. "Well, I am content to bide—but, as for gold, I fear me 'twill not come my way. An' as for a title—count not on it, good father."

But there were others who had noted the girl's unusual beauty. Far and wide she was called "The Lily of the Bridge."

How she came by the name was not certain, though some said 'twas old brother Sebastian, a gentle monk from the ancient Dominican friary near the river, who first called her so. There were few of his order left, for the times had changed. Yet a number of them passed the tollhouse daily on their errands of mercy, and sometimes even stopped to rest there or ask for a draught of water. It was brother Sebastian, in his rough, hooded cloak girdled by the knotted rope, and his old face sharp and ivory white from vigils

and fastings, who stopped there oftentest. He grew to love the maiden, and noticing her kindly spirit, wished her away from the keeping of such a dissolute father ; for Davenport maintained but an outward semblance of respectability.

Now captured by a new idea, and fancying that in every man he saw one come to rob him of his daughter, the man guarded her with unreasonable watchfulness.

He called himself a fool for not having seen before what a pearl was in his keeping ; what price might not be bidden for it ! "There was not the like of Joyce Davenport," he said to himself, "no—not in the kingdom."

"Well had his own face served him ; and hers—hers should bring him the best the country could give. He would live right merrily yet, and no gentleman of them all would know better how to spend a golden guinea."

This daughter of his should be seen by the highest in the land, and to see her was to worship her beauty and bid the highest price for it. Therefore to the highest bidder she should go—to the topmost title and the heaviest purse in all England. 'Twas a game worth playing—one sure of success—but how to play it ? But where ? But where ? Difficult questions these, and they puzzled the handsome head of Dick Davenport as he stood by the tower through the long autumn day and collected the Queen's tax.

Inside the dark house Joyce pined for liberty. The days were weary, long and unspeakably lonely. There were the dogs—three of them that she had found at different times wandering about the bridge lost and lean, and as desperately miserable as only homeless dogs can be—these were company of course. They followed her so closely, and watched her with such melancholy eyes, that she fancied they must understand her sad case. And there was her tambour work, and the books of Latin ; yes, and the pigeons that flew to the upper windows. But oh ! she longed to be away in the sunshine, longed to escape, and waited in



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIGDEN.

"The girl had come to the doorway to call him to his mid-day meal."

patience and half-stifled hope for some change.

Then one morning there came to the tollman a thought that struck him as little less than an inspiration. He remembered there was a place nearby frequented by the gay and wealthy people of the city. That was an inn on the Southwark side called "The Bear," a resort of fashion even like the Paris Gardens but smaller, and in the grounds behind there was often bull and bear baiting. Ladies sometimes witnessed these sports accompanied by their gallant cavaliers; this was the very place, and Joyce should go with him to see the sights.

"If she does not take the eyes of

every man there from the play of the hour," Richard Davenport said to himself, "then the ways of the world have changed."

"Aye, my lass," he cried swinging the door open suddenly and looking in at his daughter, "Thou hast been shut up long enow', to-night will I take thee for an outing to Ted Gillian's Gardens back o' the Bear Inn. Marry! thou need'st some gaiety. 'An' thou'lt have a rare pleasant evening. There be hardly a gentleman in England but what finds his way to Gillian's soon or late, an' to-night's to be a grand night. Beshrew me if there won't be bear baiting, and bull baiting, and dancing! Thou'st seen nought of life,

Sweeting, but thy father'll show 'e 'tis worth living."

The girl stood listening with parted lips and quick-coming breath. She leaned back slightly against an old seaman's chest, and with one hand steadied herself by it, for it seemed that she trembled a little. The dark wood made a wonderful background for her slight figure. Her eyes dilated as she listened, and then came by slow degrees an expression on the red curved mouth that the man knew well, and somewhat feared.

"I give thee thanks," she said coldly, "but I will na go. I will na go. I am na one who delights in seeing a poor beast tortured. I will bide here in peace."

Davenport swore softly under his breath. Twice before in her life had she answered him with the same cool determined spirit, and he knew her well—he knew her well.

She would not alter or be easily broken. To use force was to ruin the thing he valued; coaxing would not avail, and she was not to be affrighted nor intimidated.

Davenport turned on his heel muttering a curse, and his face as he went out was white and very evil.

He crossed to a shadowy corner of the tower, where he could watch the gate.

His thoughts were in a tangle, and he raged at such opposition. To be baffled by her—a bit of a lass, scarce eighteen. "Bah!" he said half aloud. It made him ill. Gnawing away at his long moustache with strong, white teeth, he planned afresh, and, to help these angry meditations, drew from a beaded pouch by his side a heavy pipe and some of that new weed that was worth its weight in silver. Then he smoked in silence. This, like all Davenport's habits, was expensive and grew apace. Gold was what he wanted, and must have, thought the man. As for collecting these wretched tolls, he loathed the task. And for the girl, if she would not fall in with his wishes, then she should marry Ted Gillian, who had wanted to wed her these

many months. "Ted Gillian!" The man gave a short laugh. There was a chuckle-head, with a slow wit and a long purse—keeper and owner of the fashionable bear gardens! 'Twould answer. And she be obstinate? But he'd wait, he'd wait. So he pulled at his pipe savagely.

Presently came Silas to go on duty.

"There be rare doin's at t'other end o' bridge, maister," he called. "Rare doin's! There be a crowd gathered as I came by!"

"What's to-do?" asked Davenport sullenly.

"There be a juggler all dressed in brown leather, flecked with little gold tassels where 'tis laced. Zooks! but he tosseth knives till it maketh t'blood stiffen in one! And there be gay red hoops and balls he throws as well; and he doeth magic with a silken ribbon, maister!"

"'Tis a tame show, and one fit for women," said the other roughly.

"Tame show or no," returned my sailor, "it chilled the marrow o' the bones to see him toss the long knives, and catch them when eight were falling tines down!"

"But there be more to it," he half whispered, leaning towards Davenport.

"He weareth a brown mask, and they do say 'tis some noble in disguise. Beshrew me, but he looketh like one, for he standeth full a head over any man around. The show be'th on till dark—so thou canst see for thyself."

"Ah, so!" said Davenport, "'tis a strange tale; and yet I doubt me but what the fellow is some banished court jester. Any tattling goeth down with thee. Hark'e! Thou talkest overmuch. Attend to thy business and there'll be short time for thee to be gazing open-jawed at some juggling fool or another. Be not late again, or I'll settle with thee."

Thus saying he went indoors and sat heavily down.

"Perhaps," thought the man, "an' I take the lass to see this fellow, it might bring her to easier mood. That far, and who knows, peradventure a bit of coaxing might lead her on to the

Gardens. 'Tis worth trying, but it goeth against the grain." Rising, he settled his doublet and made up his mind.

His little daughter was in her room looking down into the river and watching a soft, yellow mist that, smoke-like, rolled in from the sea.

"Ah, Joyce!" she heard him call, "I was over-harsh with thee; come, I will take thee for a stroll. At bridge-end is a fine show, they tell me—a sight that maidens may see, for 'tis just harmless juggling, no more nor less. Put on thy best gown, lass, to out walk with thy father, an' in token that thy temper is sweet again."

Joyce answered back gaily, and soon ran down from her room arrayed in a white cloth gown, and with a long cloak of hunter's green velvet tied about her throat. She pulled up the small hood, and dropped her father a little courtesy.

"'Tis all the bravery I own," she said, "but 'twill serve."

"Aye!" he answered. "Thou lookest like a lily coming out of green leaves."

Laughing and chatting they walked down the bridge past the quaint bridge-houses, their tiny roof-gardens bright with flowers, and so in and out amongst the people.

The odd signs above the old shops swung back and forth with low creaking, while the air was full of sounds of life, and fresh with a salt smell from the sea. Under those arches the river surged and beat. Vessels from all ports passed up and down the dusky water that at this hour was touched with gold and red from the western sun.

Great trading ships were going out, some to the old, old East, and others to that new land of the West. Little wherries and punts went bustling back and forth, making a great to-do for things so small. A thousand sails, black, brown and tawny, were raised in the freshening evening breeze.

Here and there the swans drifted homeward, like patches of floating snow, down to the lower marshes they went, where was quiet and deep

peace. Out on the docks a day's work was drawing in, and weary long-shoremen wheeled the last casks from some fast-emptying vessel, or piled great chests of tea, curiously marked bales of foreign silks and rugs, or boxes of spice into shelter for the night.

All this Joyce saw as she had seen it a thousand times before. The wind blew in many a fragrant odour from the vessels being unloaded, a perfume of wine and leather, sandalwood, coffee and tobacco, all blended with the scent of the sea.

The sun touched the gray old tower, where it stood afar off, raising its grim head to heaven, and holding the secrets of the years. It gilded the ancient priories of St. Mary Overies, and the convent of Bermondsey, and there was but an afterglow lighting up the world as the two came upon a knot of sight-seers circling about the man Dick Davenport sought.

Yes! there he was, the mysterious juggler still playing for the amusement of the passing throng, and, doubtless, the better filling of his own wallet.

He stood on a small cedar table, where lay an open case of long, double-edged knives, and he was—as Davenport noticed—a good head taller than any man around.

As for his dress, it was sober brown, cut withal in the extreme fashion of the hour, and it followed the lines of his firmly-knit form, as though moulded upon it. His boots of soft tan colour rose to the mid-thigh, and were square and flaring at the top. His jerkin of leather also shone here and there where it was laced with little gilt tassels, as the old sailor had said. He was belted with a girdle of dull gold, from which dangled a small toy-like Venetian dagger. The hilt of this pretty thing glinted blue as though set thick with turquois. The linen at the man's throat and wrist was smooth and fair, testifying to the ease with which he wrought his work. Upon his short dark hair rested a jaunty peaked cap, holding one long pheasant's feather.



DRAWN BY F. H. BRIDGEN.

"She watched him breathlessly."

The pose of the player as he kept some ivory balls in mid air, was grace itself; still it was his face the people watched, for there lay the mystery of him. His lower jaws, strong and beautifully turned, were shaven clean; the mouth firm and close showed yet the faint indication of a smile, but across his eyes lay a mask, and none might say truly who looked from behind it.

An ancient serving man waited near the table holding a heavy cloak. The expression on the worn face was one of patience under great distress. He it was who collected the silver sixpences, groats and three-penny-bits after each performance—often from a fast-thinning crowd—and in truth his looks bespoke it an unwelcome task.

Davenport pushed through the mass of people to its innermost circle, holding Joyce fast by the cloak. They drew up just as the juggler stooped to take his knives from their case.

Next the girl stood a sailor all agape; barefoot and swarthy he was, his hair burned almost yellow from the tropic sun. On one arm he held a wooden cage wherein were two homesick paraquets that now and then uttered harsh, unhappy cries. Next again was a man of most noble deportment, whose keen eyes missed nothing of interest that passed around him. His close pointed beard was trimmed to a nicety and the half hidden mouth changed as he gazed about at the motley crowd with a smile now grave, now whimsical.

All this Joyce saw as in a dream for she was only conscious of one tall and beautiful figure clad from top to toe in sombre hue, flinging from him straight and high into the air a dozen glittering, dangerous knives.

She watched him breathlessly with eyes darkening, the pink coming and going in her cheeks, her hands clinging together till the rosy nails grew white.

One little slip—one breath too much—Ah! The juggler glanced down and his eyes caught the girl's uplifted face

There was a quiver of his arm—and then a shower of knives rattled on the wooden table or fell to the bridge.

Three he caught, and one grazed his cheek, or even more, for the blood streamed down upon his collar.

Joyce gave a low, half-checked scream and pulling her kerchief out of its swinging pocket held it up.

"Quick! Thy face!" she cried; "Bind it up, O! bind it up. Thou art welcome to the kerchief; I need it not."

Then turning to her father, suddenly caught his hand. "Take me home," she said again with soft intensity.

The juggler had leaned down and taken the tiny lace-edged square, which he pressed to his face. Then he leaped lightly from the table and stood beside Joyce.

"I give thee thanks—but trouble not thy pretty head about me, little maid," he said. "Had I put out my life 'twere a ne'er-do-well gone, and not a better man."

Some voice in the crowd called out, "Go on with thy show, sir juggler; 'tis not thy death wound this time," and there was much chattering and laughter.

"I trow 'twill make but a paltry scar," shouted a rough voice. "Finish thy show. Art turned chicken-hearted?"

Then the man who stood next the sailor looked quietly around, and the hum of voices ceased.

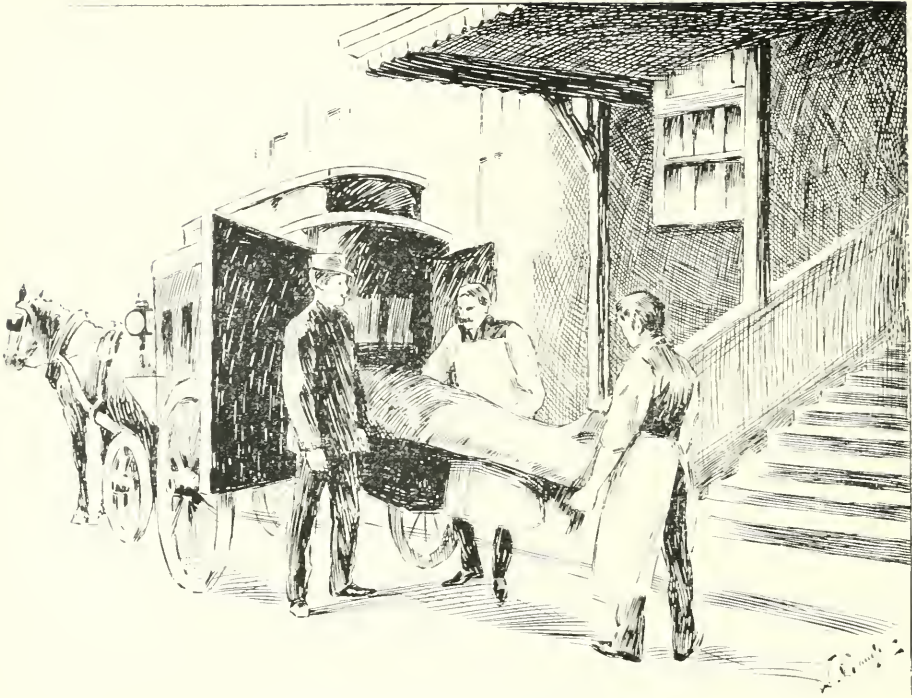
"Pray thee, go to thy homes, good citizens," he said in a rich commanding voice. "There will be no more knife-throwing to-night; the light has failed. Hast never heard this, 'He jests at scars who never felt a wound.'" So, laughing, he made his way through the people.

"'Tis Will Shakespeare," said one looking after the man. "A young player from the Globe Theatre."—" 'Tis Will Shakespeare—none else."

Thus they scattered noisily and went away as the dusk fell.

Davenport and his daughter had long disappeared, as had the juggler, while the old serving man folded the table by some contrivance and carried it towards Bridge House.

To be concluded next month.



"The pneumatic-tired, noiseless vehicle."

HOSPITAL LIFE IN A CANADIAN CITY.

WITH SPECIAL PEN AND INK SKETCHES BY W. GOODE.

By John McCrae, M.D.

THE clang of the ambulance gong is perhaps the only indication to the average city man of the great organizations that are busily employed day and night, Sabbath and week-day, year in, year out, in ministering to the wants and needs of the sick. The unhappy victim of some street accident is lifted into the pneumatic-tired, noiseless vehicle, and the bystander draws a sigh of relief, in the knowledge that he is now in the hands of those whose business and profession it is to render him the assistance and care he needs; and straightway dismisses the subject from his mind. But it is well worth observation to follow the patient through the subsequent chapters of the book.

A huge pile of buildings, generally

not notable for architecture, and possibly not of the most inviting aspect, with gateways for ambulances and patients, numerous doorways and signs for public guidance, constitutes this great mill that labours so unremittingly; here is no busy hum of machinery, but the constant movement of human handiwork, that never dare stop for repairs, and that, alas, is never idle for lack of work.

These great establishments are very cities in miniature, and collect for their needs artificers of all kinds. A staff of physicians and surgeons, a host of nurses, and a small army of employes of various kinds, are at work. The mere existence of the several hundreds of patients requires as much labour as a hotel of corresponding proportions;

and if to this be added the professional care and treatment of every one, it will be readily understood that the requirements are greatly increased.

rooms for food staples, are crowded by all the appurtenances of a wholesale grocery establishment; a bakery that turns out its daily quota as regularly



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

AN OPERATING ROOM OF THEATRE DESIGN.

Removed from the actual hospital wards, the internal economy of the hospital is carried on, visible only to the patients by its results. Store-

as a mercantile establishment, a kitchen corresponding in size and business to the hospital requirements—provide for the necessities of life. The scru-

pulous cleanliness of hospital wards is purchased at a price—namely, a laundry (that turns out a mass of work that can scarcely be appreciated even by the mistress of an extravagant household) and where every day is Monday. Add to this the housemaids and general servants who have for their especial care the physical cleanliness of the buildings, and the total is a large one.

As the ambulance brings its case to the accident department, the patient is

at once transferred to some specially suitable room, where he is undressed or otherwise prepared, and turned over to the hands of the surgeons, who are waiting, white-gowned, to proceed with their work. Every large hospital has its staff of physicians and surgeons, who are called "interns," who live in

the hospital, and some of whom are always on duty. The number of surgeons and nurses varies with the number of patients, but as a rough estimate, a surgeon has charge of from twenty-five to fifty patients, and a nurse is required for every four or five, allowing for hours of freedom from duty. As soon as the patient has been examined and his wounds dressed, he is removed to his ward, where he finds himself sur-

rounded by all the familiar appurtenances of a sick room on a large scale. Here he is entered on the "service" of the surgeon or physician belonging to the visiting or consulting staff of the hospital, who has charge of his particular ward. The visiting and consulting staffs are composed of men eminent in their profession, who add to their hospital duties the work of more or less exacting private practice; and it is an interesting fact that the greatest names

of the profession are those of men, who have for long terms of years been associated in the work of large hospitals. Content at first as assistants, their experience has increased with their years, until at length years of apparently too-unrewarded toil bring their recompense—and the dignity of a consul-



HOUSE-SURGEON BANDAGING A PATIENT'S HEAD.

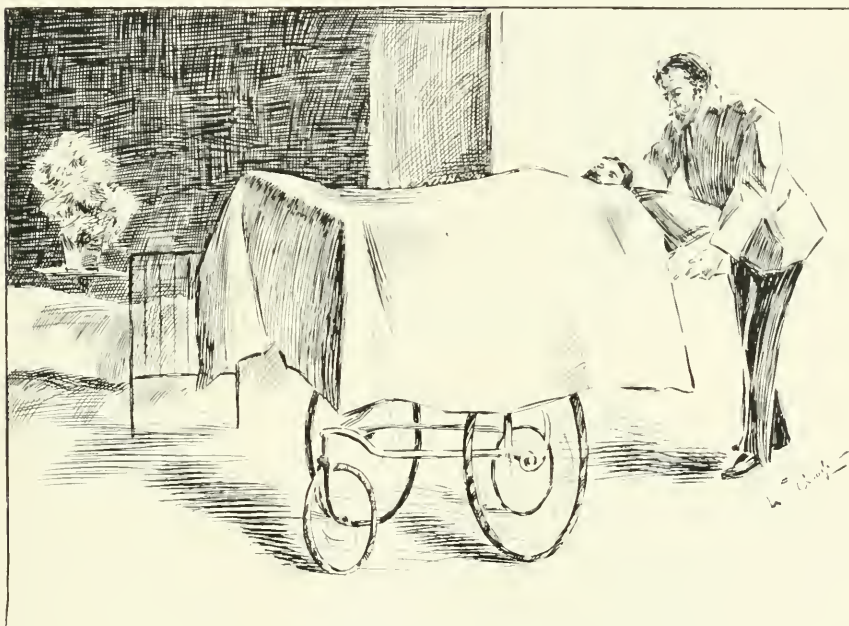
tant to a great hospital. The visiting physician or surgeon—for medicine and surgery are widely divergent branches of work—visits the wards each day, and where necessary directs the work of the less experienced "intern," or confers with his colleagues upon some especially difficult case.

The well-known term "walking the hospitals" opens up another aspect of hospital life; for by this is meant, the

attendance of students, graduated or otherwise, who avail themselves of the large number of cases, to study their profession. Almost every large hospital has connected with it one or more schools of medicine where, in return for a substantial fee, the student has the privilege of observing the thousand different phases of disease. Distasteful as this slight degree of publicity is to some patients, it will be readily understood that it is the only return the great majority of so-called "public" patients can make for their care and

nursing or medical treatment; and where such an one has the benefit of the skill of the most eminent professional men, it will be seen that he renders but slight return in giving himself a subject for clinical instruction that is everywhere conducted with the most strictly professional decorum. For those able to pay, every hospital has private rooms and beds, where the patient is secluded, and is free from these rules; but the nursing and other care is equal in all cases.

In many hospitals free dispensaries



MOVING A PATIENT IN THE WARD.

attendance. Most hospitals are supported by endowment funds or by the city or county in which they are situated; and, in Canada, it is customary for the municipality or the provincial government to make a grant per diem for each bed. The poor of the city or county can thus be treated free of charge; or, if a patient be able to pay, he pays a sum which is merely directed to his maintenance (and which does not entirely reimburse the hospital on that single account). The public patient pays nothing whatever for his

are in vogue. The patients at these are called "outdoor" patients, to distinguish them from "indoor" or "house" patients, and are allowed to come at certain stated hours to obtain free advice and treatment for ailments not sufficiently grave to demand their confinement to bed. They serve as recruiting grounds for the hospital, but are liable to great abuse, for it will be readily understood that in the many thousands annually who avail themselves of this privilege there must be a considerable number who would be



EXAMINING AN OUT-DOOR PATIENT—THE MOUTH.

able to pay, but who prefer to catch at the robe of charity.

Among the inmates of a great hospital, strangely enough, there is a moderately large number who from time to time reappear in the wards, until they become "haunters," and will stay as long and return as frequently as they can, even if it be necessary to feign aches and pains to prolong their stay; and such patients are often known to visit the same hospital again and again for years.

The hospital day begins early, and, generally, nurses go on duty by seven o'clock in the morning, although the wards are busy long before that hour. Breakfast is served and over in time to permit the routine cleaning of the wards before any of the medical rounds are made. Later in the morning the "interns" make their rounds, each accompanied by the chief nurse of the

ward; or, in the event of the presence of one of the visiting staff, the rounds may be made by him. The nurses have quite sufficient work to occupy all their time in the care and attention required by a large ward of patients, and the morning runs away all too soon. As soon as dinner is over for patients who are well enough to have their regular meals, the afternoon brings (in addition to the usual work) the visits of the senior medical officers, and, on certain days, the friends of the patients.

The nursing staff are on duty from eight to eleven hours per diem, according to the system in practice, and to be on one's feet constantly for that length of time is very fatiguing to those who are unaccustomed to such work. Nurs-

ing of to-day is a fascinating life; but those who choose it should think deliberately of the extremely hard work that it entails, and remember also that in the spare time allowed the nurse, she has to study, or attend lectures, for the purpose of supplementing by an adequate amount of theory the practice she sees in the wards. In most great hospitals, the course for nurses consists of three years; and it is necessary to undergo a term of probation that varies from one to three months. The patients who are well enough to be out of bed are made to retire early, and when the night staff go on duty at seven or eight o'clock, the wards are already quiet for the night. The night staff, who take this duty by rotation, are only one-third as many as the corresponding day staff, except in the event of an exceptional number of patients requiring attention.

All this, however, takes no account of any particular branch of the hospital, and where a hospital is largely or (as in some places) entirely surgical, the work required is much greater in proportion. Dressings of all sorts require time and labour, and this is an addition to the ordinary work of the medical wards; dressings of minor importance may at times be performed by nurses, but generally are the work of the interns, who are assisted and waited on by a nurse. The work of the operating-room requires an additional staff, and where there are several operating-rooms in one hospital, the demands made by this branch are extremely heavy. Each surgeon is assisted by at least one intern, and a second intern is required to administer the anæsthetic. The latter has an important charge to fulfil, and he is never expected to pay the slightest attention to anything else. From one to three nurses are required for an operation of much importance; and of all these surgeons and nurses, at least three require to have their hands antiseptically prepared, and must therefore touch nothing that does not belong strictly to the operation. After operation the most thorough cleaning of the room must take place, and to this the gorgeously inlaid marble operating-rooms of some wealthy hospitals of to-day readily lend themselves. There are operating-rooms in one or two of the great American cities upon which fabulous sums have been spent; and while this may seem too lavish, it must be remembered that granite and marble are the cleanest of materials, and such a room can be cleansed by a hose as one

washes dust from a window. Where clinical instruction is given, the operating-room partakes of the nature of a theatre, with ascending tiers of seats from which the students can watch the operation.

The reader of this decade is thoroughly familiar with the term "antiseptic surgery," but he is probably unaware that the highest degree of antiseptics demands that the operator before entering the room take an antiseptic bath, clothe himself in the exact garb of a tennis player—in white duck and linen—and envelop his hair in a kind of skull-cap. This has been found to be a freer and less cumbersome garb than the large aprons, and is compatible with perfect cleanliness. With such precautions, the operator can do several operations in succession, with, of course, a proper degree of re-preparation after each one. Where much surgery is done there are several operations each day, and the student consults a notice board whereon are shown the cases and operators for the



EXAMINING AN OUT-DOOR PATIENT—THE NOSE.

day; he can thereby choose what he wishes to see, and neglect what he judges to be unimportant.

There is a tendency in these times to have fewer General Hospitals and more hospitals devoted to special departments of work; but where the former exist there are several other departments of interest besides merely medicine and surgery. Maternity hospitals are generally separate from other wards, for it is only thus that safety can be assured; and to this statement, the dangers that followed in the days when maternity wards and surgical wards full of foul wounds were carried on under the same roof, added an ample testimony.

Hospitals for the treatment of diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat are usually separate; as also are hospitals for children.

It is scarcely possible for the layman (if the term may be used) to visit a hospital without having forced upon him the fact that, at best, it is a sad place. The grim visitor that, "with impartial foot, knocks at the palace of the rich and the hovel of the poor," is never far away; and the constant presence of death has lent colour to the

belief that physicians are "hardened." It cannot be that familiarity breeds contempt, but rather, that familiarity breeds familiarity, and that these two are upon a nodding acquaintance with one another; so they are not effusive, as those who greet a face they have not seen for years.

The hospitals are the last homes of such as who wander over the earth as long as they are fit for daily work;

and many a one is found in these beds who has not seen a relative for years. To one whose home ties mean much to him it is simply astounding to see how often men in this busy, shoulder-rubbing world have no friends.

Did it ever strike you how like a huge cobweb this world is? A maze of lines that break—oh! so easily—and beginning here,



CONVALESCENT.

end there; but between here and there the wide earth may intervene. A hospital that has existed for half or a whole century is in this one sense like a graveyard, for many a film of the cobweb has led thereto. And if all the lives that lead to this one point were chronicled, what a mass of comedy and tragedy they would represent!

THE BURDEN OF TIME.

BEFORE the seas and mountains were brought forth,
I reigned. I hung the universe in space.
I capped earth's poles with ice to South and North,
And set the moving tides their bounds and place.
I smoothed the granite mountains with my hand,
My fingers gave the continents their form,
I rent the heavens and loosed upon the land
The fury of the whirlwind and the storm.
I stretched the dark sea like a nether sky
Fronting the stars between the ice-clad zones;
I gave the deep his thunder; the Most High
Knows well the voice that shakes His mountain thrones.
I trod the ocean caverns black as night
And silent as the bounds of outer space,
And where great peaks rose darkly towards the light
I planted life to root and grow apace.
Then through a stillness deeper than the grave's,
The coral spires rose slowly, one by one,
Until the white shafts pierced the upper waves
And shone like silver in the tropic sun.
I ploughed with glaciers down the mountain glen,
And graved the iron shore with stream and tide;
I gave the bird her nest, the lion his den,
The snake long jungle-grass wherein to hide.
In lonely gorge and over hill and plain,
I sowed the giant forests of the world;
The great earth like a human heart in pain
Has quivered with the meteors I have hurled.
I plunged whole continents beneath the deep
And left them sepulchered a million years.
I called, and lo, the drowned lands rose from sleep,
Sundering the waters of the hemispheres.
I am the Lord and Arbiter of man;—
I hold and crush between my finger tips
Wild hordes that drive the desert caravan,
Great nations that go down to sea in ships.
In sovereign scorn I tread the races down,
As each its puny destiny fulfils,
On plain and island, or where huge cliffs frown
Wrought in the deep thought of the ancient hills.
The wild sea searches vainly round the land
For those proud fleets my arm has swept away;
Vainly the wind along the desert sand
Calls the great names of kings who once held sway.

Yea, Nineveh and Babylon the great
 Are fallen like ripe ears at harvest-tide,
 I set my heel upon their pomp and state,
 The people's serfdom and the monarch's pride.

One doom waits all—art, speech, law, gods and men,
 Forests and mountains, stars and shining sun,—
 The hand that made them shall unmake again,
 I curse them and they wither one by one.

Waste altars, tombs, dead cities where men trod,
 Shall roll through space upon the darkened globe,
 Till I myself be overthrown and God
 Cast off creation like an outworn robe.

Frederick George Scott.

HIS SONG.

I.

THERE was a poet and he did sing,
 Of summer's gold, and the green of spring,
 Of youth, and love, and of everything,
 Pregnant with brightness and joy and cheer.
 O, his song was sweet as brooklet's rune !
 As sweet and gay as a thrush's tune
 To the world on sun-filled day in June ;
 It lingered long in the listener's ear.

Men praised it much, but the poet cried,
 In the heat of noon—"Unsatisfied !"
 In the dark of night—"Unsatisfied !"
 "On a sea of unrest I toss.
 I fain would sing of the greatest themes
 Life holds—I weary of pretty dreams—
 There are heights of joy, and mighty streams
 Of passion, of pain, and of loss.

"I would sing of bliss till hearts would leap—
 Of anguish subtle, and sorrow deep,
 Till over the souls of men would sweep
 A breath from far-off Gethsemane ;
 Of things below, and of things above,
 And hate should die at my song of love—
 Sing with the power to thrill and move
 The heart of humanity mightily."

"Not in Life's garden," One softly said,
 "Life's pleasant garden with flowers spread,
 Are the great songs learned—thy feet must tread
 In the desolate places, and drear ;
 Thou must drink the rue and wine of life,
 Must know the anguish and joy of life,
 The heaven of peace, and the hell of strife,
 Ere the song be such that all must hear."

II.

There was a poet, and O, his song
 It was wondrous sweet, and wondrous strong—
 Different quite from the pretty song
 He had sung in the days gone by.
 It made the greybeard forget his years,
 The selfish his schemes, the coward his fears,
 The miser his gold, the mourner his tears—
 It sank so deep, and it soared so high.

It moved ; it held ; for the poet, he,
 Filled all his song with a sympathy
 So mighty, each list'ner said, "'Tis me
 The poet sings to, for in this hour
 He flings wide open memory's door,
 And all unbidden there comes once more,
 From dead and gone sweetness held in store,
 A breath that pains with its strength and power."

He had walked the valley, and climbed the height,
 Known rapture, and hope, and all delight,
 Known faith betrayed and the hopeless blight,
 Had writhed at the sting of envy's dart,
 Had fasted and feasted many a day,
 Had kissed his dead, and had turned away,—
 And the song that the souls of men did sway,
 Came straight from the poet's broken heart.

Jean Blewett.

THE WIDOW OF MUMS.

A TALE OF RURAL ONTARIO LIFE.

By Erle Cromer.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Minerva Falconer, widow, works a rented farm with the assistance of her two children Molly and Peart. The land is owned by Caleb Tooze, a dying old bachelor, whose wealth Widow Falconer hopes to inherit. She needs the money because she is in debt. Farther down the road live the Mosses. Rudge Moss and Peart Falconer are chums and both in love with Pensee Vale, the school teacher, who boards with the Mosses. Rudge has been going to school to Pensee and getting lessons after hours. From this a scandal arises and Rudge Moss disappears.

XII.—MINERVA VS. SYLVIA.

THE next day when the sun made a round dab of silver over the Canada Company woods, Minerva Falconer drove down the concession behind the old white mare. She turned the cutter on the gore in front of the white church and tied up at Moss's. As she crossed the slab at the hand-gate she paused a moment and bent over. A big pair of boots had leaped the ditch at the side of the slab. There

was but one such pair of boots in Mums ; and as Minerva reflected so, she told herself with a deep laugh that almost threw a shadow on the snow that Rudge Moss was probably farther from the log house at the jog that moment than he had ever been on foot before, even on a coon hunt.

Minerva had not expected it quite so soon. She had given Saturday morning to Pensee to digest Molly's letter. The afternoon would be a good time to

discuss the situation with Pensee and Sylvia; after which she reasonably expected Pensee to pack her trunk and come with her in the cutter without any serious opposition from Mrs. Moss. By Sunday night everybody in Mums would know that Pensee had changed her boarding-house; but before they finished talking about the reason Rudge Moss would be out of both Mums and school, which was the present consummation the widow devoutly wished.

Now it was "cart 'fore the horse, but all the better for the journey," reflected Minerva, as she stood at Moss's kitchen door and knocked with full-armed fist. "Good evenin', Silvy," she said as the door opened. "Land! here you be wipin' dishes when the dear knows, as I say, anybody ud think you'd oughta be wipin' your eyes—"

Clap! went the lid-lifter on to the stove door, and for full two minutes without a glance up or a word Mrs. Moss poked and prodded the sticks in the stove, took off all the lids, moved all the pots and ended with a furious tattoo on the grate in front; after which she flung the lifter clattering on the hearth and proceeded to play an orchestral symphony on the knives, spoons and plates.

"Silvy!" said Minerva severely, as she strode across and took her by the arm, "set down. The idee you kerryin' on so! Hain't we both mothers?"

Sylvia sat down and began to pick aimlessly at her print apron.

"Now you needn't to tell me a word, Silvy," went on the Widow calmly. "I know. Rudge's gone off in a tanager an' left you. Land! didn't I see 'is tracks 'cross the ditch like a wild deer's the mennit I got out the cutter, an' I says to myself, there, I says, I'll bet Silvy Moss is loner than right now than a robin in January; fer if that ain't Rudge's good-bye track out o' Mums the snow ain't white that falls. It all come to me like in a dream. Goodness knows, as I say, there's sometimes when we know more'n we see an' most everythin' to onct, an' this is a case in

pint. A week ago there wasn't a bit more to-do in Mums than there is in a snow-drop. Now it's most bilin' over; an' why? 'Cause plain innocence, Silvy, can't do innocent things 'thout slander makin' 'em guilty; fer, as I say, there aint a innocenter pair in Canady than Pensee Vale an' Rudge Moss. It's a pity if young folks is gota be grand-maws 'fore they're married, every mortal thing jist so or you git your name like Burdock Blood Bitters on every board fence in the township, fer birds to pick at. But it's that way in socitee; an' after all, Silvy, that's a great sight older'n we be, let alone the young folks. We gota be as careful, Silvy, about our reputation in socitee as we air 'bout what our thoughts is in the church, or socitee 'll go to smash. That's my doctern.

"Pensee Vale's a clever girl, as I say, or she wouldn't be teachin' our school, the first girl that ever did; but she don't know as much as socitee 'bout some things. Likewise Rudge, cunnin' hand an' all as 'e is on a place, don't know't all. But, land! They're both goin' to find out; an' when they do things'll be sot right again. Rudge'll c'm back in doo time. Land! 'twunt hurt 'im to git abroad a leetle anyhow; an' he'll think jist's much o' Pensee Vale an' she o' him, after all's said'n done, as they ever did.

"Well, as I say, Silvy," rising, "Pensee's welcome to stay at our house till the storm's blowed over, an' as much longer as she likes. I thought I'd drive down an' git 'er trunk this afternoon an' take 'er right up along. Now, Silvy, you needn't to bother a speck. I'll go up an' help Pensee pack the things; then you better come an' help us down with the trunk; for I expect Reuben aint up from the bush yit."

Minerva opened the parlour door and swept upstairs. In ten seconds she was down again.

"Silvy, where's Pensee?" she shouted. Sylvia gazing disconsolate out at the woodpile, turned upon her visitor a look of scorn. She rose.

"The last I seen of 'er she was back

the side-road," she said with a corrosive smile. "Mebbe she's in the bush now for all I care; so long as she don't find Rudge. If you want to know any more ast the one you had fer nigger las' chear. Then you c'n stick your nose into other folk's business a little more, an' when you git it full you c'n start keepin' bad-house to pay your debts. There."

With which fling of vitriol, ending in a scream, Mrs. Moss opened the kitchen door as a sign for her visitor to leave.

Sylvia Moss was not naturally vindictive, but her train of ideas ran on a narrow gauge. She probably only half believed Pensee Vale guilty of the sin whose recital she had heard from the almost paralyzed girl's lips that morning, when she went to her room and found her with Molly's letter open in her hand. But she knew it was on Pensee's account Rudge had left home with the shadow of guilt upon him, and she felt to hate her for it. The wrong done to Pensee in the event of her innocence or Rudge's share of the responsibility for her possible guilt never entered her mind. If Rudge was innocent Pensee was guilty for having permitted suspicion to smirch him; if guilty, hers was the fault. In either case Minerva Falconer's lynx-eyed curiosity was fit subject for dread; her positive interference in the matter of Pensee's boarding-house merited nothing but contempt. Sylvia didn't see the logical connection between Minerva's solicitude over Pensee and the rumour just then seething at the mouth of the crater. Her anxiety was all over Rudge.

XIII.—PENSEE IS LOST.

Pensee wandered on. When the clouds turned pale she was on a log-trail that led off the side-road among new, black jumpiles, fresh-sawn stumps and log-ends, splintered scrub-elms and scraped black ashes, into the thick forest.

Red-creased great white-oaks limbless to the lofty crotch where the bald eagle builds his hut; bulging, deep-gougued gray elms with beams for the

clouds; wine-soaked shaggy soft maples clutching with huge hands at the lap-scaled brown hickories jagged as porcupines; blue-gray smooth beeches arrow-winged from the waist; slim, yellowish black ashes on whose topmost taper-finger the brown thrasher sings to the clouds; silver-scurfed birches that roll their skin off in square patches to show you the tan blood under; soft black basswoods white as maid's breasts under the bark, brooding over the spice-shrubs, blue-beeches and shoot-maples in the thickets. This was a Mums forest; on to whose secret floor the webbed twigs had sifted the snow peacefully irregular over the deadwood.

Pensee wandered on; among the trunks, over the low logs, round the big ones. She never looked back at her solitary vagrant track in the snow. Long after the snow had soaked her shoes and the low twigs had tousled her hair over her red cloak, she stopped a moment where some axe had made a jumpile long ago. The robins had left a few red berries in the spice-bushes there. They were frozen now. Pensee pulled and ate them. She didn't see the wan sun drift up into the south and cross. Mums was out of view. The air hung quiet in the branches. Only the slow swish of Pensee's snow-clogged skirt among the underbrush broke the silence of the hollow-tapping woodpecker, the cold-peeping chickadee and the lumbering thud of a sleigh on a distant log road. She wandered on.

And all that afternoon the wood-top flung one vast, vague shadow on the rude floor; till suddenly once as Pensee sat to rest on a log the snow shivered without a sound and caught the picture of trunks and lashed twigs in blocks and webs of black. Pensee's shadow came out at her right. She started up as if frightened and for the first time since morning glanced about as far as eye could see.

Gold on the right trunks; gloom on the left; shadows on the snow.

But a moment. The black crept off the snow into the trunks. East was west again; and that one lonely girl

might wander on till dark without knowing by more than the uncertain moss on the trees where to turn for home.

Slowly the far trunks faded out of view: the near ones came closer together; the twigs blurred. A low branch of basswood snatched Pensee's cap. She looked to find it; when suddenly her eyes grew dim, a faintness came over her, and she caught the basswood branch to keep from falling.

The snowy spaces glimmered like ghosts in the gloom. The winter night had come, as it often does, with a sweep into the Canadian forest. With it flashed like a meteor into Pensee's thought the awful sense that she was lost in the great, pitiless wood where all day she had wandered like one in a dream. Her foot stumbled over a log; she fell in the snow beside it.

A belated chickadee fluttered somewhere in the underbrush before her. Pensee heard it and struggled up. Groping by shrub and twig she followed on. But the white hand waved once in the dark and found not a twig. Trembling she fell in the snow right at the root of a stump.

"Bird!" she called—it was like the voice of a child crying for its mother; "bird!—bird! N-no. He's gone—to rest. To rest—. Bird!" choked half-mystic, as though she had talked herself out of sleep, "if you wake before me, tell them I didn't shame him. They say I did; and when their eyes are on me I must say—yes, Pensee Vale did. But I can say to this snow, that's as pure as he is, I didn't—didn't—"

The voice smothered into the snow. The great wood was silent.

One hour. Far in the distance straight towards the vanished sunset from where Pensee lay by the stump came the hollow thudding of a sleigh—nearer—nearer—the trample of hoofs, the shiver of slow bells.

Pr-r—oof! A horse racked in the harness and tried to leap from the log-track; stood snorting.

The driver spoke sharply from the

logs and tried to pull in again. No use. The horse crowded his mate clear over a log away from the stump at his hoofs.

"Whoa! Rock, you owl—"

The driver sprang off the load, and, still holding the lines, took a step towards the stump; felt about it with the butt of his whip.

"My God! it's a woman—"

Peart Falconer let go the lines and dropped on one knee beside the prone heap in the hollow of the root. He took it in his arms and lifted it. The white face glimmered up into his.

"Pensee!" he gasped. "My God, it is—it is—Pensee!"

Only her heavy breath made answer. Quickly he closed her in his arms, rose and carried her to the sleigh. She couldn't resist.

He laid her down a minute, jerked off his hay-cushion from the logs and put it under her head. Then, quick as a panther he unhooked the rear-chain from the tight binding-pole, flung it over the sleigh, snatched out the pole, loosed the front chain and flung it over, grabbed his cant-hook from the rear bob under the logs, leaped on top, jabbed the hook into the top log and sent it with a boom over on the other side. The next two followed suit.

"Step up, Rock!" he shouted, as he sprang down and took the lines. "Whoa!"

It was but a log length. Quickly he rolled the bottom three logs off, two one side, one the other; flung the cant-hook in the snow, and jerked off his gansy. This he wrapped about Pensee.

In less than a minute he had her in one arm on the sleigh-bunk. The other hand grasped the lines. The horses galloped; the chains trailing at the bunks rattled after; along between the towering wood walls of the back concession to the school side road.

XIV.—PENSEE AT FALCONERS'.

Sunday came in soft wind and sunlight down by the white church at the jog. Bells rang the folk to church in the morning, as the big, straw-choked,

buffalo-robed sleighs with the waggon-boxes chained on the hind bunks, glided beside their shadows over the snow. How often Pensee had stood with Rudge at the jog as they crossed to church on a Sunday morning and watched them come from far beyond the Canada Company woods to the west, east from the post-office settlement, north along the side-road. How she had lingered at the door, leaving Rudge to talk to the boys at the gate, just for the pleasure of seeing the children, whom she taught at the little, drab school behind the churchyard, gather out of the sleighs around her on the stoop to wait till father or brother came back from the shed. Then, during the sermon as she sat between red-bearded Reuben Moss and pale, peaked Sylvia, with Rudge somewhere in a back seat, her only shadow of regret as she glanced out of the window was that an old man whose shanty-smoke she could see back by the white log-heaps, was not there to hear what made the folk so sober and herself so happy as they listened.

Now all that was past. To-day among all the shadows that slipped into the white church, for the first time in ten years Rudge Moss's was not; for the first time since she had been at Mums Pensee Vale's was not.

Only conjecture as yet could tell what had become of either. But there was no lack of that. Everyone knew Rudge was gone. If a meteor had crashed red-hot into the roof of the church it would scarcely have made a greater sensation. Rudge Moss was the boy who, in the year of the great Centennial, had refused to go with Peart Falconer for no other reason than because he and "the old man" were taking in a new piece that year and he couldn't afford the time. Peart then but a lad of eighteen had gone alone. Now Rudge was gone clear out of Mums altogether, without a word of warning. So they said that Sunday morning.

But there was no one at church that morning except Minerva Falconer who knew a breath of Pensee's whereabouts

till a quarter of an hour before the preacher drove into the yard. The late ones found out after the sermon; some in the sleighs going home.

Perhaps some of the old folk repeated the text at dinner; something about the upright man. But many there were who could preach a more pointed sermon—on the fallen woman!

So much for having a girl-teacher in Mums. The next had better be a man; the sooner the better.

But what matter all they said in the sleighs, and barns and kitchens that Sunday? Pensee Vale didn't hear it. She was up at the big house.

Some time before that day dawned she had awakened with the taste of brandy in her mouth, a lamp somewhere near, and the widow Falconer beside the bed holding a cup and spoon. Later she woke again when she could see the maples through the window. There was nobody in the room then. When a few minutes later Molly came in with breakfast on a tray, Pensee sat dressed at the window, head on her hands, heart fluttering like a watch run down. She made no reply to Molly's exclamation at seeing her up. She didn't even ask how she had come there.

"Molly," she said quickly, "they're saying it to-day—at the church. Poor Rudge! He won't be at school any more, I guess. What time is it, Molly?"

To Molly's reply as she eased the edge of the tray on the bed, that the folk were just coming back from church, Pensee said:

"Well, then, it's half a day and a night yet—before school," and shuddered as she looked away out of the window.

"Better eat your breakfast," Pensee, said Molly timorously, not knowing what else to say. She felt almost afraid of Pensee then.

"No, Molly—thanks, no. Poor Rudge! Molly, he's innocent," she said sharply as she turned again. "You know that."

Pensee's deep-lit eyes burned intensely out of her pale face into Molly's.

Molly couldn't endure it. Almost sobbing she went out with the tray. In the hall she met her mother. There was a brief conference in low words; then the widow swept into the room.

Pensee turned her head. The widow looked searchingly without a word into the stony sadness of that young face, more hopelessly pathetic than anything she had ever seen; and Minerva had looked without flinching into the picture of many a death-bed face along that concession.

"Child," she said suddenly, in a deep voice, as she touched Pensee's arm, "you pretty near b'lieve that story's true, I guess. Do you?"

Minerva let her heavy hand tighten on Pensee's arm. With a low moan of fear Pensee let her head drop upon her other arm.

"There, you mustn't," said Minerva in a heavy staccato as she stooped. "It'll kill you. Act's though you could prove it a lie a melyun times a day. Meet 'em with head up—that's my doctern."

"Now, Pensee," she went on more easily, "you got to go right straight back to bed. You ain't fit to be up the way you be, and you ain't to teach to-maara. Remember you're in my care now, same as Caleb."

But Pensee didn't go to bed, or say a word, or move a muscle there with her head on the window-sill and the pale sunlight glistening in her rumpled hair.

The day passed, and at evening Pensee sat in the long parlor at the wheezy, broken-stopped organ in the corner. She could play a little. Molly sat there. The widow was in the kitchen.

Peart Falconer came in later from the barn. Pensee's back was turned and she didn't notice him as she fumbled on.

She looked like a lost child there at the organ, hair half down her back, playing such curious chords; groping so.

Peart glanced at Molly; quickly he rose and went upstairs. Molly began to cry then softly to herself.

When later, Pensee ceased playing

Molly was gone. The widow was up in the attic.

XV.—PEART AND RUDGE MEET.

Mums was still convulsed over Pensee Vale, when a week after Rudge's departure came the news of Louis Riel and his wild rising in the West. That was March, 1885. Ever since the great boom Mums had kept an eye on the West. It was wide open now. Mothers and fathers quizzed their children about Louis and the half-breeds. Girls tried to find Carleton Place and Duck Lake on the map of British Columbia. Boys, wood-sawing or feed-cutting those soft days, talked of the difference between a half-breed and a Canuck; recalled the military exploits of Peart Falconer at school, and visited the widow's in twos and threes at the noon-spell, just to see the picture of General Middleton that hung in Peart's bedroom; and wound up by organizing a sparrow match. The Canadian Government could have raised a score of volunteers along that concession as soon as it was known that the militia were on their way, a thousand or two against all the half-breeds in a country as big and desolate as Thule to the popular imagination; with a rebel at their head who probably had no equal since Napoleon.

Peart Falconer had already been hunting several days when the news came. He never came home to dinner and seldom did his chores till after supper-time. Pensee was sure to be in her room then. He hadn't seen more than a passing glimpse of her since that Sunday night when she played such sad chords on the old organ. He had pitied her then; too deeply to want to meet her in his mother's house again. From all that Molly had told him since, he pitied her still, and more.

The news of Louis Riel struck fire in Peart Falconer's imagination. He didn't join the sparrow match, or search the map. But each day he hunted farther and farther north.

Thursday, of the second week after Rudge's departure, Peart got seven

miles north of Mums. It was mid-afternoon when he climbed a jumpile just at the edge of a new slashing in the heart of the woods, and heard the swish of a crosscut saw. He looked across. There, at the top of a big down elm, at the other edge, whose fall he had heard five minutes before, stood the burly figure of Rudge Moss, one foot before the other, broad shoulders bent, sawing alone.

Peart sprang down and cut across. Before Rudge observed him he stood on the elm top.

Rudge stopped sawing and straightened up. Their eyes met. Neither spoke. A woodpecker was tattooing somewhere. Far from beyond the snow-line came the muffled boom of the forest.

Twitch! The branches of a maple moved right over Rudge's head. Both boys looked up. Peart's eye was quicker. He sprang off the elm, flung his gun, and butting headlong into Rudge's gansy sent him sprawling on his back a rod away from the saw; just as whish! thud! went an elm limb and stood crotch up close to the saw handle.

"H'm!" said Rudge as he got up and looked aloft, brushing the snow out of his collar, "Nev' knowed that lim' was lodged there."

He stepped forward and took hold of it. It came up with a jerk, a foot of black muck on the slivered butt. Rudge looked at it a good while; then at Peart who had picked up his gun and now stood sharply eyeing Rudge.

"Peart," he said, "shake," and held out his hand.

Peart held his gun across his chest. "No!" he said tersely.

"Awright, same to you," responded Rudge and sat down with a whop on the elm. He began to haggle the saw-cut with the iron wedge, glancing up every now and then at Peart. He was in a deep study.

"Rudge," went on Peart in a tone of controlled passion, "you know why," and paused.

Rudge stopped haggling and looked up.

"You've got into her life, and, so help me God! till you get out of it you'll never shake my hand." The voice almost shook.

"But there's one thing I want you to do," went on Peart in a low tone, as he grounded his gun, "not for my sake, but hers. Go back to Mums, Rudge," he said slowly as he leaned over; "tell them that scandal's the cursedest lie was ever breathed about an innocent girl; that it was set in motion by a Falconer: if you don't she'll go mad!"

Suddenly the tree sagged.

"Blame!" said Rudge quickly, as he tried to move the saw, "that saw's pinched tight's a fiddle. Say, that'll take ever' bit o' the set clear out o' them teeth. Wonder if I c'n wedge 'er up."

Rudge reached for the mawl and pounded the wedge into the cut. It bounded back.

"Guess I'll have to pry 'er up, Peart," he said and grabbed the axe. Five white slashes and a snick on the other side brought down a young basswood.

"Fix that elum chunk for a bait, Peart," he said and knocked off the top.

Peart set down his gun and fixed the "bait." Rudge lifted the young basswood as though it had been a handspike and jammed the butt over. Both got on to pry.

"Hol' 'er down, Peart" said Rudge. "I'll wedge 'er up."

Three blows of the mawl sent the wedge half in. The saw dropped. Rudge pulled it out and squinted down the teeth.

"Guess she's awright," he said as he slid the blade in again. "Say, Peart, who's this Luse Reel?"

"Would you fight him Rudge?" asked Peart with a half smile.

"Would 'f I was out there," said Rudge as he leaned on the log. "You wouldn't though. You'd be fer 'm—less you're deff'rent to what you was at school."

"Because he's a half-breed, fighting a government to get justice for his

people," suggested Peart. "H'm! he's a murderer too. If he wasn't—"

Peart grabbed his gun and didn't finish the sentence.

"Be there many of them, Peart?" asked Rudge, inferring his companion's ellipsis from his action.

"Thirty thousand or better. They know that prairie better than we do this bush too."

"Rudge," went on Peart with such odd, quiet emphasis Rudge began to take the kinks out of his huge frame as he listened, "will you go with me to fight the rebels?"

"If you will, Rudge, we'll start in a week. We needn't enlist. I'd rather take chances and go free. Will you?"

Rudge couldn't understand his companion's logic. He took hold of the saw and began to rock it in the cut.

Peart grounded his gun again, and set one foot lightly on the basswood pry while he gazed intently into Rudge's face.

"I'll be frank with you, Rudge," he went on quickly. "We've met the hot and the cold together before this. We've bound side and side, from dew to dew, when the sun almost struck smoke into our faces from the loose-stuff and the straw cracked, and cut our hands like dead limbs—"

"Yes, an' loggin's," suggested Rudge beginning to yield to his companion's enthusiasm: "you on a chain-hook an' me on a spike—yes, an' we've fought fire—mind that dry time we was burnin', me an' the ol' man, an' the south win' come an' started 'er in to the wheat,—you come a runnin'? But we pret' near had to carry you t' the house, me an' the ol' man. 'Gosh!' 'e says, 'I've saw fellas fight fire, but nev' seen a fella eat it 'fore.'"

"Yes," said Peart in a melancholy way as he looked off into the wood, "I'd give all the books I ever read and all the breeding I ever got if we could be boys again like that—when we played soldier at the school and said every girl ought to marry a hero. But we can't. Rudge," quickly, "the only way now is the West. Life's free

there and a man can forget—yes, all the wrong he ever thought with a half-breed bullet under his hat. Maybe it's poor piety for a man to want to shoot his sins into other men's hearts too; but it's patriotism perhaps—and she loves her country," he added in a lower voice.

Rudge started the saw down the cut. Peart put his foot on the back of it.

"Rudge," he said with almost savage eagerness, "I want you to go too. See here. If you get a half-breed's bullet I'll see you get a white man's burial. I want you to do the same by me. Come back to Mums, Rudge. Tell them that scandal's a cursed lie that's stabbing the heart of a pure, innocent girl. Then get ready and we'll go; to fight the rebels; even chances; shoulder to shoulder; for her sake. Will you?"

Rudge dropped the saw, clinched his big hands on Peart's shoulders and glared earnestly into his face.

"Peart," he said slowly, and knit his brows, "when I listen to yuh talk 'bout us boys I prit' near furgit ever' thing wrong yuh ev' done. But when yuh fetch in her yuh 'member it to me. When yuh say 'bout the rebelyers an' goin' out West yuh 'bout got me agin. But when yuh say—for her—I wanta say yuh let a damn, black scandal foul her an' me too, an' nev' said a word. Now yuh want me to go back an' tell 'em it's a lie. Damn yuh, tell 'em yourself!"

He lunged back. Peart's gun fell in the snow and only his quick heel-step kept him from following.

"I'll fight—fer her—" said Rudge grimly and clenched his fists, "not the rebelyers—but you!"

"And I don't fear you," returned Peart coolly as he folded his arms, "but remember, her honour is more to me than either your life or my own."

"Coward says honour and nev' fights," said Rudge tauntingly.

"And I'll prove that a lie," was the steady response. "But not here."

Peart picked up his gun and leaped out of view among the jumpiles.

To be continued.

DANTE'S DIVINE COMEDY.

III.—THE PARADISO.

By Professor William Clark.

IT will be remembered that the Inferno was an inverted cone in the heart of the earth, and that the Purgatorio was a mountain rising on the other side, formed by the expulsion of the earth from the Inferno. Dante, under the guidance of Virgil, had passed through these two spheres—first, the abode of hopeless misery, and afterwards the place of purification; and, being himself purified from the stains of sin, he rises by a kind of moral gravitation to the higher state, in which men are no longer undergoing the process of purification and development, but are entering upon the fruition of blessedness. Yet even here there are different degrees of felicity. The glory of God “in one part sheds more resplendence, elsewhere less.” As in Inferno and Purgatorio there are here nine spheres, with the Empyrean, or tenth heaven, the sphere of the immediate divine presence and manifestation.

At the end of their progress through Purgatory, Dante is with Beatrice in the earthly paradise. He sees :

“Beatrice turned, and on the sun
Gazing, as never eagle fixed his ken.” (i. 45).

He is himself incapable of gazing, like her, continuously upon the sun; but by looking upon her, the personification of divine revelation and grace, the reflection of the divine glory, through which alone the soul rises to God, Dante gains something of the same illumination and inspiration. The light of heaven streams around him, he hears unearthly sounds; and, as he is swept along, Beatrice tells him that he is no longer on earth, but ascending to heaven, since the purified soul must ascend, as the torrent rushes “downwards from a mountain’s height.”

1. The first heavenly body they enter

is the Moon, “the first star,” like a pearl in its solid whiteness. It is inhabited by the spirits of those who had been forced to violate their religious vows. He thus describes this sphere, (ii. 31) :

“Meseemed as if a cloud had covered us,
Translucent, solid, firm, and polished bright,
Like adamant, which the sun’s beam had smit.
Within itself the ever-during pearl
Received us; as the wave a ray of light
Receives, and rests unbroken.”

Here Dante for the first time beholds the spirits of the saved. They were so ethereal that he thought them mere shadows — “mirrored semblances.” Beatrice smiled and told him (iii. 28) :

“True substances are these which thou behold’st,
Hither thro’ failure of their vow exiled.”

It would appear that although the inhabitants of this sphere had been constrained, by outward pressure, to break their vow, yet there had been in them some weakness of compliance. It is not quite easy to see this in all the cases presented in the poem—such as Piccarda Donati, Dante’s wife’s sister, who had been torn from her convent by her brother and a gang of ruffians, and compelled to marry. Dante recognizes some of those whom he meets, and a doubt arises within him as to the perfection of their content and happiness, seeing that they dwell in the lowest sphere (iii. 64) :

“Yet inform me, ye, who here
Are happy; long ye for a higher place,
More to behold, and more in love to dwell?”

On this point he receives instant satisfaction. He is told that bliss is everywhere in heaven, and that the perfection of bliss is absolute conformity to the divine will. This is beautifully expressed in Piccarda’s answer to his question :

"She with those other spirits gently smiled ;
 Then answered with such gladness, that she
 seemed
 With love's first flame to glow : ' Brother,
 our will
 Is, in composure, settled by the power
 Of charity, who makes us will alone
 What we possess, and might beyond desire.
 If we should wish to be exalted more,
 Then must our wishes jar with the high will
 Of Him who sets us here ; which in these orbs
 Thou wilt confess not possible.
 And in this will is our tranquillity :
 It is the mighty ocean, whither tends
 Whatever it creates and nature makes.' "

On receiving this explanation Dante adds :

" Then saw I clearly how each spot in heaven
 Is Paradise, though with like gracious dew
 The supreme virtue shower not over all."

It is scarcely necessary to remark that Dante follows the Ptolemæan theory, according to which the earth was the centre of the planetary system.

2. The appearance of Constance also taken "from the pleasant cloister's pale," and married to the Emperor Henry VI., led to a discussion on the subject of vows and on the nature of the higher life, and then "as the arrow, ere he cord is still, leapeth unto its mark," they "sped into the second realm," that of Mercury, containing the spirits of those who had done great deeds for the sake of fame—perhaps with an excessive love of fame, so that they are found in Mercury, and not in Mars or Jupiter. And as Beatrice so joyous entered "the orb grew brighter at her smiles." More than "thousand splendours" drew toward them, and in each one was heard, "Lo, one arrived to multiply our lives."

There they were instructed by the spirit of the Emperor Justinian, the representative of the imperial Law, who tells the story of Rome from its foundation to the day of Charles the Great. He denounces the selfishness of Guelf and Ghibelline, those who opposed the Emperor on the one hand, and, on the other hand, those who fought for the Empire, but with selfish purpose. Some of Justinian's remarks had excited doubts in Dante's mind in regard to human redemption. These doubts are resolved by Beatrice, who explains that man's salvation could not have been

accomplished by man's own act, nor yet by God, "of His courtesy," merely releasing him.

"God more bounty showed,
 Giving Himself to make man capable
 Of his return to life, than had the terms
 Been mere and unconditional release."

3. They are now carried up into the planet Venus, the sphere of lovers of all kinds, parental, conjugal, fraternal, social. Their love is based upon the divine love, and is of the same nature as that, although with necessary limitations. Dante says he was not aware of the ascent,

"But the new loveliness
 That graced my Lady, gave me ample proof
 That we had entered there."

Among those whom Dante there encountered the first was Carlo Martello, who sought to answer Dante's questions respecting the differences between good parents and bad children. He pointed out that such cases do not follow a law of mere heredity ; there is also a law of individuality. Variety is needed, so that provision may be made for different offices. Another was Folque, the Troubadour, who, after the death of the lady of his love, became a bishop and an archbishop. He explains how he had attained to Paradise (ix. 99), and speaks of the memory of earth.

"And yet there bides
 No sorrowful repentance here, but mirth,
 Not for the fault (that doth not come to mind),
 But for the virtue whose o'erruling sway
 And providence have wrought thus quaintly."

4. The next ascent is to the Sun, the passage from the lower to the higher order of heavens. In this sphere is set forth the glory of divine truth—it is the heaven of the great theologians. Beatrice tells Dante (x. 45) that those who dwell here are the

"Fourth family of the omnipotent Sire,
 Who of His Spirit and of His offspring shows ;
 And holds them still enraptured with the view."

Dante says that he was drawn to God by such thoughts that Beatrice became "eclipsed in oblivion," yet "nought displeased was she."

Soon after, S. Thomas Aquinas appears, who points out the other great

teachers of the Church ; and the beauty of their humility and charity is seen in their readiness to prefer one another in honour. Thus, S. Thomas, a Dominican, lauds S. Francis ; S. Bonaventure, a Franciscan, praises S. Dominic.

5. The next sphere is the planet Mars, inhabited by Crusaders, martyrs and other heroes who had died and fought for the faith. They appear as lights, so arranged as to make the form of the Crucified One, the cross extending over the surface of the planet, along which they move (xiv. 86). We should specially note here a passage of uncommon beauty (xiv. 109.) which we wish much it were possible to quote. While Dante is contemplating the glories of this vision, a voice comes from one of the lights, saluting him as of his blood. This was Cacciaguida, Dante's great-grandfather, who tells his descendant of the Florence of earlier times, and of the causes which have led to its degeneracy. He predicts to Dante his exile from Florence, but points out that it will end not in his disgrace, but in that of his enemies. We can understand that by this time the poet must have lost all hope of returning to the beloved city, and thus put on record his appeal to posterity. Cacciaguida tells him (xvii. 55) :

"Thou shalt leave each thing
Beloved most dearly : this is the first shaft
Shot from the bow of exile. Thou shalt prove
How salt the savour is of other's bread ;
How hard the passage, to descend and climb
By other's stairs. But that shall gall thee
most

Will be the worthless and vile company
With whom thou must be thrown into these
straits.

For all ungrateful, impious all, and mad,
Shall turn 'gainst thee ; but in a little while
Theirs, and not thine, shall be the crimsoned
brow,

Their course shall so evince their brutishness,
To have ta'en thy stand apart shall well
become thee."

The stairs mentioned are supposed to refer to the Della Scala family of Verona, with whom Dante for a time found shelter. There were three brothers of the family, the first (Bartolommeo), and third (Cangrande), of

whom treated Dante with all honour and respect. It was probably the second (Alboino), to whom these words referred.

Cacciaguida bids Dante write the story of his progress through the abodes of the departed. Dante says that he recognizes the duty, but is sensible of the difficulty of the undertaking. If he speaks the truth he may set men against him. If he is timid he will encounter a worse fate from posterity. Cacciaguida bids him not shrink (xvii. 122):

"Thou, notwithstanding, all deceit removed,
See the whole vision be made manifest,
And let them wince, who have their withers
wrung.

What though, when tasted first, thy voice
shall prove

Unwelcome : on digestion it will turn
To vital nourishment."

6. They now ascend to the sixth sphere, that of Jupiter, tenanted by righteous kings and rulers. The blessed are here found in the form of an Eagle, the symbol of empire, just as in the fifth sphere they had appeared in the form of a cross, the symbol of sacrifice. As Mars had been ruddy in colour, so here there is "silvery whiteness." The spirits shine like glowing sparks of fire. As they rise into this sphere they hear the blessed spirits singing, *Diligite justitiam, qui iudicatis terram*—"Love righteousness, ye that be judges of the earth." The Eagle speaking for the whole company of righteous rulers, of whom it was composed, began (xix. 12) :

"For that I was just and piteous,
I am exalted to this height of glory,
The which no wish exceeds ; and there on
earth

Have I my memory left, e'en by the bad
Commended, while they leave its course
untrod."

Dante seeks instruction on the subject of man's salvation, and particularly with regard to the unbaptized. The Eagle replies that human judgments on divine mysteries are like opinions formed respecting objects a thousand miles away. Salvation, indeed, comes through Christ, to all who, before or after His passion, have be-

lied in Him, yet the mere profession of that Name will not avail :

" But lo! of those
Who call 'Christ, Christ!' there shall be
many found
In judgment, further off from Him by far
Than such to whom His Name was never
known."

We should direct attention to a passage of great beauty (xx. 56), after which the Eagle proceeds to tell of the righteous kings who compose the various parts of its body. Several formed it self, and "midmost for pupil" was King David, "who sang the Holy Spirit's song." After him Trajan, a special favourite, Hezekiah and Constantine. This leads him to comment on the evil wrought by the removal of the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, which weakened the imperial power—an ever-present thought with Dante.

7. The seventh heaven, in the planet Saturn, is the sphere of the contemplative. In the mythological reign of Saturn no evil had power; and so the reign of the contemplative is found

"Within the crystal which records the name
Of that loved monarch in whose happy reign
no ill had power to harm."

Here the poet sees a ladder of gold, the summit of which is beyond his view, on which the redeemed are seen ascending and descending. One of the spirits lingered near. He reveals himself as S. Peter Damian, of Ravenna, a cardinal of the eleventh century, made such against his will. He breaks out into invective against the secularity and avarice of the clergy of those times, contrasted with the poverty of Peter and Paul (xxi. 135) :

"Cephas came;
He came, who was the Holy Spirit's vessel;
Barefoot and lean; eating their bread as
chanced
At the first table. Modern shepherds need
Those who on either hand may prop or lead
them,
So burly are they grown; and from behind,
Others to hoist them."

Among the spirits who appear is S. Benedict, who tells the story of the founding of the great order which bears

his name, and mourns over the change which has taken place. (xxii. 123.)

"Mortal flesh
Is grown so dainty, good beginnings last not
From the oak's birth unto the acorn's setting.
His convent Peter founded without gold
Or silver; I with prayers and fasting mine;
And Francis his in meek humility.
And if thou note the point, whence each proceeds,
Then look what it hath erred to; thou shalt
find
The white grown murky."

8. They now reach the eighth sphere, that of the Fixed Stars, in which are celebrated the Triumphs of Christ. Here, as before, Dante remarks that, as they ascend, Beatrice grows in beauty and splendour. Guided by her he beholds a sun rising among the fixed stars, giving radiance to them. "In that heavenly banqueting," he says :

"My soul
Outgrew herself; and, in the transport lost,
Holds now remembrance none of what she
was."

But this sun was but the radiation of the glory of Christ, who, with His saints, has ascended up into the Empyrean; and the poet must be prepared for the supreme vision by that of the Blessed Virgin and that of the apostles. "Here," says Beatrice,

"Here is the Rose
Wherein the word Divine was made incarnate,
And here the lilies, by whose odour known
The way of life was followed."

Beatrice petitions for Dante to be admitted to the heavenly banquet (xxiv. 1.); but he must first be examined as to his fitness; and S. Peter interrogates him as to his faith

"The costly jewel on the which
Is founded every virtue." (xxiv. 88.)

S. James then examines him as to his hope :

"Of the joy to come a sure expectance
The effect of grace divine, and merit preceding."

Finally S. John appears and questions him respecting his love. As he answers, a "song most sweet" breaks from the spheres, "Holy, Holy, Holy," in which his Lady joins. As he is now

preparing to enter, Adam appears, and tells the story of the Fall. As he ends a song of praise resounds from every side (xxvii. 1.) :

" Then ' Glory to the Father, to the Son,
And to the Holy Spirit,' rang aloud
Throughout all Paradise ; that with the song
My spirit reeled, so passing sweet the strain,
And what I saw was equal ecstasy :
One universal smile it seemed of all things ;
Joy past compare, gladness unutterable,
Imperishable life of peace and love,
Exhaustless riches, and unmeasured bliss."

They were now about to pass on when they were interrupted by S. Peter, who uttered a fierce condemnation of Boniface VIII. (1294-1303), who occupied the papal see, which in reality was empty (xxvii. 19) :

" My place
He who usurps on earth, my place, ay mine,
Which in the presence of the Son of God
Is void."

At the words of Peter the very heavens are darkened, and Beatrice is

" In her semblance changed,
And such eclipse in heaven, methinks, was
seen
When the Most Holy suffered."

9. The Primum Mobile. As they rise up towards the ninth sphere, the poet notes the increased beauty of Beatrice. She explains to him the nature of this sphere. (xxvii. 100) :

" Here is the goal, whence motion on his race
Starts : motionless the centre, and the rest
All moved around."

The first mover is himself unmoved. The poet is next permitted to behold the divine Essence and the nine orders of angels revolving round their centre, the Holy and blessed Trinity. The nine orders are enumerated and attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite. They are the following :

Seraphim,	Dominations,	Princdoms,
Cherubim,	Virtues,	Archangels,
Thrones,	Powers,	Angels.

Beatrice resolves certain doubts of Dante and censures much of the prevalent preaching. The aim, she said, of too many, was only to shine and to amuse, letting " the Gospel sleep." (xxix-99) :

" The sheep, meanwhile, poor witless ones,
return
From pasture, fed with wind ; and what avails
For their excuse, They do not see the harm ?
Christ said not to the first conventicle,
' Go forth and preach impostures to the world,'
But gave them truth to build on, and the sound
Was mighty on their lips ; nor needed they,
Beside the Gospel, other spear or shield
To aid them in their warfare for the faith.
The preacher now provides himself with store
Of jests and jibes ; and so there be no lack
Of laughter, while he vents them, his big cowl
Distends, and he has won the meed he sought."

10. They now enter the Empyrean, or highest heaven, the dwelling place of God, beyond space and time, whence bliss descends to every sphere. Dante says :

" Round about me fulminating streams
Of living radiance played, and left me swathed
And veiled in dense impenetrable blaze."

In this stream of life and light his eyes are bathed, and so made fit to behold God. Suddenly the stream swells into a great ocean of light, whilst the countless multitudes of the redeemed form the petals of the mystic Rose. Here the poet contemplates God in His relation to men who find their blessedness in Him. The bliss of this contemplation is unutterable. The poet exclaims (xxx. 97) :

" O prime enlightener ! Thou who gavest me
strength
On the high triumph of Thy realm to gaze ;
Grant virtue now to utter what I kened.
There is in heaven a light, whose goodly shine
Makes the Creator visible to all
Created, that in seeing Him alone
Have peace ; and in a circle spread so far
That the circumference were too loose a zone
To girdle in the sun. All is one beam
Reflected from the summit of the first
That moves, which being hence and vigour
takes.

..... How wide the leaves,
Extended to their utmost, of this rose,
Whose lowest step embosoms such a space
Of ample radiance ! Yet, not amplitude
Nor height impeded, but my view with ease
Took in the full dimensions of that joy.
Near or remote, what there avails, where God
Immediate rules, and nature, awed, suspends
Her sway ?"

Beatrice leads Dante into the midst of the Rose. Between its petals float angels ascending and descending. The vast company of the redeemed are

spread out before him. Beatrice now disappears, and her place is taken by S. Bernard, the "last of the Fathers of the Church," here a type of the contemplative life. Dante sees Beatrice in her place in the third circle of the mystical Rose, and once more addresses her, praying that he may still be the object of her "liberal bounty;" and

"She, so distant as appeared, looked down and smiled."

Guided by S. Bernard, the poet sees in heaven the Blessed Virgin Mary, at her feet our first Mother Eve, Rachel, and other Old Testament female saints. Below them are S. John Baptist, S. Francis, S. Benedict and others. To the left of the Blessed Virgin is Adam, then Moses. At last he is to gaze on God himself (xxxiii. 53):

"Thenceforward what I saw
Was not for words to speak, nor memory's self
To stand against such outrage on her skill.
As one who, from a dream awakened, straight
All he hath seen forgets; yet still retains
Impression of the feeling in his dream:
E'en such am I; for all the vision dies,
As 'twere away; and yet the sense of sweet
That sprang from it still trickles in my heart.
Thus in the sun-thaw is the snow unsealed:
Thus in the winds on flitting leaves was lost
The Sibyl's sentence. O eternal beam!
(Whose height what reach of mortal thought
may soar?)
Yield me again some little particle
Of what thou then appeared'st; give my
tongue
Power but to leave one sparkle of thy glory,
Unto the race to come, that shall not lose
Thy triumph wholly, if there waken aught
Of memory in me, and endure to hear
The record sound in this unequal strain."

Then after a splendid burst of adoration to divine grace (v. 77), he goes on (v. 100):

"My tongue shall utter now no more
E'en what remembrance keeps, than could the
babe's
That yet is moistened at its mother's breast."

Then comes the vision of the Blessed Trinity—in an "abyss of radiance, clear and lofty," he beheld:

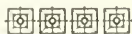
"Three orbs of triple hue, clipt in one bound;
And from another one reflected seemed
As rainbow is from rainbow; and the third
Seemed fire breathed equally from both"—the
three Persons of the one God.

Then within the second circle of light he "beheld our image painted," the human nature of the divine word; and this mystery of the Incarnation was beyond his ken, "had not a flash darted athwart my mind;" and then came the end of the vision.

And thus our labour comes to an end; and the labour of wrestling with Dante, whether in the original Italian, or in the best of translations and with the aid of learned and laborious commentators, is no light task; yet it is abundantly fruitful and remunerative. No reverent student of the truly Divine Comedy has ever risen from the book without a sense of obligation to its author. The debt which we owe to him we may well remember here; and perhaps in that world in which we see the eternal realities face to face, we shall remember the exiled Poet of Florence among our teachers and helpers, and how we were helped by the Song of Paradise to despise our own baseness and to aspire more eagerly after higher things. Until then may we not say with Mrs. Browning:

"Good night, dearest Dante, well,
good night;" and add, with the Song of Songs: *Donec aspiet dies et inclinentur umbræ*, "Until the day break and the shadows flee away."

THE END.



CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

No. VI.—SIR WILLIAM DAWSON.

A MANY-SIDED man needs to be studied from many points of view. It is necessary, therefore, to draw attention to Sir William Dawson as the professor, the author, the scientist, the educationist, the executive manager, and the man :—the professor in his class-room, face to face with those whose minds and lives he sought to mould ; the author, with a goodly array of books on the library shelf bearing his imprint ; the scientist, ever learning that science is never learned ; the educationist, contributing of his specialized knowledge to the educational problems of the state ; the executive manager, whose brain and hand guided the destiny of a great university ; and the man, whose life and influence have stamped him as worthy of honour.

The hundreds of pupils who, during the forty years of his professoriate, came within the range of the influence of Sir William Dawson will need no demand upon memory to recall their teacher, surrounded by his scientific specimens, instructing them thoroughly and painstakingly and yet so interestingly as to make the lecture hours pass as if by magic. His thorough acquaintance with his chosen subject rendered the use of notes unnecessary, as in simple, direct and easily comprehended terms the tutor poured forth his wealth of knowledge. As one of his pupils described him, "he overflowed with his subject." It is easy to understand that the best of good feeling existed between professor and pupils. His popularity was increased by means of class receptions given from time to time at his hospitable home on the quiet University Street. One of the features of these entertainments was the conducting of a group of guests by the host among his specimens, explaining them as only the master could.

He was a charming cicerone, and to have him act the guide through McGill Museum was ever a rare privilege.

Sir William's reputation for executive ability was shown in his government of McGill University for forty years. A university senate is apt to be an oddly-composed body, sometimes difficult of control in the best interests of an educational institution, but the erstwhile Principal of McGill possessed the essential qualities that enabled him to successfully fill the position. In addition, he had the rare power of interesting wealthy men in the University, which has led to many munificent bequests to that institution. It was under his regime that the principal gifts were tendered : that of the Physics Building by Lord Strathcona, the Science Building by Sir W. C. Macdonald, the Redpath Museum and Library, Molson Hall, the Workman bequests, and other notable instances of liberality. The more recent donations of a chemical laboratory with endowment and equipment, and the completion of Lord Strathcona's long cherished plans of a residence for women, must have still further gladdened the heart of the retired Principal, as he had long agitated for a university residence for each of the sexes. One has only to re read the story of "The Men Who Made McGill," in a previous issue of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE, to realize the full extent of these princely gifts in the interests of higher education. Would that the same spirit of munificence might spread to other Canadian educational centres !

Sir William Dawson was for many years an educational force in the Province of Quebec, outside of the walls of McGill. As a member of the Protestant Committee of the Quebec Council of Public Instruction he rendered valu-

able services to the cause of education in a Province where its conduct and control calls for much discretion and wisdom, and as one of the results the English-speaking portion of the population in our sister province have a system of primary and higher education much superior to that in vogue twenty-five years ago.

The frequent farewells of life emphasize the unceasing procession of the years. They brought the day in their train when the Nova Scotian school-boy of the twenties became full of years and honours and stood before a new generation of auditors in his beloved McGill, and "closed the official work of nearly a life-time" in a farewell address. The pathos of such an event in a long life is offset by the knowledge that the life has been well spent. And yet the man, in thus laying down the work for another to take up, had the optimism of a cheerful Christian and the peace of soul that comes to one who "remembers the mercies that are of old." The address is a valuable fragment of autobiography. It refers to the well-known fact that the old-time associate of Sir Charles Lyall had determined to study and teach geology as a life occupation. The change first came through Joseph Howe, who insisted on the young geologist filling the new position of Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia—a post which he held for three years. This appointment proved to be a determining factor in shaping his life work as an educationist and geologist. His selection as the first principal of McGill was made on the recommendation of the Governor-General, Sir Edmund Head, who met his nominee in New Brunswick. The Board were disconcerted at the nomination. As Sir William says, "they were somewhat surprised that Sir Edmund should name a comparatively unknown colonist. Thus it happened that I became connected with McGill in its infancy, under its new management, and the story forms a striking illustration of the way in which Providence shapes our ends, rough hew them as

we may. Its lesson," he adds, "is that young men should qualify themselves well for some specialty, but should also be sufficiently general in their training to adapt themselves to new and unforeseen pursuits."

When the new Principal first saw McGill in 1855 it "consisted of two blocks of unfinished and partly ruinous buildings, standing amid a wilderness of rubbish, overgrown with weeds and bushes. The grounds being unfenced, the cattle pastured at will thereon. The College was reached over an ungraded cart track, almost impassable at night." His introduction to his new scene of work was in many senses more discouraging than inviting. The staff was small, the financial aid limited, and the enrolment of students correspondingly meagre. The College was minus library or museum or philosophical apparatus of any value, and in almost every department they were heavily handicapped. Such was the state of affairs in the fifties. The succeeding years, however, brought success for College and principal. A steady evolution marks the career of McGill, and the twenty professors and lecturers, and eighty students of 1855 have expanded into a faculty of seventy-five and a roll of a thousand pupils. Fully justified was the aged teacher in referring "to the happiness that had marked his long years of labours resulting from the consciousness of effort in a worthy cause." The pathetic chord was struck in the closing paragraph of his valedictory: "The years have been filled with anxieties and cares, and with continuous and almost unremitting labour. I have been obliged to leave undone or imperfectly accomplished many cherished schemes by which I had hoped to benefit my fellow-men, and leave footprints of good on the sands of time. Age is advancing upon me, and I feel that if I am fittingly to bring to a close the business of my life I must have a breathing space to gird up my loins and refresh myself for what remains of the battle."

Sir William's keen interest in Biblical science is easily understood, and his most successful works are the outcome of that line of thought, in which the author finds no necessary antagonism between science and the Bible. He served his literary apprenticeship early in life in writing for Edinburgh papers, but it was some years afterwards that he produced "The Origin of the World," and "Eden Lost and Won," in which he brought his researches in Genesis to a late date. "Archæia" was published in 1860, "The Story of the



*Truly yours
Wm Dawson.*

Earth and Man" in 1873, followed by "Fossil Men," "Modern Science in Bible Lands," "The Meeting-Place of Geology and History," "The Canadian Ice Age," and many another production. A course of lectures delivered in Boston a few years ago on "The Beginnings of Life" has not yet, I believe, been published. His contributions to the magazines and reviews, as well as a series of pamphlets would of themselves make a bulky literary total. As one of the necessary equipments for his literary activities, he early

mastered Hebrew and Greek, and made himself acquainted with Biblical literature. His travels have taken him not only through Canada, but in England, Italy, Egypt and Syria.

It is interesting to know that Sir William early adopted the plan of keeping detailed notes, especially of his work and of his relations with other men in Canada and elsewhere for the past sixty years, and this he proposes to leave as a legacy to his sons. Auto-



IN 1856.



IN 1873.

biographical material, gathered by a man of such distinction and wide acquaintanceship, is of rare value to those who come after, but if it is not to see the light in Sir William Dawson's case until the manuscript can be regarded as a legacy, the wish will be universal that its publication may long be postponed.

The ex-Principal is deservedly rich in honours as he is in years ; indeed, the list of degrees, titles and memberships conferred upon him is quite appalling. From his M.A. degree in 1856 to the present, he has been the recipient not only of the other degrees conferred by universities, but of many public positions of importance and trust. Beside filling the office of Educational Superintendent in Nova Scotia at the age of thirty, he was the first President of the Royal Society in Canada, in 1882 ; Fellow of a half-score of learned societies in America, Great Britain, France, Australia and elsewhere, and honorary member of a long list of natural history, historical, geographical and geological organizations. His reputation extends to three continents and he is one of the few living Canadian scientists who can justly claim a place in the first rank. Three especially high honours have been conferred upon him : The Presidency of the American Association in 1882-3, of the British Association in 1886, and of the Geological Society of America in 1893. It was largely due to his reputation that the American Association for the Advancement of Science met in Montreal in 1857, and again in 1882, and the British Association in 1884. The bestowal of the Order of C.M.G. by the Queen in 1882, and of Knighthood in 1884, were worthy recognitions by his sovereign of a worthy subject.

After eighty years of active life, Sir William is spending his last days in his plain, cosy and comfortable home in Montreal. The furniture has not changed with the fashions, but has

been treasured and added to as necessity demanded. Almost every spare corner is decorated with natural history ornaments, mounted mammalian heads, and beautiful sponges and corals, each object having its own interesting history. His library is comprehensive and embraces a large field of history and literature and books referable to natural history in all its phases. This room has always been to Sir William what the library of Hawarden was to Mr. Gladstone—a temple of peace. Mr. Gladstone, by the way, was one of Sir William Dawson's greatest admirers, and on more than one occasion expressed his high appreciation of the scientific work of the author of "Modern Science in Bible Lands." And also, like the late Premier of England, the ex-Principal of McGill owes much to the care of his devoted wife. "I have to act as my husband's watchdog," expresses Lady Dawson's attitude toward her famous husband.

In March of 1897 Sir William and Lady Dawson, surrounded by their children and grandchildren, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Scores of congratulatory telegrams reached the celebrants from home and foreign lands ; many scientific and educational societies sent messages of good-will ; presentations were made by the Faculty and Board of Governors of McGill, while the graduates added their testimony to the esteem and regard in which the distinguished Canadian is held.

All honour to this member of "the native born ;" all honour to one who has brought credit to his country by his achievements ; all honour to one of whom it can be said, as Kingsford penned of Champlain : "His memory is entirely unstained by the slightest abuse of his trust." May Sir William Dawson long live to add "footprints of good on the sands of time."

Frank Yeigh.





HALIFAX—THE GREEN MARKET AND THE POST OFFICE.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF HALIFAX.

By E. Sherburne Tupper.

THE attractions of Halifax as a summer resort have often been commented upon, and deservedly so. Provided by nature with all the desiderata for recreation and amusement, it has been embellished by the hand of man with a view to making it a most satisfying spot wherein to while away a summer's vacation. In addition to its inducements as a pleasure resort it offers all the conveniences of a city, being the seventh largest in Canada.

For lovers of the sea and of maritime employments its situation is unequalled. It is built on a peninsula, bounded by one of the finest harbours in the world, the North West Arm, and Bedford Basin. For rowing the North West Arm is ideal. It is only

under extraordinary conditions that its surface is ruffled to a sufficient extent even to mar the pleasure of a paddle in a canoe, and the shores abound in endless variety, with enticing spots in which to loiter and picnic. Sunset on the Arm is a picture never to be forgotten and the natural scenery of its surroundings has been favourably compared with that of the Lake of the Thousand Isles.

The harbour, although more open, is equally suitable for rowing, and Her Majesty's ships anchored there are always a centre of interest to visitors. Their attractiveness is enhanced during the long summer evenings, when the band of the flagship renders a delightful programme of music. This is

done for the especial delectation of the officers, then at their dinner, but is greatly appreciated by the aquatic public.

The harbour, too, offers excellent opportunities for sailing, and with Bedford Basin—a beautiful tract of water, an expansion of the harbour at its northern end—embraces an expanse of water of fourteen miles in length, and of all widths from four miles down. For the more ambitious the broad Atlantic is within easy reach, and a cruise embracing the

House or from Greenbank, immediately adjoining, the races form the centre of an exceedingly pretty picture. Manœuvring for position, turning buoys, tacking here and there to get every advantage, running before the wind or beating against it, close reefed or with all sail set, they never fail to interest and please the onlooker. The boat of the hour is the knockabout, so called, rating somewhere between one-half and one, and separate races are held for this class.

In addition to the private fleet in



HALIFAX—THE NEW DRILL HILL.

fishing coves and hamlets along the shore is a yachtsman's paradise.

That the people of Halifax are not insensible to its superiority as a yachting centre is evidenced by the thriving condition of the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. Belonging to this club are a large number of boats second to none in their rating, and their weekly races call forth the interest of the community at large, as well as of the more enthusiastic who are numbered among the members of the Squadron.

Seen from either the Squadron Club

connection with the club, there are plenty of excellent boats of all kinds to be hired at reasonable rates.

For those who prefer to enjoy the pleasure and benefits to be derived from a sail on the harbour from a more stable craft than a sail boat, an excursion steamer makes daily trips, embracing all points of beauty and interest attainable by water.

Of prime interest to tourists to the seashore are the bathing facilities, and in this direction Halifax is well provided. At Chain Rock, a place of historical interest in the Park, on the

shores of the Arm, is a cove with sandy beach admirably suited for bathing, and the city has erected bathing houses and dressing rooms for the convenience of the public. At Richmond, in the north end of the city, a floating bath, which is also free, has been placed in the harbour, while at Greenbank, a minute's walk from the car-line, is a spot which may be patronized for that purpose until eight o'clock in the morning.

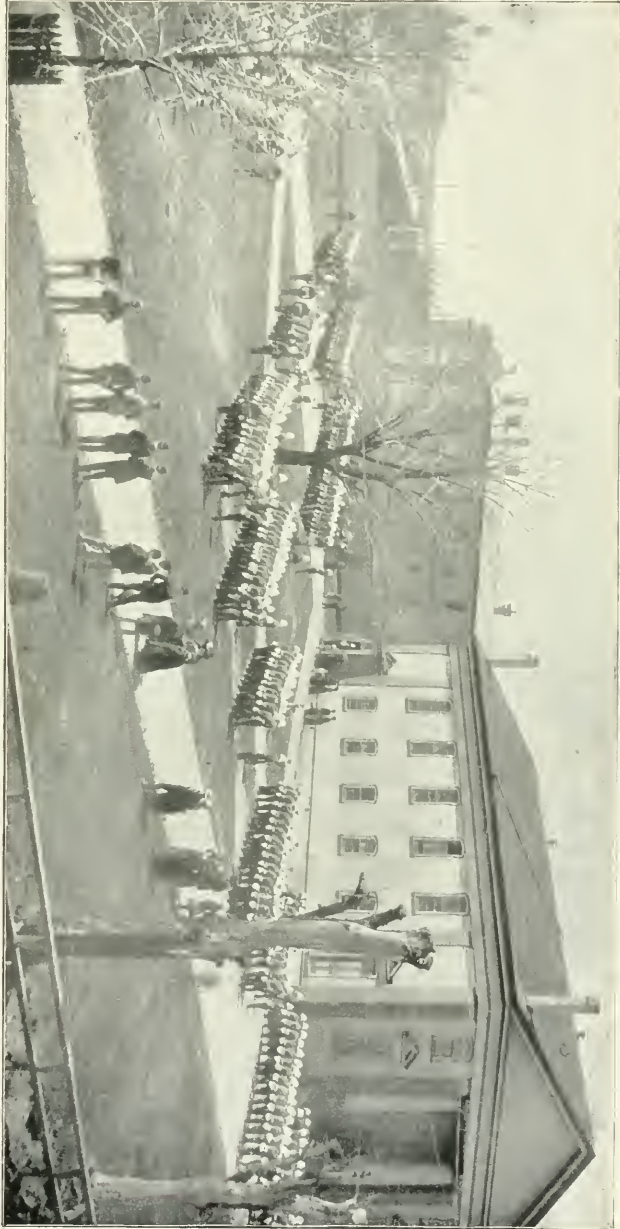
For those who prefer surf bathing, which the harbour on account of its sheltered position cannot afford, there is a beach *par excellence* at Cow Bay, reached by a drive of about ten miles from Dartmouth, across the harbour. This spot possesses numerous attractions as a place for a day's delectation, in addition to the sea bathing which in itself more than warrants the expedition.

The deep-sea fisherman finds Halifax Harbour a happy hunting ground. At Red Buoy, down the harbour, and in various parts of Bedford Basin and the North West Arm, good fares of haddock, pollock, cod, and other fish, can usually be found.

For those also who do not care so much for the water Halifax affords a

fund of entertainment. As a pleasure for the artistic eye and a rest for the weary body the Public Gardens are without a rival. They have obtained

HALIFAX—A CHURCH PARADE.



a most enviable reputation among the Public Gardens of the continent, and are not surpassed by any of their size. They embrace about fourteen acres.



The flower beds are laid out with the perfection of artistic taste, and the blending of colours and general arrangement is a constant delight. In the specially designed beds, representing coats of arms and other symbols, necessitating the use of thousands of plants, the supremacy of skill is evinced.

Winding through the Gardens is a little brook, with miniature waterfalls, expanded here and there into ornamental ponds. In these ponds numerous species of waterfowl revel, always ready for the scraps of food thrown them by the passer-by. From the centre of these mirrors of nature graceful fountains throw forth their sparkling streams, and the descending drops glisten in the sunlight like diamonds, and returning ripple the surface of the placid water. By virtue of its commanding position and great beauty the Jubilee Fountain is especially conspicuous among its lesser fellows. This stately monument was erected in 1897 in commemoration of Her Majesty's record reign.

A magnificent band stand is situated in the centre of the Gardens, and when on Saturday afternoon it is occupied by a military

band of particular excellence there is nothing to be desired.

With all these more prominent points attention to detail has not been omitted, and on every side are seen evidences of care and attention. Under

shady bowers or in the open sunlight are comfortable seats in abundance, and hours may be spent most pleasantly and profitably either in occupying a most comfortable bench and reading the author of the day, or in studying the different forms of life around, as the humour strikes one.

Promenade concerts are held frequently during the season; and illuminated with multitudinous fancy lights the scene is one as of fairy land.

As a spot free from the cares of life and the crowd of a city, Point Pleasant Park comes a close second to the Gardens. Situated on the southern extremity of the peninsula on which the city is built, it commands an uninterrupted prospect of the broad Atlantic, with the Harbour and Arm nearer at hand.

The roads in the Park are all macadamized, being built by the military authorities, and are well-nigh perfect. Their popularity among bicyclists is evident on any summer evening.

The Park is full of points of interest and beauty. A most innocent looking roadway leads suddenly on to a battery or fort, or the relics of defences of past days. Hillocks frequently appear which are all that are left of the fortifications of past years, and a Martello tower still standing is another interesting monument of methods of warfare

long past, while three modern forts show that they have been fittingly replaced.

The Serpentine road meanders most entrancingly through the natural forest, ever coming upon new points of beauty, here a glimpse of the Arm, there the expanse of ocean, and again a comfortable summer house. There are some miles of these excellent carriage roads, with their infinite opportunities





SALUTING THE U.S. WARSHIP INDIANA



Squad of "Kings Own"

for bicyclists in the way of coasting, climbing and riding on the level, not to mention footpaths innumerable and interminable, all through the most charming surroundings, truly a delightful place.

At Greenbank, previously referred to, a slight rising at the entrance to the Park, overlooking the Harbour, a band plays certain evenings each week, and to listen from a boat just off the shore or from a point of vantage on land, is a treat worth going far to enjoy.

As a British Military and Naval Station, Halifax enjoys a unique position, and presents a novelty to all Canadians, being now the only point in British North America garrisoned by British troops. A concourse of almost any kind is always brightened by the presence of officers or men, and in all stages of society the military element is to be found in its corresponding rank.

The most brilliant and conspicuous features in connection with the occupation of Halifax by Tommy Atkins are the Church Parade and the Reviews. Every Sunday morning all soldiers, not on duty, parade at

Garrison Chapel, and the scene is a most striking one. The infantry regiment parades with its band, and the Artillery and Engineers also contribute their quota. On a bright summer morning the scene passes description, and it alone amply repays a visit to the city. The tunics of the soldiers are spotless and radiant,

they have imparted an extra polish to their buttons, their belts and helmets glisten with whiteness, and the gold epaulettes and facings of the officers reflect the rays of the sun daz-
zlingly. The service is a beautiful one and im-
pressive, the magnifi-
cent band being such a
fitting accompaniment
to the voices of the
1,200 men who sing
and respond so heart-
ily.

Reviews are held reg-
ularly on the 24th of
May, and other special
occasions, when the
navy also frequently
comes before the public.
The British sailor cer-
tainly maintains his re-
putation for joviality,
and his universal good
nature under all con-
ditions is most refresh-
ing. Nowhere is he
more popular than in
Halifax.

Among the numerous
fortifications and defen-
ces of Halifax, Fort
George, at the Citadel,
is the only one open for
inspection; but, al-
though now obsolete, it
gives an excellent idea
of the conditions pre-
vailing in the more
modern fortresses.

The Halifax Green
Market is also unique.
The market gardeners
of the district despised
a market building when
one such existed, and
now that it is used for
another purpose they
are obliged to take to
the outdoor air. On

Saturday morning, therefore, the sidewalks surrounding the Post Office are
crowded with buyers and sellers to the utter impediment of all other traffic.



SOME PICTURESQUE POINTS.



OLD MARTELLI TOWER.

Curiously garbed agriculturists offer the product of farmyard and garden; the Prestonian darkey displays wild fruits, the acquiring of which requires no capital but an active pair of hands; while the erstwhile lord of the land, now the downtrodden and spirit-broken Indian, finds ready sale for his baskets and like handiwork.

The Provincial Legislative Building, erected early in the century, contains one of the finest collections of portraits in the Dominion, including some of England's greatest monarchs, warriors and statesmen.

Halifax is the centre of a very delightful country and numerous delightful drives are to be had therefrom, embracing every variety of surroundings. Around the North West Arm to the Dingle, an ideal picnic ground; out to the Rocking Stone; around the shores of Bedford Basin, past the suburban villages of Fairview, Rockingham, Princes Lodge and Bedford; crossing the harbour to Dartmouth, and skirting for a dozen miles a chain of most charming lakes, or along the harbour shore to Cow Bay and its surf bathing; around the western shore to the picturesque fishing hamlets; all these and many more most enjoyable routes are to be selected from, or better still, taken in rotation.

Taken altogether, for variety of entertainment and opportunity for recreation, for healthfulness of climate and for the hospitality of its people, Halifax is an ideal spot in which to spend a vacation, be it long or short.



HALIFAX—THE ROUND CHURCH, OPENED 1808.

BIRDS OF THE GARDEN.

THIRD PAPER—NESTING TIME.

By C. W. Nash ; with Drawings by the Author.

BY the twenty-fourth of May the migration of our land birds is about over. The majority of those that breed in the north, have passed through, and the stragglers that remain will now hurry on to overtake their comrades, while the species that reside with us through the summer will have settled down in the localities they have selected for their home and will have in most cases commenced the construction of their nests.

Of all the large family of warblers the only really familiar one is the yellow warbler; this little bird regularly establishes itself as an inmate of our gardens from the time of its arrival until its departure. Owing to its yellow colour it is often mistaken for the wild canary, from which it is, however, easily distinguishable when the markings of the two species are known.

The prevailing colour of the yellow warbler is clear golden yellow, shaded on the back with olive green; the wings and tail are dusky, marked with yellow blotches and the breast and sides are streaked with reddish brown; the female is slightly duller and less streaked.

These birds are fond of building in lilac bushes, or other shrubs about the lawn and the nest is a very pretty one, composed of wool, moss and the down of various plants, beautifully woven and felted together. In it are laid four or five white eggs spotted with reddish brown.

This bird's nest is frequently selected by the cow-bird as the cradle for one of her young; but the yellow warbler, as a rule, declines to be victimized and either pulls the nest to pieces and lets the cow-bird's egg fall to the ground and then rebuilds the nest, or else she adds another story to her home and

buries the cow-bird's egg under it. I have seen both these methods of getting rid of the objectionable egg adopted quite frequently, and have greatly admired the wisdom of the little creatures in thus disposing of their enemy. As I cannot at this moment recollect a single instance in which this warbler was engaged in rearing a young cow-bird, I am inclined to believe that they never do so, which may perhaps account for their abundance. This is the only species I know which does resent the fraud practised upon it by the cow-bird and I very much wish the other small birds would learn the lesson from it.

Like all the warblers these little creatures are extremely restless and active, being incessantly on the move from twig to twig in pursuit of the insects which form their food, the number of which destroyed in a day would be past all count. The good they do in relieving us of these pests of the garden is incalculable.

Towards the end of summer they vary their food with a few elderberries and such like small wild fruits, but nothing that we cultivate is eaten by them.

The song of this warbler is cheerful and sprightly, but short and somewhat monotonous; it is uttered continually from early dawn until dark, from the bird's arrival here in early spring until the young are out of the nest, after which we hear it no more for the season. When the young are able to fly they with their parents leave the gardens and orchards and retire to the thickets of willows and alder about streams and swamps, in which they remain until about the tenth of August, when they depart for the south, being amongst the very earliest of our immigrants to leave us. They spend the

winter south of the borders of the United States, some going as far as Central America for that purpose.

BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

One of the best known and most attractive of our Canadian birds is the Baltimore Oriole, sometimes called Golden Robin, Fire-bird or Hang-nest.

Its brilliant colouring, clear flute-like notes, and exquisitely constructed nest have rendered it an object of interest to even the dullest and least ob servant people, while every lover of nature regards it as one of the choicest works of creation—a bird whose beauty is scarcely excelled by that of the most gorgeous product of the tropics, whose notes are nearly all musical, if not greatly varied, whose skill in nest building is not surpassed by that of any other

feathered architect and whose utility as a destroyer of the worst class of our insect pests is beyond question. All these good qualities has my lord Baltimore to recommend him and no evil propensities to set off against them, unless the taking of a few cherries on rare occasions can be called a fault.

A description of this bird is hardly necessary as it is so well known; it will be sufficient to say that its colours are

black and rich orange with white wing markings, the female being duller and yellowish rather than orange.

The orioles usually arrive in southern Ontario during the first week in May, sometimes as early as the first or second of the month. The males appear first, generally preceding the females by four or five days. Immediately after the arrival of the ladies the birds select their mates; this is done

with all the fuss customary amongst bipeds both with and without feathers; the males showing themselves off to the best advantage, and the females affecting a coyness and indifference they probably do not feel. In a few days these performances end and each pair settles down to house-keeping in earnest. The nest, which is usually suspended from the tip of one of the



YELLOW WARBLER.

outside branches of a tree, is purse-shaped, about six or seven inches deep outside, and five or six inside; the frame of the nest is composed of closely woven vegetable fibres and string (if the bird can obtain it); this is attached by the upper edge to the end of three or four twigs, so that the body of the nest hangs free or nearly so. This cradle is lined at the bottom with a thick cushion of vegetable down.

The trees generally selected by the birds to sustain their nest are elm or willow, but I have seen apple, maple and birch used when their branches were sufficiently long and drooping to answer the bird's requirements and to afford security against any approach from the trunk.

In this curiously constructed nest are deposited four or five eggs of a bluish-white ground colour, streaked and scrawled with purple and brown.

After the young are hatched the energies of the parent orioles are taxed to the utmost to supply the appetites of their growing little ones, and now it is that their services are of the greatest value in our gardens and orchards. Just at this season insect life is swarming. The moths that lay eggs to produce the foliage-eating caterpillars are in abundance, and are frequenting the trees upon which their larvæ feed. Of these moths the orioles are particularly fond, and large numbers of them are taken and fed to their young.

By the first of July the young orioles are generally out of the nest, but are as yet unable to fly for any distance, consequently they remain in and about the tree in which they were hatched,

and are still fed by the old birds; however, they soon acquire the use of their wings, and by the end of the first week of July they will have entirely disappeared. Where they go to is a mystery, probably only to the thick woods, where the old birds pass through the moulting season, and the young gain the strength required to enable them to undertake their journey to the south; at any rate we neither

hear nor see anything of them until about the fifteenth of August, when they may again be observed as they pass through on their way southward. At this time they are very quiet in manner, and their notes are but seldom heard.

CEDAR WAXWING.

A very beautiful, but not always welcome summer resident in our gardens is the cedar waxwing or cherry

bird, as it is commonly called. This bird is very erratic in its movements, appearing and disappearing without any regard for time or season. Sometimes large numbers of them will suddenly arrive here in the middle of winter and will stay so long as the supply of mountain ash and cedar berries hold out; when these fail or some whim strikes the birds they move off again as suddenly as they came. They are



BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

gregarious at all times of the year except perhaps when they are actually feeding their young, for they do not breed in colonies.

The general colour of these birds is a very pretty quaker drab, the forehead, chin and a line through and over the eye velvety black, the breast pale drab, fading into yellowish white below, tips of the tail feathers yellow, head with a very distinct crest. Many specimens have a curious scarlet tag attached to the end of each of the secondary feathers of the wing. These tags look exactly like red sealing wax and are decidedly ornamental; they are not peculiar to either sex.

The cherry bird, as its common name implies, is particularly fond of small fruit and berries, the wild cherry being its favourite food when obtainable. They also eat large numbers of insects and are most expert fly-catchers, ranking in that respect next to the swallows and night-hawks, for though not possessed of the wonderful wing power of these birds, the waxwings will launch out from their perch and sail about in the air for fifteen or twenty minutes at a time capturing their flying prey.

It is not until nearly the middle of June that the waxwings settle down and commence nesting, they then build a large rough nest of twigs and roots, lined with finer material, and in it deposit four or five pale blue eggs, spotted and blotched with purplish black. The nest is often placed in a young maple or other ornamental tree in the garden or shrubbery, or even in an apple tree in the orchard, and the birds are not very particular as to concealment. I have often seen their nests in shade trees growing on the boulevards of our towns.

The vocal powers of these birds are very insignificant, consisting of a few lisping notes which serve to keep the members of the flock apprised of each other's whereabouts, and by means of which they carry on incessant conversation.

As soon as the young can fly they gather into flocks and wander over the continent, locating themselves just

wherever their fancy dictates and food is plentiful.

THE KINGBIRD.

Besides the Phoebe, to which I have already referred, there are three other species of fly-catchers, all of which frequent our gardens and shrubberies. The best known of these is the kingbird, the most obtrusive creature of the whole feathered tribe in America. They usually arrive about the tenth of May, and almost immediately take possession of the premises they intend to occupy during the summer. As soon as they have done so they proclaim the fact to the neighbourhood in most unmistakable bird language, and from that time forward they allow nothing large enough to be worthy of their notice to trespass on what they are pleased to consider their domain. Crows, hawks, jays and blackbirds are their especial detestation, and should one of these birds appear near their tree, an assault by the kingbirds immediately follows, the attack being kept up until the enemy is ignominiously driven off. Crows seem to fare very badly in these encounters; as soon as one appears, the kingbirds fly to meet it, and, rising above it, swoop down on the crow's back and peck with all their might. The crow is evidently made very uncomfortable by this procedure, and wriggles and twists in every direction in its efforts to escape its persecutor, but being no match for the kingbird in agility, it can only lumber along at its best speed and get out of the tyrant's territory as soon as possible. The courage displayed by these birds is admirable, they never hesitate to attack the largest hawks, and by dint of persistence and activity, always succeed in driving them off.

All the fly-catchers may be known by their graceful, upright carriage. When seated on a branch they are almost as erect as a hawk. Their colours are subdued but neat. The kingbird is slaty black on the back, head almost black, breast and below white, wings dusky, tail black, each feather with a white tip.

The nest is generally placed near the end of a branch at no great height from the ground, and is a rough structure composed of twigs and rootlets, lined and mixed with wool. The eggs, usually four, are creamy white with reddish brown and pale lavender spots. The tree selected for the nest is generally so situated that the birds can obtain from it a good view of their surroundings, so that they are able to see the approach of an enemy long before it can reach their abode.

Once found a nest of this bird placed in a hollow in the top of an old post standing in the water of the Dundas marsh; the young birds had flown when I discovered it, and so I examined it and found that it had been used for several years, for underneath the nest of that season were two or three old ones, partially decayed and packed down tight one over the other.

Kingbirds are rather early fall migrants, leaving us before the first of September and drifting southward to South America where they spend the winter.

Their food during the summer months consists entirely of insects, the greater proportion of which are taken when flying; the birds are consequently of

great value and deserve all the protection we can give them. Sometimes, early in the spring, just after their arrival, cold and stormy weather sets in; when this happens the insect-eating birds are sorely pressed by hunger. In such cases the kingbird will eat the berries of the sumach and so tide over the hard times. Numbers of small beetles hibernate amongst these berries and perhaps they are the attraction, at

any rate they answer the birds' purpose and enable them to hold their own until fine weather comes.

Like the hawks and owls, the king-birds cast up in pellets the indigestible portions of their food.

OTHER "LYCATCH- ERS.

The other two flycatchers, viz., the wood peewee and the least flycatcher, are as quiet and retiring in their habits as the kingbirds are

noisy and obtrusive; they are both clad in plain, quaker grey above and are white beneath, but they differ in size, the wood peewee being only a little smaller than the phœbe, while the least flycatcher is only from five to five and a quarter inches long.

The note of the wood peewee will distinguish it at once from any of its cousins; it is a plaintive, long-drawn pee-wee, uttered from amongst the foli-



CEDAR WAXWING (CHERRY BIRD).

age of the shade trees in which the bird lives. This melancholy call it keeps up all day, even in the very hottest weather when other birds are silent; possibly it has some charms for the little female for whose ears it is intended, but its monotony makes it tiresome to human listeners.

The nest, which is rather a neat structure composed of vegetable fibre, roots and lichens, is frequently built in the fork of an apple or ornamental tree on the lawn. In it are deposited four or five eggs, white with reddish-brown spots.

The wood peewees leave us early in September and go south of the Southern States, where they spend the winter.

In its habits the least flycatcher somewhat resembles the last species both of them finding their homes among the branches of the trees and

subsisting entirely upon insects, the greater part of which they capture on the wing by darting upon them from their perch as the insects fly past.

The least flycatcher is, however, a much more lively and active bird than its larger relative, and its note is more cheerful though not very musical, being merely a somewhat sharp chebec, uttered at times with a good deal of spirit and emphasis.

Its nest is built in the fork of a small tree without much attempt at concealment, and is a very pretty example of bird architecture, composed of vegetable fibre, down and lichens, and well lined with plant down. In it are laid four or five white eggs.

These little birds arrive about the tenth of May and leave us for the south about the first of September.

THE WILD CANARY.

One of the prettiest and most interesting of our common birds is the American goldfinch or wild canary, which may during the summer months be seen and heard everywhere about this Province. It remains with us all the year round, but is not often seen during the winter, for at that season it retires to the ever-green woods where it feeds on the



AMERICAN GOLDFINCH (WILD CANARY).

seeds of the hemlock.

Many people confuse these birds with the yellow warbler, though they are easily distinguishable. The male of this species in summer is clear bright yellow, except the top of the head, the wings and the tail, all of which are black. The female is olive green above and yellowish below; the illustrations of this species and the yellow warbler will better show the differences be-

tween them than many lines of description.

In the autumn the males lose their bright colouring and become almost as dull as the females and the young, and it is not until spring is well advanced that they assume their bright costume and leaving the woods resort to the orchards and gardens, about which they will spend the summer.

We have in Ontario many birds whose musical abilities rank much higher than those of our canary, but there are few birds anywhere that have a more sprightly, cheerful or pleasing song than this little bird; its notes are varied and pretty, but the charm lies in the way they are uttered. The little creatures seem to throw all their strength and energy into the matter, and they sing because they have to, they are so exuberantly happy, and that is the only way they can express it. This sort of jollity is contagious, and a man must be far gone in the blues if he is not affected by it and made feel the happier for hearing it.

The canary is the latest of all our birds to commence nest-building. The reason for this is, I believe, because the young are fed chiefly upon thistle seed, which is not obtainable until the end of July. At any rate, the eggs are not laid until about the first in July. The nest is a beautifully neat structure

composed of vegetable fibre and down closely felted together and lined thickly with plant down. It is placed in any convenient fork of a small tree or bush, lilacs, syringas and other ornamental shrubs being frequently selected for the purpose, and in it are laid usually five or six white eggs. I once found a nest containing seven eggs, and was anxious to see how the little mother would stow away such a large family when they were hatched, but unfortunately did not pass that way again until after the birds had flown.

The food of our canary in summer consists entirely of the seeds of weeds, more particularly of those which are furnished with downy attachments, such as dandelion, thistle, etc., and by destroying these they do their share towards preventing them from entirely over-running us.

While the female canary is setting the male is unremitting in his attention to her. All day long he hovers about her neighbourhood incessantly calling in most endearing fashion to cheer her, and after the young are hatched his pride in his family is unbounded.

Besides the birds I have referred to in these papers, there are many more equally interesting that resort to our gardens at various times, but space was insufficient to permit me even to mention them.

THE END.

A TRAGEDY IN FEATHERS.

DEAD by the dusty roadside,
And nobody saw him fall;
A bunch of feathers all gold and blue,
With necklace black where the night wind blew;
A bird of the air—that's all.

Al! but a glen of the Northland
Will be lacking one bird-note sweet;
And a lonely mate will wait in vain
For a flash of the blue and gold again
In her home 'mid that loved retreat.

One out of many thousands—
But, oh! too fair to die,
Unless the Canadian warbler gleams
In his blue and gold by other streams
Beneath a brighter sky.

Henry Kalloch Rowe.

FRANCIS PARKMAN AND HIS WORKS.

By George Stewart, D.C.L., F.R.S.C.

THOUGH my personal acquaintance with Francis Parkman only began in the autumn of 1869, I had known him some years earlier by correspondence, he having asked me to secure for him some data regarding the Acadians of New Brunswick. We met at the inauguration of Dr. Charles D. Eliot as President of Harvard University, on the 19th of October. The function had attracted many of the most distinguished literary and scientific men of the United States. Among the strong personalities present none, to my mind, was more striking than that of the historian of France in the New World. His figure, tall and commanding, was spare. Lameness, which often interrupted his walks, had given him a slight stoop. His face was clean-shaven, and intellectual, and no one could look upon his brow without feeling impressed by its high mental character and energy. He was somewhat shy, and his natural reserve, which strangers sometimes mistook for hauteur, disappeared as acquaintance ripened. He lived in summer at his beautiful home on the south branch of Jamaica Pond, where he had a study, and cultivated to perfection the rose and the lily, in which occupation he took keen delight. His estate was within easy distance of the Motley mansion, while his winter home was in Chestnut St., Boston, not far from the residence of Prescott, on Beacon Street. Here he lived with his sister.

Francis Parkman could boast of a long line of ancestors, distinguished in scholarship and social position. His great grandfather was the Rev. Ebenezer Parkman, a Congregational minister of eminence in his day, and a Harvard man whose name stood high on the rolls of the College, from which hall of learning he was graduated in 1754. His grandfather, Samuel Park-

man, was a famous merchant of Boston, and his father, the Rev. Francis Parkman, was a Unitarian minister of prominence, an author of repute, and the founder of the Parkman Professorship in the Cambridge Theological School. On his mother's side he was descended from the Rev. John Cotton. Young Parkman was born in Boston on the 23rd September, 1823. He was carefully educated, and went to Harvard in 1840. His relatives designed him for the law, and he took up that study for two years, but tiring of it, he sought recreation in travel. From his youth he was a fond lover of Nature and out-door life. He read much about the Indian tribes of the great west, and their lives proved such a fascination for him that he resolved to live among them for a time, and so become acquainted with their customs and methods. Physically he was frail, and a fall in the gymnasium obliged him to relinquish his studies for a while. He was sent to Europe, where he visited Gibraltar and Malta and other points along the Mediterranean, but returned home in season to be present at the closing exercises of his College.

In 1846 Parkman joined his cousin, Quincy Adams Shaw, and the two friends started off on their memorable journey across the Plains, the story of which is so well set down in the picturesque "*Oregon Trail*," dedicated to his kinsman, "the comrade of a summer: the friend of a lifetime." This was our author's first book, and its success encouraged him to plan out his brilliant series of historical works, which began with "*The Conspiracy of Pontiac*," and closed with "*A Half-century of Conflict*." The "*Oregon Trail*" was first published as a series of papers of travel in the old *Knickerbocker Magazine*, then in the skilful

hands of Lewis Gaylord Clark. The author and his friend lived among the red men of the Prairie and Rocky Mountains, hunted with them, feasted with them at their great feasts, and experienced the same hardships and trials which their hosts endured. All these things were undergone that Parkman might familiarize himself with the habits and characteristics of the people whom he meant to present as they really existed, with the pen of one who had formed part of their inner life and movement. He saw the Sioux when they still killed their game with the bow and arrow, and tells of the terrific force of that weapon, when he witnessed the flight of an arrow clear through a buffalo. Some of the Ogillallah warriors had begun to use guns, but all the tribes had not yet been armed with them.

Though the "Conspiracy of Pontiac" is Parkman's first contribution to the history of the Indians and half-breeds of the West, the series proper, which deals with the wars of the English and French and red men and treats of France and England in North America, begins with "The Pioneers of France in the New World." "Pontiac," which came first, may be read as a sequel to the collection.

In the preparation of his histories, which are enriched by an eloquent and graceful style, and strict faithfulness to facts, Parkman devoted an industry, care and thoroughness which leave unquestioned the statements put forward. We know of the vastness of his task, and the difficulties under which he worked for many years. He neglected nothing. He visited all the scenes which his luminous pen so admirably describes, not once or twice, but many times. The archives of France, England, Russia and Canada have yielded their treasures to him. Every known letter, journal, report and despatch, which bore, even in the remotest way, upon his subject were copied and sent to him, until at the end of his work he found himself possessed of no fewer than 3,400 manuscript pages, which he had bound up in several large volumes. Of course, all printed books, magazines,

pamphlets, newspapers, maps, plans and engravings which could throw light on his theme passed the ordeal of his industrious scrutiny. It has been said of him that his Puritanism was strong. It may be so, but the fact remains that he never allowed the spirit of prejudice to warp his judgment, or to destroy the value of his conclusions. He has his critics, chief among whom is the Abbé Casgrain, whose notes are entitled to respect. But, as Parkman remarks in a letter to the present writer, the learned Abbé, albeit a most scholarly and estimable man, is by nature too excitable and effeminate to discuss in soberness the cold facts of history, and particularly when his feelings, nationality, and religion are concerned. And, as he adds in a letter now before me, of August 21st, 1874: "I am afraid my Canadian friends will not like the new book, (*The Old Regime*). In writing, I put out of mind all considerations but the evidence before me, which in this case is not always favourable to Canadian society in the old time." He was right, the book produced much comment and attack, and several old friendships among the French-Canadians were estranged. But Parkman, true to his spirit of fairness and independence as a historian, preferred to lose a friend or two rather than pervert facts, and present opinions which were erroneous and misleading. Perhaps his thoroughness to get at the truth cannot be better shown than by quoting from his letters, unpublished up to this time. On the 20th January, 1870, he wrote to the writer, then living in St. John, New Brunswick:—"I have determined to write, as the next volume of my series, an account of *La Tour* and *d'Aunay*, postponing *Count Frontenac* to another time. So my subject is strictly Acadian, at least, if we adopt the broader signification of the name *Acadia*. You spoke of documents relating to *La Tour*. Of what nature are they, and where are they preserved? I have a score or more letters, patents, reports, etc., relating to him, found in the French archives, (some of which are among the copies

made for the Canadian Government). There are also some in the State House here (Boston). Besides these, there are those printed in the *Memoirs des Commissaires*, together with those in Harvard and Hutchinson, and the statements of Winthrop, Denys, Hubbard, etc. Now there ought to be more at Annapolis and at St. John. Can you give me any information about them?"

I at once set about making inquiries in all directions, and in my reply named some printed books which bore on the subject then in Mr. Parkman's mind. On the 24th of February, he wrote from Boston:—"I have all the *published books* you mention; but the volume of manuscripts entitled *Acadia* may contain something very much to the purpose. It probably will not be necessary to copy all in them relating to La Tour and d'Aunay, as many of the papers may prove to be duplicates of those which I have already. The best way will be to have a list, with titles and dates, of such letters and documents as touch the subject, made by some competent person. *All papers on Acadia between the years 1628 and 1660*, may be included in the list. This will simplify the work. Please have this done at my expense, and the list sent to me. I will then check off such papers as I do not possess, and request you to get them copied. This plan will save both trouble and expense.

"It seems more than likely that Mr. Calrick* is on the track of something valuable. I am well aware that La Tour had no establishment at Port Royal, but d'Aunay, had—in fact, his headquarters were there, but, for the reason mentioned in my last, I do not think that anything will turn up there. I shall look with great interest for the results of an inquiry among the descendants of La Tour. One of them, I believe it was one of the d'Entrements, had formerly in his possession,

a very curious paper, the marriage contract between La Tour and d'Aunay's widow. This has been published by the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, but there may be more, and I should like especially to get a copy of that will.

"Let me, in conclusion, thank you most cordially for your very active and efficient co-operation with me in this inquiry."

Later he writes, "Thank you for the numbers of *Stewart's Quarterly*, containing Mr. Hannay's* articles; but are you quite sure that the remains which Mr. H. describes are those of La Tour's Fort? I confess to some doubts. The French government, in 1696, built a fort at the mouth of the St. John. May not the remains belong to this last? Fortunately there is extant a deed of La Tour, in which he conveys this fort in mortgage to Major-General Gibbons, as security for a considerable sum of money. This deed will, perhaps, serve to settle the question. I have Murdoch's History, which contains many facts, and is scrupulous as regards research, but is rather a collection of notes than a history. Haliburton, though not very profound, is much more readable.

"Do not give yourself the trouble to hunt up Gesner's and Munro's Histories, if, as I believe, they are founded only on the known authorities, and do not contain original documents. *It is these that I am in quest of, as I do not like to draw except from the fountain head.* I think there can be no papers on La Tour at Annapolis, as I have lately discovered that all the records there were destroyed or carried off by the English in or about 1667."

The italics in the above are mine. The reader of these pages will note how scrupulous Mr. Parkman was as to the character of the documents he used in the preparation of his works. Nothing but the originals or authenticated copies were valued by him.

*W. Arthur Calrick, of Nova Scotia, author of several historical sketches, notably, "Port Royal, Its Graves," in *Stewart's Quarterly*, St. John, N.B., 1871-2.

*James Hannay, author of "A History of Acadia," St. John, N.B., 1870; also of "Sketches of Acadia," *Stewart's Quarterly*, Oct., 1867, Jan., April and July, 1868.

In Parkman's works, the Court of Old France is described with grace and colour, the tragic scenes enacted in New France, the Indians, the Intendants, the bishops and priests, the warriors and bushrangers, the soldiers and statesmen are painted in pigments which glow with life. There is nothing more fascinating than his accounts of the early struggles between the white and the red men of two centuries ago. He has elevated those struggles to the dignity of battles. He has photographed, as it were, the heroes and heroines, and described their deeds in language which charms on the instant. His galleries of worthies misses no name of real importance, and he has saved from oblivion the records of many characters whose careers would have been forgotten, despite the work they had done, despite the sacrifices they had made, despite the sufferings they had endured. No man had, up to Parkman's advent upon the scene, given us the real Indian. Cooper's Indian is romantic and false. Longfellow's Indian is poetic and striking as a figure. Indians by other pens have been caricatures. Parkman's Indian is historic, and a true portrait. He has told us all about him, laying bare his faults and his virtues, and showing how readily the savage nature assimilated itself to that of the marauding white man. The Jesuits, the Recollet Fathers and the Sulpicians find in Parkman a biographer and historian who is singularly fair and impartial towards their orders—much fairer than their contemporary critics. Their strong points, as well as their weaknesses and frailties are sketched with no faltering pencil. Frontenac, La Salle, Bigot, Laval, Montcalm and Wolfe, as well as many lesser lights, illumine at every turn his rich and sparkling pages. In his great work he was the pioneer. He touched virgin soil, and has left his task so complete that no successor can come upon the ground and rob him of his fame.

We have spoken of his rare fidelity to facts, and the value of his sources of information, the original documents

from which his narrative is drawn, comprising seventy volumes, most of them folios, the very collecting of which occupied forty-five years. But few who read the dramatic compositions are aware of the labour which the author had to expend upon his authorities before a line of his book could be begun. They were not only voluminous but often conflicting. Nearly every actor in the drama left behind him his own record of the events in which he was a figure. Sometimes the record assumed the character of a report to headquarters, private letters to friends, memorials, despatches, journals and diaries. The historian had to sift the data contained in these papers, and to compare them with the great mass of collateral evidence, "with," as he says, "more than usual care, striving to secure the greatest possible accuracy of statement, and to reproduce an image of the past with photographic clearness and truth."

But this was not all. His health was precarious, his frame lacked physical strength, his eyesight afflicted him sorely and seriously retarded the progress of his work. The "Conspiracy of Pontiac" was written under conditions which few men would have had the courage to face. The light of day was insupportable to the author for three years, and "every attempt at reading or writing was completely debarred. Under these circumstances, the task of sifting the materials and composing the work was begun and finished. The papers were repeatedly read aloud by an amanuensis, copious notes and extracts were made, and the narrative written down from my dictation. This process, though extremely slow and laborious, was not without its advantages, and I am well convinced that the authorities have been even more minutely examined, more scrupulously collated, and more thoroughly digested than they would have been under ordinary circumstances." When, later on, in 1865, Parkman wrote his "Pioneers of France in the New World" his sight was fully as bad, if not worse. He was never permitted

to read or write continuously for much more than five minutes at a time, and often days passed without a stroke of work being done, even under those conditions. For two periods, each lasting several years, any attempt at studying or writing was denied him, it being considered by the specialists and his friends as simply suicidal. For more than eighteen years his various maladies interrupted the work on the completion of which he had set his heart. But he bravely struggled on, uncomplainingly, amid the tremendous odds arrayed against him. From first to last he was a student. When he travelled, the object he kept in view was to verify facts, to see with his own eyes the places which must come under his pen, to discover hitherto unknown sources of information. As a college student he followed on foot the route of Rogers from Lake Memphremagog to the Connecticut. His aim was to know places as well as events, and the actors in them. To learn how well he succeeded the reader is referred to the historian's books. A man of singularly fine tastes, and a lover of good literature, his inclinations seldom led him to seek the society of men and women of letters, though many of them in turn courted him. But he was ever too busy. When he went abroad he had a special purpose in view. "I have been occupied chiefly," he writes, "when in England or France, with the official people in the Public Record office, etc., and such small literary acquaintance as I made has been slight and superficial, from casual meeting at clubs, etc. I have no intimate literary acquaintance in England. I never—exceptions excepted—much liked the company of professional literary people, and have never put myself in the way of introductions to them." But Parkman socially was always very charming and no one received a heartier or more cordial welcome than he did when he dined at Parker's with the members of the famous "Saturday Club,"—which included such names as Longfellow, Holmes, Emerson, Fields, Dwight and Whipple,—or when he

spent an evening at the home of a congenial friend. His talk at table was always interesting, and he was often upbraided for neglecting his small society duties so much.

Besides his historical works, Parkman produced an admirable book on the Cultivation of the Rose, which is held in high repute. Once he tried, like Motley, his hand at a novel. This he called "Vassall Morton," and in Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston, he found his publishers. It was not a successful venture into the field of romance, and its author never again attempted to write fiction. It is by no means a poor performance, and judged by the standard of many novels of the present day, it is pretty fair reading. But in 1856 it failed to make an impression on the public, and no second edition being called for, Mr. Parkman returned to his first love—history. He had not a very exalted idea of "Vassall Morton" as a story of sustaining interest and seldom liked to talk about it. The scenes of it are on both sides of the Atlantic, and the incidents are dramatic and often exciting. Especially so are the adventures of the hero, and his arrest by the Austrian police and subsequent escape from prison, and his journey on foot to an Italian sea-port.

We have spoken briefly of the "Oregon Trail," which has passed through many editions, and the volume among all others that Mr. Frederic Remington selected for illustration, "whose pictures," says Parkman, "are as full of truth as of spirit, for they are the work of one who knew the prairies and the mountains before irresistible commonplace had subdued them." In 1865, the first part of his great series, telling the story of France and England in North America, appeared. It was entitled "Pioneers of France in the New World," and begins with the year 1512, and ends at 1635. The narratives are devoted to France on this continent—"the attempt of Feudalism, Monarchy and Rome to master a continent where, at this hour (1865) half a million of bayonets are indicating the ascendancy of a regulated freedom; Feudalism

still strong in life, though enveloped and overborne by new-born centralization; Monarchy in the flush of triumphant power; Rome, nerved by disaster, springing with renewed vitality from ashes and corruption, and ranging the earth to reconquer abroad what she had lost at home. These banded powers, pushing into the wilderness their indomitable soldiers and devoted priests, unveiled the secrets of the barbarous continent, pierced the forests, traced and mapped out the streams, planted their emblems, built their forts, and claimed all as their own. New France was all head. Under King, Noble and Jesuit, the lank, lean body would not thrive. Even commerce wore the sword, decked itself with badges of nobility, aspired to forest seignories and hordes of savage retainers." This is a fine introduction to what follows. We are treated to the story of the expansion of France, and the volume appropriately closes with the death of the founder of Quebec, Samuel de Champlain, one of the most heroic characters that ever lived. The first narrative is devoted to the Huguenots in Florida, while the second treats of Champlain and his associates. "The Jesuits in North America" in the seventeenth century followed in 1867. It at once created a sensation, for the story itself was striking, and the treatment was by a pen which did not mince matters. Mr. Parkman's materials were copious, and he made excellent use of them. Most of his facts were drawn from the voluminous writings of the Jesuit fathers themselves, and of their work he says, "the closest examination has left me no doubt that these missionaries wrote in perfect good faith, and that the 'Relations' hold a high place as authentic and trustworthy historical documents. They are very scarce and no complete collection of them exists in America." It is learned with satisfaction that an exact verbatim et literatim reprint of the very rare French, Latin and Italian originals, both MS. and printed, accompanied page by page by a complete English translation, by John Cutler

Covert, assisted by Mary Sifton Pepper and others, is in course of publication. Reuben Gold Thwaites is the editor of this monumental work.

Beginning with a sketch of the native Indian tribes, and Quebec in 1634, Mr. Parkman concludes the second part with the trials and disappointments which culminated in 1670. As he says, "the Jesuits saw their hopes struck down; and their faith, though not shaken, was sorely tried. The Providence of God seemed in their eyes dark and inexplicable; but, from the standpoint of liberty, that Providence is clear as the sun at noon. Meanwhile let those who have prevailed yield due honour to the defeated. Their virtues shine amidst the rubbish of error, like diamonds and gold in the gravel of the torrent. But now new scenes succeed, and other actors enter on the stage, a hardy and valiant band, moulded to endure and dare, the discoverers of the Great West." This part, perhaps, is the more interesting of the series, for it deals exhaustively with LaSalle, and his remarkable adventures along the valleys of the Mississippi and the lakes. It was originally published in 1869, but in 1878, owing to a mass of new material being exposed by Henry Harris, of Paris, the historian revised and partly re-wrote his account, and gave to the world the most complete and authentic story of LaSalle's discoveries extant. The letters of the explorer had not been accessible to Mr. Parkman when his book was first issued, though he knew of their existence, but as soon as their discoverer placed them publicly as exhibits, he availed himself of the treasures. The original title of the book was, "The Discovery of the Great West." The increased prominence of LaSalle, however, justified Parkman in adding his name to the title page. This volume brings the subject down to the year 1689.

The period of Transition is learnedly discussed in part fourth, which takes up some ticklish ground in "The Old Regime in Canada," and has caused much feverish comment in French

Roman Catholic ecclesiastical circles. It was this work which led to the estrangement, for a time, of Parkman and his Canadian biographer and early admirer, the Abbé Henri Raymond Casgrain, F.R.S.C. But Parkman, much as he regretted to have to say things that were not agreeable to persons for whom he had a very cordial regard, felt constrained to give the result of his investigations to the public as fully as possible. "The conclusions drawn from the facts," says he, "may be matter of opinion, but it will be remembered that the facts themselves can be overthrown only by overthrowing the evidence on which they rest, or bringing forward counter-evidence of equal or greater strength; and neither task will be found an easy one." In this book, as he points out, "we examine the political and social machine; in the next volume of the series we shall see this machine in action." In action surely the machine was. The narrative, noted as fifth on the list, is a strong presentation of facts and opinions. It treats of Count Frontenac and his times. It is in this work that we get great insight into the little disputes between governor and intendant, governor and prelate, governor and king, governor and minister, the intrigues of the Jesuits, the Recollets and their troubles, the brandy question, the Indian wars and treachery. It is a notable book, and one of the most dramatically interesting of the whole collection. Frontenac was a picturesque figure in history. In Europe, he was a strong man. In America, he was no less vigorous. No man ever understood Indian character better than he, and he had not been long in the country before he had the red men completely under his spell and under his subjection. He is magnificently drawn by Parkman, and though no portrait of him exists, one can imagine how the

proud old soldier and governor looked in the flesh. This volume appeared in 1877. The author resents the conduct of some of his critics, by whom he was not quite fairly treated. He says that his challenge in the "Old Regime" was not taken up. Vehement protest he received in plenty, but none of his statements of fact were attacked by evidence or were disputed.

Part seventh appeared, for special reasons, in 1884, while the sixth part did not come out until 1892. The first-named is entitled "Montcalm and Wolfe," in two sumptuous volumes. Like all of the predecessors of the series, it is based on historical documents, of the accuracy of which there can be no question. Of all these narratives, in point of results, this one is the most momentous, for it relates the downfall of French power in Canada, and reaches the dawn of English rule. Of course, the book occasioned controversy, but Parkman, relying upon the faithfulness of his facts, was not disturbed in mind. As we have said, eight years afterwards the sixth part of the series was published, under the title of "A Half-Century of Conflict," in two volumes. He fills the gap between the Frontenac and Montcalm and Wolfe volumes, and a continuous history of France in America, from early days, is thus made complete.

The author of these grand books lived long enough to finish the work which he had undertaken so many years ago. Few men, when one comes to consider the disadvantages under which he pursued his task, would have gone on with it. But he persevered, despite blindness and rheumatism and vexatious delays, until the last chapter left his hand for the printers. In November, 1893, he died at Jamaica Plain, after a lingering illness, mourned by all who knew him, and regretted by everyone who had read his scholarly and brilliant books.



A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A ROMANCE.

By Joanna E. Wood, Author of "The Untempered Wind", "Judith Moore", etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealous of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. She makes him promise, however, that he will never take her away from Dole, the little village close at hand, and asks him also to train himself for the position of successor to the Rev. Mr. Didymus, the present Congregational minister and sole clergyman of the village. Vashti's idea is that as wife of the minister she will be mistress of Dole with all the power for which her flinty, worldly soul craves. And when this "Daughter of Witches" so influences this nature-worshipping young man that he consents to enter the holy profession, she feels that her hour of vengeance will not be long delayed. Two years afterwards, at the deathbed of the Rev. Mr. Didymus, Sidney and Vashti are married. Lanty and Mabella had been united some time previously. As minister of Dole, Sidney won the adoration of his people with his sweet and winning sermons. But a cloud comes over the lives of the Lansing family, and Vashti's hour of triumph seems nearer.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Ann Serrup of whom the sewing circle had whispered, was one of those melancholy scapegoats found, alas! in nearly every rural community, and lost in cities among myriads of her kind. She had lived in the Brixton parish all her life, but had lately come with her shame to a little house within the precincts of Dole. Left at thirteen the only sister among four drunken brothers much older than herself, the only gospel preached at—not to—her had been the terrorism of consequences. Like all false gospels this one had proved a broken reed—and not only broken but empoisoned. The unfathered child of this poor girl had been born about a year prior to her appearance in Dole.

Mabella's heart went out to the forlorn creature, and a few days after the memorable meeting at Mrs. Winders' she set forth to visit her, leaving Dorothy in charge of Temperance. It was a calm, sweet season. The shadow of white clouds lay upon the earth, and as Mabella walked along the country roads the chrism of the gentle day seemed to be laid upon her aching

heart. For a space, in consideration of the needs of the poor creature to whom she was going, Mabella forgot the shadow which dogged her own steps.

She was going on a little absent-mindedly, when at a sudden turn in the road she came upon Vashti, who had paused and was standing looking, great-eyed, across the fields to where the sun smote the windows of Lanty's house.

"Well, Mabella," she said, taking the initiative in the conversation as became the "preacher's wife." "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to see Ann Serrup," said Mabella. "I've wished to do so for some time—how plainly you can see our house from here."

"Yes—how's Lanty?"

"He's very well—haven't you seen him lately—he looks splendid."

"I didn't mean his looks," said Vashti with emphasis.

"Well, one's looks are generally the sign of how one feels," said Mabella bravely, although she winced beneath Vashti's regard. "And Vashti, Dorothy can speak, she—"

Vashti broke in with the inconsiderateness of a childless woman.

"Do you know anything about Ann Serrup? Is she penitent?"

"I—I don't know," said Mabella hesitatingly (she had heard most unpromising accounts of Ann's state of mind, 'Fair rampageous,' Temperance had said), "she has suffered a great deal."

"She has sinned a great deal," said Vashti sententiously.

They walked on almost in silence and ere long stood before the low-lying, desolate dwelling.

A girl came to the open door as they drew near—poorly but neatly clad, and with tightly rolled hair. A girl in years—a woman in experience. A child stood tottering beside her.

"Come in," she said to them before they had time to speak, "come in and set down."

She picked up the child, and unceremoniously tucking him under one arm, set two chairs side by side; then put the baby down and stood as one before her accusers. Her brows were a little sullen; her mouth irresolute. Her expression discontented and peevish, as of one weary of uncomprehended rebuke. The baby clutched her dress, and eyed the visitors placidly, quite unaware that his presence was disgraceful.

Mabella looked at the little figure standing tottering upon its uncertain legs; the little dress was so grotesquely ill-made; the sleeves were little square sacks; the skirt was as wide at the neck as at the hem. She thought of her well-clad Dorothy and her heart went out to the desolate pair.

The mother, tired of Vashti's cold, condemnatory scrutiny, began to shift uneasily from one foot to the other.

"What's your baby's name?" asked Mabella, her sympathies urging her to take precedence of the preacher's wife.

"Reuben," said Ann.

"Reuben *what*?" demanded Vashti in sepulchral tones.

"Jest Reuben—Reuben was my father's name"—then with fretful irritation—"jest Reuben."

"Is your child *deformed*?" asked Vashti suddenly, eyeing with disfavour the little chest and shoulders where the ill made frock stuck out so pitifully.

"Deformed!" cried Ann, the pure mother in her aroused; "there aint a better shaped baby in Dole than my Reub."

She sat down upon the floor, and, it seemed to Mabella, with two movements unclothed the child, and holding him out cried indignantly—

"Look at him, Missus Martin, look at him! and if you know what a baby's like when you see one you'll know he's jest perfect—aint he Missus Lansing? Aint he? You know, don't you?"

Vashti glared in fixed disapproval at the baby, who regarded her not at all, but after a leisurely and contemplative survey of himself began to investigate the marvels of his feet, becoming as thoroughly absorbed in the mysteries of his own toes as we older infants do in our theories. "He's a beautiful baby—I'm sure you are very proud of him," said Mabella kindly. Then her gaze rested upon the two poor garments which had formed all the baby's costume. Tears filled her eyes as she saw the scrap of red woollen edging sewn clumsily upon the little yellow cotton shirt.

"I'm afraid you are not used to sewing much," she said; "it was the clothes which spoiled the baby."

Ann, who, unstable as water, never remained in the same mood for ten minutes together, began to cry softly, rocking back and forth sometimes.

"Oh, I wisht I was dead! I do. I never was learned nothing. 'Scuse me if I spoke up to you, Missus Martin, but I'm that ignerent! And you the preacher's lady too! My! I dunno how I came t'be so bad. I guess I'm jest real condemned bad; but I haint had no chance I haint; never a mother, not so much as a grandma. Nothing but a tormented old aunt. And brothers! Lord! I'm sick of brothersees and men. I jest can't abear the sight of a man, and I'm that ignerent. Lord! I can't make cloes for Reub, now he is

here." Then vehemently—"I am jest dead sick of men."

"But, think," said Mabella soothingly, "when Reuben is a man he'll look after you and take care of you."

"Yes—I 'spose he will," said Ann, drying her eyes; then, with a sudden change of mood, she began smiling bravely. "Say—he's that knowin'! You wouldn't believe it; if I'm agoin' out in a hurry I give him sometimes an old sugar rag, but he knows the difference, right smart he does, and he jest won't touch it if 'taint new filled; and—" with a touch of awe as at a more subtle phenomenon, "he yawned like a big person when he was two days old."

"Why, so did my baby," said Mabella in utter astonishment that another baby had done anything so extraordinary.

"Are you coming, Mabella?" said Vashti austerely from the doorway.

Direst disapproval darkened her countenance. Ann's mutable face clouded at the words.

"Yes, I'm coming," said Mabella hastily to Vashti, then she turned to Ann. "I will send you some patterns to cut his dresses by," she said. "It's very hard at first; Temperance helped me; I'll mark all the pieces so that you'll know how to place them," then she went close to the other woman and put a trembling hand upon her arm.

"Ann," she said, "promise that you'll never do anything wicked again—promise you'll never make your baby ashamed of you."

"No, I won't; I've had enough of all that—you'll be sure to send a pattering with a yoke?" inquired Ann eagerly.

Poor Ann! Her one virtue of neatness was for the moment degraded to a vice; she so thoroughly slighted the spirit of Mabella's speech. But Mabella, out of the depths of her motherly experience, pardoned this.

"Yes, I will send the nicest patterns I have," she said.

"Soon?"

"Soon—and Ann—you'll come to church next Sunday?"

Ann began to whimper.

"Oh, I hate t' be a poppyshow! and all the girls do stare so, and—"

"Ann," said Mabella pleadingly, "you'll come?"

"Yes, I'll come, Missus Lansing, being as you want me to," then another swift change of mood overtook the poor, variable creature.

"They kin stare if they want to! I could tell things! Some of 'em aint no better nor me if all was known. I'll jest come to spite 'em out. You see—I'll be there."

"I shall be so glad," said Mabella gently, having the rare wisdom to ignore side issues. "I'll see you, then."

"Oh, Lor'," said Ann, whimpering again, "ye won't want to see me when other folks are around, and I 'spose you've got a white dress and blue ribbings for church, or red bows, like as not. Lor'! Lor'! what 'tis to be born lucky. 'Better lucky nor rich;' I've heard said oftting and oftting, and its true, dreadful true. I never had no luck; neither had mother; she never could cook anything without burning it, and when she dyed 'twas allus streaky! I've heard Aunt Ann say that oftting and oftting; he *is* a fine baby, isn't he?" she broke off abruptly.

"Yes, indeed," said Mabella heartily. "Good-bye, Ann," and stooping she kissed the girl and went out and down the path. Ann stood gazing after her.

"She kissed me," she said dully, then in an echo-like voice repeated "kissed me."

The old clock ticked loudly, the kettle sang on the fire, the baby fell over with a soft thud upon the floor. Ann sat down beside him, and clasping him to her breast cried bitterly to herself, and as has been often the case, the mother's sobs lullabyed the child to a soft and peaceful sleep. She rose, with the art which comes with even unblessed motherhood, without waking the child and laid him down gently.

"I know she won't send a pattering with a yoke," she said in the tone of

one who warns herself against hoping too much.

Meanwhile Mabella sped after Vashti; she overtook her in about half a mile.

"Goodness, Vashti," said Mabella; "I'm sure you need not have hurried so! I'm all out of breath catching up."

"Well, I couldn't stand it any longer," said Vashti.

"Stand what?" demanded Mabella a little irritated by Vashti's ponderosity of manner.

"That exhibition," said Vashti with a gesture to the little forlorn house which somehow looked pitiably naked and unsheltered. "It was disgusting! to go about petting people like that is putting a premium upon vice."

Mabella laughed.

"You dear old Vashti," she said, "you said that as if you had been the preacher himself—what the world could I say to her? standing there with that poor child." A sudden break interrupted her speech. "Oh Vashti," she said, "isn't it terrible! Think of that baby; what a difference between it and Dorothy! And so poor—so very poor; without even a name; Vashti—you're a lot cleverer than me; you don't think, do you, that they will be judged alike? You don't think there will be one rule for all? There will be allowances made, won't there?"

"I wonder at you, Mabella," said Vashti, "putting yourself in a state over that girl and her brat! It's easy seeing you've precious little to trouble you or you'd never carry on about Ann Serrup; a bad lot the Serrups are, root and branch; bad they are and bad they'll be. The Ethiopian don't change his spots! and as for crying and carrying on about her! take care, Mabella, that you are not sent something to cry for—take care." The last ominous words uttered in Vashti's full rich voice made Mabella tremble. Ah—she knew and *Vashti knew* how great cause she already had to weep.

"How can you talk to me like that?" she said to Vashti passionately; "how can you? One would think you would be glad to see me in trouble. If it's any satisfaction to you to know it I may

as well tell you that—" Mabella arrested her speech with crimson cheeks. What had she been about to do? To betray Lanty for the sake of stinging Vashti into shame!

"Dear me," said Vashti coolly; "you are growing very uncertain, Mabella!"

"Yes, I know, stammered Mabella. "Forgive me, Vashti."

"Oh! It doesn't matter about my forgiveness," said Vashti; "but it's a pity to let yourself get into that excitable state."

They were near the spot where their ways parted.

Mabella looked at Vashti, a half inclination to confide in her cousin came to her. It would be such a help to have a confidant, but her wifely allegiance rose to forbid any confidences regarding her husband's lapses; she must bear the burden alone. A lump tightened her throat as she closed her lips resolutely. These little victories seem small but they cost.

"Good-bye, Mabella," said Vashti; "come over and have tea with us soon."

"I'll come over after dinner and stay awhile with you," said Mabella, "but I won't stay to supper."

"Oh, why?" said Vashti. "Lanty can come in on his way home from Brixton; if he turns off at the cross road he can come straight up Winder's lane to the parsonage. He's often at Brixton, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Mabella, once more calm in her rôle of defender. "Yes, but I'll come over some day after dinner; Lanty likes supper at home. He's often tired after being in Brixton. I'll bring Dorothy and come over soon for a little visit."

"Well, you might as well come all of you for supper," said Vashti; and somehow by a subtle intonation of the voice she conveyed to Mabella the fact that her unconsciousness was only feigned.

As Mabella went towards home the lump in her throat dissolved in tears; she allowed herself the rare luxury of self-pity for a little space, then with the instinctive feeling that she must not give footing to such weakness she pull-

ed herself together, and went forward where Lanty waited at the gate.

When Vashti turned away from Mabella to take the little path to the parsonage, her heart also was wrung by regret and pain; she had made Mabella feel, but how gladly she would have exchanged her empty heart ache for the honour of suffering for Lanty's misdeeds. Lanty Lansing was very handsome, very winning, with that masterful tenderness and tender tyranny which women love; but it is doubtful if he (or many other men) deserved the love which these two women lavished upon him. And it must be said for Vashti that whatever her faults were, she loved her cousin well and constantly. His excesses rent her very heart; if she saw in them a hope of vengeance upon Mabella she yet deplored them sincerely. The hate which was growing in her heart against Mabella was intensified a thousand-fold by the thought that she did not, in some way, drag Lanty back from the pit. Had she been his wife she would have saved him in spite of himself. The thought that the village was sneering and whispering about her idol made her eyes venomous, and in this mood she entered the house. Sidney was waiting for her and suddenly there swept across the woman's soul a terrible sense of the relentless Destiny which she was working out. As in a mirror she saw herself, not the free and imperious creature she had imagined, but a serf shackled hand and foot, so that her feet trod the devious path prepared for them from time immemorial, and her hands wrought painfully at a fabric whose fashion and design were fixed by other power than her own.

And Sidney, with his pale spiritual face, his unearthly exalted eyes, his eager-winged soul, was bound to her side. His footsteps were constrained to hers, only it seemed that whereas the path was chosen for her, his way was simply outlined by her will; she remembered the strange incident which had taken her away from the sewing circle. Again she experienced the thrill, half of fear, half of mad unreason-

ing triumph which had held her very heart in suspense when Sidney had said "You wished me to come at five." Could it be that whilst his mind was passive, whilst he slept the sleep her waving hands induced, whilst his faculties were seemingly numbed by the artificial slumber, could it be that he could yet grasp her desires and awake to fulfil them? The simplest knowledge of hypnotic suggestion would at once have given her incalculable command over Sidney. As it was, she could only grope forward in the darkness of half fearful and hesitating ignorance. In her advance to the knowledge that Sidney, whilst in this sleep, was amenable to suggestion (although she did not phrase it thus) she had skipped one step which would have given her the key to the whole; she had seen that he would carry out, whilst awake, a wish of hers expressed whilst he slept. She did not know that he would have been a mere automaton in her hands whilst he was in the hypnotic sleep, but she told herself that she must measure and ascertain exactly the control she had over her husband; thus nearly every day she cast the spell of deep slumber upon him and gradually, little by little, she discovered the potency of suggestion.

It must be said that Sidney was entirely acquiescent to her will. The old weird fables of people hypnotised against their wills have long since been relegated to the limbo of forgotten and discredited myths; and while it is certainly true that each hypnosis leaves the subject more susceptible to hypnotic influence, it is utter rubbish to think that influence can be acquired arbitrarily without the concurrence of the subject. But Sidney had given himself up to the subtle delight of these dreamless slumbers as the hasheesh-eater delivers himself to the intoxication of his drugged dreams.

Sidney's mind was torn by perpetual self-questionings; not about his own personal salvation, but about his responsibility towards the people of Dole. The more he studied the Bible

the more deeply he was impressed by the marvellous beauty of the Christ story. Never surely had man realized more keenly than Sidney did the ineffable pathos and self-sacrifice of the Carpenter of Galilee. Often as he passed the little carpenter shop where Nathan Peck came twice a week, he entered and stood watching Nathan planing the boards, and as the long wooden ribbons curled off before the steel, and the odor of the wood came to his nostrils, quick with that aroma of the forest which obtains even at the core of the oak, there surged about Sidney's heart all the emotions of yearning and hope, and sorrow and despair which long, long ago had lifted That *Other* from a worker in wood to be a Saviour of Souls; and he went forth from the little carpenter shop as one who has partaken of a sacrament. And often he stood upon the little hill above Dole, his eyes full of tears, remembering that immortal, irrepressible outburst of yearning, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings and *ye would not!*"—the poignancy of this plaint wrung Sidney's very soul. And how sweet it seemed to Sidney to steal away from all these questions and questionings, to fall asleep with Vashti's eyes looking, as it seemed to him, deep down into his very soul, seeing the turmoil there and easing it with the balm of her confidence and strength—to awaken with the knowledge that there was something Vashti wished done, something he could do. Thus, whereas the occasions of Sidney's acute headaches had been formerly the only opportunity Vashti had had of experimenting with this new and wonderful force which she so dimly understood, now it was a daily occurrence for Sidney to cast himself down upon the green leather couch and seek from Vashti the gift of sleep.

Thus, gradually, surely, Vashti won an ascendancy over this man which made him in every sense her tool. Happily she did not know the full ex-

tent of her power. But if knowledge is power, certainly power brings knowledge, and thus it was that ere long Vashti was turning over in her mind the different ways and manners in which she could apply this power of hers. Thus equipped with her own unflinching resolution and having the energy of a second person at her command, Vashti brooded over her plans.

The night after Mabella's visit to Ann Serrup, Lanty was at home, and seated before the open door, was coaxing plaintive melodies from out the old fiddle, which having been regarded as a godless and profane instrument for several generations in his father's family had at last fallen upon happy days and into appreciative hands, for Lanty Lansing could bring music out of any instrument although, of course, he had never been taught a note. The old fiddle under Lanty's curving bow whispered and yearned and moaned and pleaded—the dusk fell and still he played on and on—till Mabella, having put Dorothy to bed, came out to sit upon the door-step before his chair, resting her head against his knee. The fiddle was put down. For a little the two sat in silence. Afterwards the scene came back to them and helped them when they had sore need.

"Lanty," said Mabella, "will you do something for me to-morrow?"

"What is it?"

"Oh Lanty!" reproachfully.

"Of course I'll do it; but I can't, can I, unless I have some slight idea."

"Well, you are right there," she said; "I thought you were going to object! Well, you know Ann Serrup?"

"I know her, yes; a precious bad lot she is too!" Lanty's face clouded.

"Lanty, dear, wasn't that just a man's word? She's a woman, you know, and Lanty, I've been to see her, and it's all so forlorn; and she's so—so—oh Lanty! And Vashti was there and she asked if her baby was *deformed*, fancy that! And it was the poor little scraps of clothes which made the child look queer. But it was the sort of queerness which makes you cry, and Lanty, I said I would send her some

patterns, and you'll take them over to-morrow morning, won't you?"

"But, girlie," he began; just then Dorothy gave a sleepy cry.

Lanty and Mabella rose as by one impulse and went into the twilight of the room where the child's cot was. But their baby slept serenely and smiled as she slept.

"The angels are whispering to her," said Mabella. The old sweet mother fable which exists in all lands.

"Yes," said Lanty. A tremor shaking his heart as he wondered why this heaven of wife and child was his.

As they passed into the other room they saw the child's clothes upon a chair in a soft little heap like a nest; and all at once there rushed over Mabella's tender heart all the misery of that other mother, and before Lanty knew it, Mabella was in his arms crying as if her heart would break.

"Oh Lanty, Lanty," she sobbed; "think of poor Ann Serrup! When her baby cries in the night who goes with her to look after it?"

"There, there," said Lanty, searching distractedly for soothing arguments; "don't, Mabella, don't; I'll take the traps over first thing in the morning." And presently Mabella was comforted, and peace rested like a dove upon the roof-tree.

So early next morning Lanty departed with the parcel. In due time he arrived before the little house. The house door stood open—humbly eager to be entered. Early as it was Ann was up, and came to the door looking neat and tidy. She took the parcel with the undisguised eagerness of a child. Lanty turned away, letting his horse walk down the lane-like road. He was not much given to theorizing; a good woman was a good one, a bad one a bad one in his estimation, but this morning he found himself puzzling uneasily over the whys and wherefores. It is an old, old puzzle, and like the conundrum of Eternity has baffled all generations, since the patriarch of Uz set forth that one vessel is created to honour and another to dishonour. So Lanty found no solution, and was

tightening his reins to lift his horse into a gallop when he heard someone calling, and turning, saw Ann speeding in pursuit. She reached him somewhat blown and decidedly incoherent as to speech.

"She has sent the yoke pattering, and a white apron and heaps of things! There aint nothing but real lady in Mis' Lansing! Sakes! I wisht the preacher's wife could see Reub now! I'll take him to church next Sunday and if he squalls I can't help it. And here—take this and keep it—and don't let him harm me, will you? And I never meant no harm to you personnel, but he was forever pestering me, and he said he was coming over early this morning for 'em, and for me to sign 'em; but Lor! I didn't have no ink—and don't tell Mis' Lansing, she's a lovely lady, and I didn't mean no harm, and he said there wouldn't be no law business, because you'd give me heaps of money, 'cause being as you drank, people would believe anything of you; and Lor! hear that baby! Mind you don't tell Mis' Lansing"—with which Ann turned and fled back to console her child. Lanty, much mystified, opened the thin packet of papers. An instant's scrutiny sent him into a blind mad rage, which made him curse aloud in a way not good to hear.

For before him, writ fairly forth in black and white, was a horrible and utterly baseless accusation, purporting to be sworn to by Ann Serrup, and witnessed by Hemans, the machine agent of Brixton.

The witness had signed his name prematurely before the testator, and had written faintly in pencil "sign here" for Ann's benefit and guidance.

Lanty gathered the impert of the papers and put them securely in his pocket.

He was just opposite a thicket of wild plums, shooting up through them was a slim and lithe young hickory. Lanty flung the roan's bridle over a fence fork, cut the young hickory, and remounting went on his way. Only he turned away from Dole, and proceeded

slowly towards Brixton, and presently, just as he entered the shadow of Ab Ranger's wood by the roadside, he saw a blaze-faced sorrel appear round the bend and he rejoiced, for he knew that his enemy was given into his hand. . . .

Hemans was sorely bruised when Lanty flung him from him with a final blow and a final curse. He tossed aside the short fragment of the young hickory which remained in his grasp.

Lanty's fury had lent him strength, and he had well-nigh fulfilled the promise made in the first generosity of rage to thrash Hemans "within an inch of his life."

"And now," said Lanty, addressing Hemans with a few words unavailable for quotation. "And now, open your lips if you dare! If you so much as mention my name, I'll cram the words and your teeth down your throat. Remember, too, that I have something in my pocket which would send you where you'd have less chance to prowl. And, mind you, don't try to take it out of Ann Serrup. If you do I'll finish your business once for all. Paugh! Vermin like you should be knocked on the head out of hand. If I stay I'll begin on you again —." Lanty swung himself up on the roan.

"Don't make any mistake as to my intentions," he called over his shoulder. "I've given you one warning, but you won't get two."

Hemans lay groaning upon the ground, and just about that time Ann, having dressed her baby in the white pinafore Mabella had sent, came to her door and, leaning against it, looked forth at the morning.

She thought of Hemans and the papers.

"The fat's in the fire now," she said, smiling inanely, divided between vague curiosity over the outcome and gratification over the baby's appearance in its new finery.

Lanty had given Hemans salutary punishment, but his heart sickened within him.

He knew what a leech Hemans would have proved if he had once gotten a

hold upon him, and if he had refused to be blackmailed.

Lanty knew well with what insidious, untraceable persistency a scandal springs and grows and spreads in the country. He knew how hard it is to kill, how difficult to locate, like trying to catch mist in one's hands. He had heard often that wicked proverb which says, "Where there's smoke there must be some fire." A man has often self-possession to extricate himself from a danger, the retrospect of which makes him nearly die of fear. And so it was with Lanty, as there grew upon him the sense of what a calamity might have overtaken him.

How Mabella might have been tortured by this horrible falsehood. Mabella, his wife, who blushed still like the girl that she was! It was a very tender greeting he gave wife and child when he reached home, and he made Mabella very happy by his account of Ann's delight over her gift. And then he strode off to his fields, and all day long he remembered two things—that Mabella's charity to the poor disgraced girl had already brought its blessing back to the giver, and that one phrase of Ann's, "being as you drank."

Lanty had never realized fully before what he was doing. But his eyes opened. He could look forward to the future, but the thought of the past gave him a sense of helplessness which made his heart ache.

With every honest effort of his hands that day he registered a vow. The peril he had escaped had opened his eyes to the other dangers which threatened the heaven, which he had thought he possessed so securely, of wife and child.

The real purification of Lanty's life from the sporadic sin which had beset him took place that day as he worked in his fields, but his friends and neighbours always thought the change dated from another day a few weeks later.

For although we have learned our lesson well, yet Destiny, like a careful schoolmaster, takes us by the hand, and leading us over sharp flints and

through thorny thickets, revises the teachings of our sufferings.

CHAPTER XIII.

Three days after Lanty's interview with Hemans, Mabella paid a visit to Vashti.

Sally, grown in stature if not in grace, promptly carried off Dorothy, and the two cousins sat down opposite each other in the dainty room which served as a sitting-room and drawing-room in the Dole parsonage.

There was a great contrast between the two women; despite the beauty and hauteur of Vashti's face there was a shadow of ineffable sadness upon it. Life was none too sweet upon her lips.

The seed sown in barren mullein meadow had brought forth a harvest of bitter herbs—wormwood and rue, smart-weed and nettles.

Shadowing her eyes was the vague, ever-present unrest of those who do battle with spectres of the mind; there is no expression more pitiful, because it speaks of unending warfare. But upon her brow there shone the majesty of an unconquered will; she had not been bent beneath the knee of man's authority, nor ground into the mire by poverty's iron heel, nor bowed beneath the burden of physical pain.

She was in some strange way suggestive of the absolute entity of the individual.

Human ties and relationships seemed, when considered in connection with her, no more than the fragments of the wild vine, which, having striven to bind down the branches of the oak, has been torn from its roots by the merciless vigour of the branch to which it clung, and left to wither without sustenance.

Now and then against the background of The Times there stands forth one figure sublimely alone, superimposed upon the fabric of his generation in splendid isolation—a triumphant individualized *ego*.

It is almost impossible to study and comprehend these individuals in their relations to others, the sweep of impulse and energy, the imperious flood

of passion, the tumultuous tide of life which animates their being and stimulates their actions is so different from the sluggish, well-regulated stream whose current controls their contemporaries.

They *must* be regarded as individuals; adown the vista of the world's perspective we see them, splendid, but eternally alone in the centre of the stage, brilliant and brief, like the passing of a meteor coming from chaos, going—alas! almost inevitably—to tragedy; leaving a luminous trail to which trembling shades creep forth to light feeble lamps of imitation, by which to trace the footsteps of the Great Unknown.

But we never understand these people, who, great in their good or evil, baffle us always—defying the scalpel which would fain anatomize them—now and then, as by revelation, we catch a glimpse of their purpose, a hint of their significance, but when we would fix the impression it eludes us as the living sunshine mocks at the palette of the painter, and spends itself royally upon the roof-trees of peasants, when we would wish to fix it forever in unfading pigments and hang it upon the walls of kings' palaces.

In her degree Vashti Lansing was one of these baffling ones.

Compared with her cousin Mabella she was like a beautiful impressionistic picture beside a carefully designed mosaic.

The one compound of daring and imagination, gorgeous in colour, replete with possibilities if barren of achievement, offending against every canon, yet suggesting a higher cult than the criticism which condemns it; the other typical of the most severe and elaborated convention, executed in narrow limits, yet charming by its delicacy and stability, an exponent of the most formal design, yet winning admiration for the conscientiousness with which its somewhat meagre possibilities have been materialized.

Yet Mabella Lansing's face was eloquent.

It was composite of all the pure elements of womanhood—the womanhood

which loves and bears and suffers but does not soar. In her eyes was the soft fire of conjugal and maternal love. With the tender, near-sighted gaze of the homemaker her eyes were bent upon the simple joys and petty pains of everyday life.

Upon her countenance there shone a tender joyousness, veiled but not extinguished by a certain piteous apprehension; indeed, there was much of appeal in Mabella's face, and bravery too—the bravery of the good soldier who faces death because of others' quarrels and faults.

But above all it was the face of the Mother.

Surely no one would dispute the fact that motherhood is the crowning glory of woman, the great holy miracle of mankind; but while it is impious to deny this, it is unreasonable and absurd to say that for all women it is the highest good.

There are different degrees of holiness; even the angels differ one from the other in glory; why, then, should the same crown be thought to fit all women?

The golden diadem may be more precious, but shall we deny royalty to the crown of wild olive or to the laurel wreath?

The mother is the pole-star of the race, but there are other stars which light up the dark places; why should their lonely radiance be scoffed at?

Women such as Mabella Lansing are the few chosen out of the many called.

There was in her that intuitive and exquisite motherliness which all the ethics on earth cannot produce. A simple and not brilliant country girl, she yet had a sense of responsibility in regard to her child which elucidated to her all the problems of heredity.

It is probable that she was a trifle too much impressed with her importance as a mother, that she had rather too much contempt for childless women, but that is an attitude which is universal enough to demand forgiveness—it seems to come with the mother's milk—yet it is an unlovely thing, and whilst

bowing the head in honest admiration of every mother, rich or poor, honest or shamed, one would wish to whisper sometimes to them that there are other vocations not lacking in potentialities for good.

"What a lovely house you have, Vashti!" said Mabella, irrepressible admiration in her voice, a hint of housewifely envy in her eyes.

"Yes, it is very comfortable," said Vashti, with a perfectly unaffected air of having lived in such rooms all her days.

"Comfortable!" echoed Mabella; then remembering her one treasure which outweighed all these things, she added, a little priggishly: "It's a good thing there are no babies here to pull things about."

Vashti smiled in quiet amusement.

"What's the news in the village?" she asked. "You know a minister's wife never hears anything."

Mabella brightened. Good little Mabella had a healthful interest in the social polity of the world in which she lived, and Vashti's disdain of the village gossip had sometimes been considerable of a trial to her. Vashti usually treated "news" with an indifference which was discouragingly repressive, but to-day she seemed distinctly amiable, and Mabella proceeded to improve the opportunity.

"Well," she said, "the village is just simply all stirred up about Temperance's quarrel with Mrs. Ranger. I always knew Temperance couldn't abide Mrs. Ranger, but I never thought she'd give way and say things, but they do say that the way Temperance talked was just something awful. I wasn't there; it was at the sewing circle, and for the life of me I can't find out what started it, but, anyhow, Temperance gave Mrs. Ranger a regular setting out. I asked Temperance about it, but the old dear was as cross as two sticks and wouldn't tell me a thing. So I suppose it was something about Nathan. Young Ab Ranger has got three cross-bar gates making at Nathan's shop, and they've been done these three days, and he has never

gone for them ; he's fixing up the place at a great rate. I suppose you know about him and Minty Smilie? Mrs. Smilie's going about saying Ab isn't good enough for Minty; and they say Mrs. Ranger is just worked up about it. I wouldn't be at all surprised if matters came to a head one of these days, and Ab and Minty just went over to Brixton and came back married"—suddenly Mabella arrested her speech, and a more earnest expression sweetened her mouth. "Vashti," she resumed, "there is something I wanted to ask you. Ann Serrup sent me word that she was coming to church next Sunday, and I want you to speak to Sidney and get him to preach one of his lovely helpful sermons for her. I'm sure he will if you ask him. Something to brace her up and comfort her, and, Vashti—I'm awfully sorry for her." Mabella paused, rather breathlessly and a little red, "one never knew exactly where one was" with Vashti, as Temperance was fond of saying.

For a fleeting instant during Mabella's little recital Vashti's eyes had contracted in almost feline fashion, but she replied very suavely,

"I'll tell Sidney, but, well—you know I never interfere in the slightest with his sermons."

"Oh, no," said Mabella with really excessive promptitude ; "Oh, no, you wouldn't dare do that."

"Of course not," said Vashti with so much of acquiescence in her voice that it was almost mocking.

"I know how men think of these things," continued Mabella with the calm front of one thoroughly acquainted with the world and its ways. "But Sidney is different ; he is so good, so gentle, and he seems to know just how one feels"—a reminiscent tone came to Mabella's voice, she recalled various hours when she had needed comfort sorely and had found it in the gracious promises Sidney held out to his listeners. "It is a great comfort to me," she went on ; "lately it has seemed to me as if he just held up the thoughts of my own heart and showed

me where I was strong and where lay my weakness." Mabella arrested herself with an uncomfortable knowledge that Vashti was smiling, but when Vashti spoke a silky gentleness made her voice suave.

"I will tell Sidney what you say, and no doubt he will preach with a special thought of you and Ann Serrup."

"Well, I'm glad I spoke of it," said Mabella ; "I wasn't sure how you'd take it."

Vashti continued to smile serenely, as one who recognizes and understands cause for uncertainty. Her gaze was attracted to the window.

"Look !" she said suddenly.

Passing in plain view of the window was a most extraordinary figure. A creature with a face blacker than any Ethiopian, surmounted by a shock of fair hair—this individual was further adorned by the skirt of a bright blue dress, which, being made for a grown-up woman, dragged a foot or so on the ground behind ; about the neck was a pink silk tie, showing signs of contact with the black, which was evidently not "fast ;" above her head she held a parasol bordered with wide cotton lace—thus caparisoned Sally paced it forth for the amusement of little Dorothy, who tottered upon her legs by reason of the violence of her laughter. Surrounding the pair, and joining apparently in the amusement, were the two dachshund puppies (Sidney's latest importation to Dole), the collie, who followed with the sneaking expression of one who enjoys a *risque* joke, (and yet he could not forbear biting surreptitiously at the dragging flounces as they passed,) and little Jim Shinar who followed in a trance-like state of wide-eyed fascination. He lived nearer to the parsonage than any other child, and between the evil fascination which Sally exerted over him and the dread of finding himself within the gates of a man "who spoke out loud in church," Jim's life was oppressed with continual resistance to temptation, but he had frequent falls from grace, for Sally could do more things with her mouth

and eyes than eat and see, indeed her capabilities in the line of facial expression were never exhausted, and there was a weirdness about her grimaces which fascinated older children than poor round-faced little Jim.

Sally peacocked it up and down before her admiring satellites, until suddenly there rang through the parsonage a vigorous expression uttered in a rich brogue, and at the same instant a large, red-faced woman rushed out of the kitchen door and appeared round the corner of the house.

Sally arrested her parade, paused, showed an inclination to flee, paused again, then with a gibe for which she dived back into her Blueberry Ally vocabulary, fled from the irate (work-lady) who had unwittingly furnished forth the fine feathers in which Sally was strutting. Mary promptly gave chase, and that too with an agility which her bulk belied. The area of the hunting ground was not very great, being bounded by the prim palings of the little garden, but no landscape gardener ever made more of his space than did Sally. She doubled and turned and twisted, and eluded Mary's grasp by a hand-breadth as she darted under her outstretched arms, but Sally was very unwise, for she used her breath in taunts and gibes, whilst Mary pursued the dishonoured flounces of her Sunday gown in a silence which was the more ominous because of her wonted volubility.

Sally was getting slightly winded, and was wishing she could get the gate open and give Mary a straightaway lead, but she had her doubts of the gate, sometimes it opened and sometimes it didn't. Sally knew if it was obstinate that her fate was sealed; she was casting about for another means of escape when her adherents began to take a share in the proceedings. First, little Jim Shinar, standing rooted to the spot, saw the chase descending upon him; Sally dodged him, but Mary was too close behind and too eager for her prey to change her route quickly, so she charged into him and went over like a shot. Jim gave a howl, and

Mary gathered herself up, and, breaking silence for the first time, ordered him home in a way not fit for ears polite, and then resumed the chase; but the dachshunds, seeing their playmate little Jim in the thick of it, concluded that there might be fun in it for them also, and promptly precipitated themselves upon Mary in a way which impeded her progress so much that Sally was able to make the gate and get it half open before Mary shook herself free, but when she did she came like a whirlwind towards the gate, cheered on by the collie, whose excitement had at last slipped the collar and vented itself in sharp barks. Sally whisked through the gate but Mary was at her heels. Sally felt the breath of the open, and knew if she escaped Mary's first sprint that she was safe. So with a derisive taunt she sprang forward, jubilant, but alas, in the excitement of the crisis Sally let go her hold of the long skirt, which immediately fell about her heels, and in an instant the chase was ended, for Mary, panting, blown, and enraged beyond expression, was on Sally in a second, and fell with her as the long skirt laid her low—the dachshunds arrived a little later, and the collie, seduced by their evil example, threw decorum to the winds, and seizing an end of the bright flounce where it fluttered under the angry clutch of Mary, he tugged at it with might and main, and this was the scene which greeted Sidney, as, returning from his walk, he approached his own gate.

He had met a herald of the war in the person of little Jim Shinar, who was fleeing home as fast as his sturdy legs would carry him, crying at the same time from pure bewilderment.

A word and a small coin healed all little Jim's hurts, and Sidney proceeded, wondering what had frightened the child, whom he was used to seeing about the kitchen or in Sally's wake when she went errands.

Now, as was recorded afterwards in Dole, Sidney conducted himself under these trying circumstances with a seeming forgetfulness of his ministerial dignity which was altogether in-

explicable, for, instead of immediately putting the offenders to open shame, he laughed, and even slapped his leg (so rumour said, though this was doubted), and called to the dachshunds, who were amusing themselves demolishing Mary's coiffure, in a way which savoured more of encouragement than rebuke.

It is hard to live up to "what is expected of us," and for once the Dole preacher was disappointing — but, nevertheless, his presence brought the peace which he should have commanded. For Sally's unregenerate soul owned one reverence, one love—for her master she would have cut off her right hand. To have him see her thus! There was a violent upheaval in the struggling mass, then Sally was free of it and speeding towards the house at a rate which suggested that her former efforts had not been her best. Mary gathered herself up and seeing Sidney, by this time outwardly grave, standing looking at her, she too made for the house, and Sidney was left, still very stupefied, gazing upon the two dachshunds, which, suddenly finding themselves deprived of amusement, fell upon each other with a good will which proved them fresh in the field.

Sidney entered the house where Mabella and Vashti waited laughing.

Sidney was very pleased to see his wife's face irradiate with girlish laughter. She had been so grave and quiet of late that his loving heart had ached over it. Was she not happy, this beautiful wife of his?

She had a far keener appreciation of the real humour of the situation than had Mabella, and when her husband entered her eyes danced a welcome. He was enthralled by the sight, and was more than glad to give Mary the price of two dresses to mend her flounces and her temper. Nor did he rebuke Sally too severely for the unauthorized loan she had levied upon Mary's wardrobe. He knew Sally had been sufficiently punished by his appearance. Mabella had rescued Dorothy at the first alarm, and the child had looked upon the whole proceeding

as an amiable effort upon Mary's part to amuse her.

Shortly after Sidney's arrival Mabella departed, having enjoyed her visit greatly, and Lanty and she spent an hour that evening listening to Dorothy, as, with lisping baby tongue and inadequate vocabulary, she endeavoured to describe how Sally had blackened her face with blacklead to amuse her.

That night Sidney sat alone in his study; his shuttered window was open, and, between the slats, the moths and tiny flying creatures of the night came flitting in. Soon his student lamp was nimbused by a circle of fluttering wings. Now and then an unusually loud hum distracted his attention from the loose-paged manuscripts before him, and he laid them down to rescue some moth, which, allured too near the light, had gotten within dangerous proximity to the flame.

These poor, half-scorched creatures he sent fluttering forth into the night again, yet, in spite of this, several lay dead upon the green baize below the student lamp; others walked busily about in the circle of light cast by the lamp-shade upon the table, and presently he put aside all pretence of work and watched them with curious kindly eyes.

His heart, that great tender heart which was forever bleeding for others, whilst its own grievous wound was all unhealed, went out even to these aimless creatures of a day.

Surely some leaven of the divine Eternal Pity wrought in the clay of this man's humanity, making it quick with a higher life than that breathed by his nostrils.

"Not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivelled in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain,"

he said to himself, and then before his watching eyes there seemed to be mimicked forth all the brave-hearted struggle of humanity towards the light, which, alas! too often scorched and blasted those nearest to it. Well, was it better, he wondered, to have

endured and known the full radiance for an instant, even if the moment after the wings were folded forever, or was it wiser to be content upon the dimmer plane as those little creatures were who ran about upon the table-top instead of striving upward to the light? But happily, as he looked at these latter ones, his attention was diverted from the more painful problem, as his eyes, always delicately sensitive to the beauty of little things, dwelt with delight upon the exquisite, fragile little creatures.

How marvellously their delicate wings were poised and proportioned! Some had the texture of velvet, and some the sheen of satin; and nature out of sheer extravagance had touched them with gold and powdered them with silver. And did ever lord or lady bear a plume so daintily poised as those little creatures bore their delicate *antennæ*? And presently a white creature fluttered in from the bosom of the darkness, a large albino moth with a body covered with white fur and two fern-like *antennæ*; white as a snow-flake it rested upon the green baize.

Just then Vashti entered, coming up to his table in her stately fashion.

"How foolish you are to sit with your window open," she said. "Don't you know that the light attracts all those insects?"

Sidney had risen when his wife entered the room. He was almost courtly in his politeness to her. But it was so natural for him to be courteous that all little formalities were graceful as he observed them.

As he rose he knocked down a book. He stooped to pick it up; as he straightened himself he saw Vashti's hand upraised to strike the white moth.

"Oh, Vashti! don't! don't!" he cried, irrepressible pain in his voice; but the blow had fallen.

The moth fluttered about dazedly, trying to escape the shadow of the upraised hand; there was a powdery white mark on the green baize table-

top where the first blow had fallen upon it, maiming it without killing it outright.

Sidney's face grew pale as death.

"Oh, Vashti! Vashti!" he cried again. "Do not kill it, there is so much room in the world."

He gathered the half-crushed creature, which would never fly again, into a tender hollowed palm, and, opening the shutter, put it forth to die in the darkness from whence it had been drawn by the glimmer of his lamp.

Alas! alas! how many wounded and maimed have been cast forth to die in the darkness from out which their aspirations had drawn them to receive their death wounds. Sidney came back to his table, a sick pain at his heart.

Presently Vashti put her arms about his head, and drawing it back upon her breast, placed her cool finger tips upon his eyes.

He accepted the mute apology with swift responsive tenderness. And as she held him thus the woman's weakness, latent even in her, forced itself to the surface for a moment.

"You suffer for every little thing," she said. "I can only feel when my very soul is torn."

He felt two tears fall upon his face; he drew her towards him; she sank beside his chair upon her knees, and he pressed her head against his breast, and she submitted to the caress and rested upon him in a sort of weary, content as one who pauses upon a hard journey; he put down his face till it leaned upon her hair, and thus, so near together that heart beat against heart, so far apart that the cry of the one soul died and was lost ere it reached the other, they remained for long, whilst before them the silver lamp and its white flame grew dimmer and dimmer, as its light was obscured by the shimmering veil of tiny creatures who danced about it.

Oh, piteous allegory! Can it indeed be that by our very efforts to find Truth we hide its radiance from others?

To be continued.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

IT has been customary to couple Paul Kruger's name with such epithets as cunning, wily, astute, but either he has got credit in the past for greater insight than he possesses or age is dulling the acuteness of his perceptions. We must suppose that he went to Bloemfontein duly impressed with the gravity of his mission. He should have been fully aware of the tremendous importance of patching up an agreement of some kind with Sir Alfred Milner. An agreement to grant concessions to the Outlanders then would have had the air of being freely granted, and they would have been less onerous than those which will now be imposed by pressure or force. He does not even stand firm, for no sooner had he separated from Sir Alfred than he began surrendering in face of the evident resentment which the failure of the negotiations aroused.

It may be said that this is policy on the old man's part—that it was necessary in order to convince the burghers that concessions must be made. This must mean that he is willing that his little State should be humiliated rather than that he should bear the odium of a wise and timely recession. As matters now stand, the career of a trusted and distinguished public servant and the career of a powerful British minister have become implicated in the affair and a break-down on the British side has become almost impossible. There can be no question that Mr. Kruger could have secured the acceptance of smaller concessions before he left the negotiation chamber

than now when Sir Alfred Milner has made his report and Mr. Chamberlain has taken his stand on it. It did not require a very astute man to see that if Sir Alfred and he parted company without having come to any agreement, the Home Government would either have to back up the position of their envoy or disavow him. As he was specially chosen and instructed for the task of settling the South African troubles the latter contingency was most remote.

The event shows that the Colonial Minister is prepared to back up his delegate to the fullest extent, and the movement of troops to South Africa, the despatch of officers to organize the local defence of adjoining British territory, indicates that Mr. Chamberlain's colleagues have accepted his view. It



DRAWING BY W. GOODE AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH.

PAUL KRUGER.

is difficult to understand the process of reasoning of those good, easy souls who have persuaded themselves that the trouble will be settled without war. Whether there will or will not be a conflict lies wholly within the decision of the Transvaal Republic. The burghers apparently flatter themselves that they would come out of the encounter triumphant. The President leaves it open to us to assume that even he harbours such a hallucination. If he does, it furnishes further proof that astuteness is not the prime characteristic of his mental make-up.

To say this is not to decide the merits of the controversy. It must be said that the position of Britain in South Africa is most unfortunate. The crushing of the Boers will not be a feat of which a decent Englishman will be inclined to boast, and yet it will be the largest contract they have undertaken since the Crimean war. An enterprise in which there will be plenty of knocks and no glory is one that people do not rush into with pleasure. Cecil Rhodes, a shallow boomster, who seems to have dazzled a section of the English public by appearing among them in the character of Monte Cristo, delivered the whole case into Kruger's hands. Had the latter possessed the wisdom with which he is credited, he would have made considerable concessions to the Outlanders soon after the smashing of Jameson, but he let that golden opportunity for gracious but inexpensive concessions go by, and through lack of a proper estimate of events he has frittered away the whole of the tremendous advantages which the stupidity of Rhodes and Co. delivered into his hands. The question what business is it of Englishmen how the Boers conduct their domestic affairs may be answered by other questions as to what business Englishmen had with the Italians struggling for a united Italy, with the Greeks groaning under the Turkish yoke, with the slaughtered Armenians, with the Cuban hiding in the tropic jungle. It is the nature of

the beast to side with the oppressed, and when these are his own brothers, as in this case, his sympathy is likely to be still more active and aggressive.

One of the oddest things which the movement for holding a peace conference produced was the copartnership between the Czar and Editor Stead. The latter acted as the advance agent, so to speak, of his Imperial Majesty's great attraction. The copartnership was about as incongruous as would be an alliance between the Llama of Thibet and an American drummer. This is said in no spirit of hostility to Mr. Stead. Those who do not like him—and such a perfervid spirit naturally sets the teeth of certain persons on edge—would have us believe that he is merely a notoriety hunter and therefore insincere. No greater mistake could be made. While Mr. Stead may not be averse to attracting attention to himself, the basis of his character is a moral enthusiasm with which he has the faculty of infecting others. It vitiates his judgment and good taste at times, but the only people who make no mistakes are those good people who sit in the centre of their household gods with hands folded determined that they shall never be guilty of any conduct which would be a departure from good form.

The only criticism that can be urged against that attitude is that it seldom results in good to any human being outside the narrow pale of that particular household. Mr. Stead is the son of a Congregational clergyman and evidently has the Puritan earnestness and energy largely developed in him. When his mind and soul have seized on some fitting subject he will not reject the services of a big drum and pair of cymbals if he deems that they are necessary to attract the people's attention to it. In this respect he may be said to have imported into political and social questions the method that Barnum perfected in the show business and that General Booth adopted in the name of religion.

Mr. Stead's services to the Peace Conference were invaluable. He made it certain that Britain would take a hearty part in it and with the chief autocracy at one pole and the chief democracy at the other there was plenty of room between for all the other ocracies of Europe. It is said that the Conference has accomplished nothing and will accomplish nothing. That such a meeting has come together at all is a tremendous stride. It will at least set the subjects of the various potentates thinking, and war will hereafter have to justify itself before a cooler and more enlightened jury than it has hitherto encountered. All the arguments which we hear about the impossibility of doing away with war used to be employed with reference to duelling. But in the countries where duelling has been abandoned, absolutely none of the dire evils that were predicted have appeared. Men are not more prone to give offence than they were. The national stock of courage has by no means disappeared or even been diminished.

There do not appear to be any more obstacles in the way of Australian Federation. New South Wales, the chief of the antipodean colonies, has fallen into line and a union seems assured. Some pessimistic people ask how much better off are they, and point out that the union instead of promoting trade within the Empire will, on the other hand, by raising the general tariff rate of New South Wales actually make it more difficult. Whether this be so or not, the colonies on the island-continent will at least be able to take down the bars as between themselves. The non-intercourse theory was carried so far there that colonies lying side by side adopted different gauges for their railways, so that they could not even



W. T. STEAD.

The Editor of the English "Review of Reviews," and one of the men most instrumental in making the Peace Conference a reality

interchange cars. The Dominion will have to look to her laurels now that there is within the Empire the Commonwealth of Australia.

Already in the United States the two parties are beginning to anticipate the presidential struggle, which is due a little over a year hence. Mr. Bryan still seems to be the darling of the preponderating element of the Democratic party, but if one is justified in looking so far ahead his prospects are by no means rosy. Free silver is a deadlier issue than it was in 1896. If good times continue until next fall the ranks of the dissatisfied will not be as formidable as they were four years ago. Anti-expansion is a doubtful plank. The campaign against trusts is more promising although it, also, is based on fallacious reasoning. At this distance the Republicans look like winners.

John A. Ewan.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THAT Canada's progress during the fiscal year ending June 30th has been phenomenal is amply proven by the fact that the revenue was forty-four millions as compared with thirty-eight millions in 1897-8. The increase in the custom duties alone is three-and-a-half millions, although the rates are about one per cent. lower than during the previous year. The only bitter in this sweet is that the Government has seen fit to increase its expenditure even more than this expansion in revenue.

✱

The Dominion Parliament is still in session, and will probably remain at work until well into August. Considerable progress has been made with the Redistribution Bill, and there is every prospect that its fate will be known by August 1st. The other bone of contention, the Bill to provide for the purchase of the Drummond County Railway and give the Intercolonial Railway an entrance into Montreal is almost through both houses. The opposition to it has been overcome by judicious yielding on the part of the Government.

✱

Although it has been shown that some of the Government officials sent into the Yukon were allowed to obtain an interest in a few mining claims, and that the Government might have been better served in one or two instances, it must be acknowledged that not much has been brought forth to substantiate the charges made by the *London Times* and by the Canadian Opposition. Mr. Ogilvie's inquiry shows that no charges of corrupt conduct have been proven. That there were a few corrupt acts seems quite evident; but, while unjustifiable, they were not numerous or

important. No official can now stake a claim or acquire an interest in one, and this should always have been the rule. It was not, however; and the result of neglecting to enforce the rule must have given the Minister of Interior a number of troubled hours. On the whole, however, the honourable gentleman has come through the ordeal fairly well, though perhaps not with increased public respect.

From an outsider's point of view, it would seem that the Government of Sir Wilfrid Laurier has not been well advised in refusing to grant a judicial investigation. Had the ruling authorities acceded to this request of the Opposition, there would have been no reason to believe that the Government had a desire to conceal anything.

✱

When the House requested a few days ago that the ballots and papers in two recent bye-elections be produced and placed before the special committee which deals with such matters, Sir Wilfrid Laurier was more judicious and gracious. He consented in spite of the rather discourteous and tantalizing remarks used by Sir Charles Tupper in backing up Mr. Borden's request.

It is well that these two elections should be thoroughly investigated. The recent trial connected with the provincial bye-election in West Elgin has shown that the political machine extended its operations farther than a mere attempt to bring out the voters. Ballots were tampered with, and returns were out of harmony with the will of the people. The revelations were only partial, because the member-elect resigned his seat before the trial; but enough evidence was given to show

that the Liberal party in Ontario won some of its bye-elections with the assistance of men to whom the ballot was not sacred. This must tend to weaken the enviable position which that party has held in the esteem of the Ontario public, and unless counteracted will probably lead to a defeat at the next general election.

Personally, Premier Hardy is a careful administrator and a fair-minded legislator, but he cannot maintain his position on the Treasury benches if he allows the party workers to tamper with the expressed will of those who exercise the suffrage. Ontario is not New York. Croker methods will not go in this country, because our people are essentially fair-minded, besides being thoroughly British in their ideas of honesty.

✱

It is pleasing to note that the Canadian Government, assisted by the other colonial Governments, has sufficient influence with the London authorities to induce them to reconsider their position with regard to the Pacific cable. Great Britain has now consented to guarantee five-eighths of the cost, and the project will now be carried out. This cable means much for the Empire, and considerable for Canada and Australia. It tends to a consolidation of the Empire, and means that Canada's splendid isolation will be less apparent than ever. Sir Sanford Fleming and Lord Strathcona have done a good work in this connection, and the Canadian people will not overlook their valuable services.

✱

It is doubtful even yet whether the Joint High Commission to settle the disputes between Canada and the United States will meet again. The latest reports indicate that London (as advised by Ottawa) and Washington cannot agree on a *modus vivendi*, or on such preliminaries as will allow the Alaskan Boundary Question to be referred to arbitration. It is to be hoped, in the interests of Anglo-Saxon unity and general amity that some compromise can be reached. But, if the

United States is not willing to meet us in the matter, then we must wait until such time as she is, and in the meantime keep our powder-pans well filled. We are not Filipinos, and neither are we Spaniards; we are Anglo-Saxons, and men of the northern breed. The day has passed when our interests were of so little importance that they made a useful sacrifice in the interest of British diplomacy. The day has also passed when smart United States lawyers are able to take something from Canada to which they have no claim.

✱

Occasionally we do find it necessary to adopt the attitude of "an integral part of the Empire." As a sacrifice in the interests of British diplomatic relations, the Dominion Government has disallowed an act of the British Columbia Government which prohibited Chinese and Japanese immigration. At the time of making this announcement, Sir Wilfrid Laurier also intimated that the tax on Chinese immigrants would be raised very considerably. It is now \$50. This will probably be increased to \$200 or \$300, the Chinese being much more objectionable than the Japanese. The latter will not be subjected to any tax or restriction which is not imposed on other foreigners. Sir Wilfrid went so far as to intimate that if British Columbia saw fit to pass a bill prohibiting Chinese immigration only, he would not be inclined to press a disallowance. Even if the people of that country believed Japanese immigration to be inimical to their best interests, they must remember that they cannot sing "God save the Queen" and be unprepared to make some sacrifice. With regard to foreign immigration, the Hon. Mr. Sifton made some explanation in the House a few days ago, which is mentioned here because the Department has been strongly censured in these columns for giving too much attention to Galicians and Doukhobors. He pointed out that during 1898, Canada received by ocean ports 11,608 English, Scotch and Irish immigrants; from the United

States 9,119; while during the same period only 5,509 Galicians entered the country. He could not raise the bounties on British immigrants without causing other colonies to do the same, so he must necessarily leave matters as they are at present. He said that the first lot of Galicians was not so good as the later settlers, and that in his opinion the country could assimilate 5,000 Galicians a year for the next twenty years. They were of good physique and willing, like the Doukhobors, to remain on the soil; and their girls were willing to go out to service. He also spoke strongly in favour of the Doukhobors as a class in spite of their refusal to undergo military service.

✱

One of the marked features of the stock market during the past few months has been the steady rise in Canadian Pacific Railway stock. This is an evidence that the investing public has an increased faith in the prosperity of the country and an abiding sense of the careful and energetic management of the Canadian Pacific. It is to be hoped that the rise in stock values does not include a railway policy which shall maintain the present excessive rates in the Northwest.

Sir William Van Horne, an account of whose career we have already published (Vol. VIII, No. 4), has retired from the position of General Manager of this great railway. His successor is Mr. Thomas G. Shaughnessy, whose career has also been told in our pages (Vol. XII, No. 6). Mr. D. McNicoll has been promoted from General Passenger Agent to Assistant General Man-

ager, a position which he is well qualified to fill. The successor of Mr. McNicoll is Mr. Robert Kerr, who was formerly in Winnipeg, and who has seen many years of service with the Company. Mr. C. E. McPherson has been transferred from Toronto to Winnipeg, much to the regret of the Ontario section of the travelling public. His successor, however, is a man from whom much may be expected. Mr. Notman, who is a native of Toronto, but has been for some time in Montreal and St. John, will undoubtedly be as popular in Ontario as assistant general

passenger agent as were Mr. McPherson and Mr. Callo-way. Our artist has made a very good portrait of Mr. Notman for this issue.

✱

As run to-day, both the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific are doing, in many ways, much more for the country than smaller railroads or systems could possibly do. The Grand Trunk is advertising the beauties and sporting opportunities of the Muskoka Lake region; this is leading to tourist

traffic and further settlement. The Grand Trunk has done even more than the Ontario Government in this advertising. The Canadian Pacific has advertised the West with even greater energy than its great rival. The Western Canadian Press Association and the United States National Press Association have been taken over its western line this year. In a few weeks the members of the Canadian Press Association will journey from Montreal to Vancouver by special train.



MR. A. H. NOTMAN.

John A. Cooper.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THIS is the age of specialization. Even writers confine themselves to one set of scenes or one line of literary production. W. W. Jacobs, one of the new stars in the book firmament, has chosen the harbour of London and its characters as a special subject of study. A collection of his tales about the peculiar people to be found about the smaller vessels of the Thames is published under the title of "Many Cargoes." Not only does Mr. Jacobs tell a clever story, but he tells it humorously. It is not the strong, brutal, American humour, but the quaint, suggestive, peaceful humour of the English lower classes. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.)

"The Mandarin," by Carlton Dawe, is also humorous. It is, however, more boisterous in tone and stronger in incident than the foregoing. The scenes are laid in the interior of China, and the leading character is a young Englishman who goes there to visit a missionary who was one of his father's college chums. His experiences with the wily, cunning, treacherous Chinaman are apparently truthful as well as interesting—truthful in that they are indicative of what a Chinaman might be expected to do under certain circumstances. Incidentally the book throws much cold, icy water on the attempt to Christianize the heathen Chinese. (Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.)

Two books of poetry are to hand: "Songs of the Settlement," by Thomas O'Hagan, will not add much to that gentleman's reputation. His themes are well chosen, but his thoughts are decidedly commonplace. His technique is very faulty, showing that his

knowledge of metre and metrical construction is exceedingly limited. His pioneer songs have been surpassed by a number of Canadian poets, but some of his general poems, such as "An Invitation," and "Life and Death," exhibit greater power and some divine afflatus. It is doubtful, however, if Mr. O'Hagan can or ever will be classed with Lampman, Roberts, Campbell, and the Scotts. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

"The Marshlands," by John Fred-eric Herbin, on the other hand, is a remarkably fine collection of descriptive poems and sonnets. The author has studied poetry-making and mastered the art in its details. He has perhaps fallen into the error of following too closely in the path mapped out by Roberts, Carman and Rand. Tantar-amar, Blomidon, Fundy, Grand Pré, and the expulsion of the Acadians, are his main themes. Here is the keynote:

Oh, dykes that are mourning a nation,
That laid you and lifted you high;
Ye fields with your old lamentation,
And the grief that shall live with the sky.

It is an open question if even a just grief may not be made ludicrous by excessive lamentation. But Mr. Herbin is a poet. (Toronto: William Briggs.)

Those making a special study of municipal problems will find much to inform them in the latest issue of that excellent quarterly, "Municipal Affairs" (52 William St., New York). The chief subject of the issue is Urban Taxation, three papers being devoted to different phases of the question.

Those interested in mining education should secure a copy of the Calen-

dar of the School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.



The latest issue in that French series of franc books of science is entitled "Les Grandes Légendes de l'Humanité." The legend of Rama, of Krishna, of Prometheus, of Psyche, of Merlin, "du Juif errant," of Faust, and of Don Juan, are here set forth with a general introduction and several illustrations from famous paintings. (Paris: Schleicher Frères, 15 Rue des Saints Pères.)



It is said that Robert Barr, with the aid of Cosmo Hamilton, is preparing a dramatic version of "Tekla." It may be produced next season in London.



The *Bookman* has this to say about Mr. Kipling in its July issue: It is interesting, when so many pens are busy overhauling Mr. Kipling's literary reputation, to recall Mr. Barrie's early estimate of his illustrious compeer in letters; the first estimate, indeed, if we mistake not, that hailed Mr. Kipling's arrival as an event in literature. When Rudyard Kipling landed in England ten years ago, a youth of twenty-three, with eight books already in his pocket, the "Auld Licht Idylls" had been published a year, and people were taking an expectant interest in "A Window in Thrums." Mr. Barrie had made his name and was sailing into favour on the top of the wave. Six months later his young fellow-craftsman was by his side. *Truth*, and the *World*, in London, were tossing his name to and fro in hot argument as to his pretensions, and Gavin Ogilvy himself was studying the Man from Nowhere in an attitude at once critical and congratulatory. From the very outset Mr. Barrie admired Mr. Kipling. Writing in the *British Weekly* in the early summer of 1890, he declared roundly that no young man of such capacity had appeared in our literature for years, and pronounced him a second Bret Harte. Ten months later, in an article in the *Contemporary Review*, he repeated this

opinion, or at least, one very like it. "It is Mr. Bret Harte that Mr. Kipling most resembles. He, too, uses the lantern flash; Mulvaney would have been at home in Red Gulch, and Mr. Oakhurst in Simla." Further on he adds: "Mr. Kipling has one advantage. He is never theatrical, as Mr. Harte sometimes is. There is more restraint in Mr. Kipling's art. But Mr. Harte is easily first in his drawing of women." This defect of Mr. Kipling's is hinted at in the earlier article. "He has not as yet drawn a lady with much success." Girlhood had proved beyond him. Even Maisie, in "The Light that Failed," was to Mr. Barrie utterly uninteresting—colourless and a nonentity.



Winston Churchill, not Lord Randolph Churchill's son, but a citizen of the United States and for some time assistant editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, is the author of "The Celebrity," and of a newer novel, "Richard Carvel." Another story of his, "Affairs of State," is running in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and will be published early next year. "The Celebrity" was a piece of hasty work, but "Richard Carvel" is the product of four years' labour, and is a work of permanent value. It gives a picture of colonial days in Maryland before the Revolution and apparently is based on hardly-acquired historical data. The book has an old-world flavour as Annapolis, the chief town in Maryland, had in the eighteenth century, in the days of "luxury and laxity." The author has a graceful style which makes his story easy to read, though perhaps it is too soon to accuse him of having the polished style of a Stevenson. This flavour of old colonial society and this graceful style, combined with the almost superabundance of material which the author has collected must make this volume a valuable addition to that short list of American novels which are worth serious attention. (New York: The Macmillan Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co. Illustrated, 540 pp.; paper, 75 cents; cloth \$1.25.)

THE PROVOST DISCOMFITED.

IN the days when Provost Whitaker, the taciturn, the dignified and awe-inspiring, held sway at Trinity College, Toronto, and Dr. Jones was Dean, one of the institutions of undergraduate life was the Saturday morning "levee," as it was called, where the student, whose academic life was not "seemly and in order," was called to account before the faculty. The awe inspired by the grim and learned Provost was of such a character that it affected synods to vote against his appointment as Bishop of the Toronto Diocese on several occasions, and is one of the memories deeply graven in the minds of all old Trinity graduates. Men who bully juries, fight governments and corporations, and rule parishes with fearless words and strong hands, still tremble at the thought of those "levees." But there was an undergraduate, a freshman who had never met the Provost personally, and had been brought up by his mamma, private tutors and such. He had the courage of ignorance. "I am informed Mr. —," said the Provost, in that low-toned masterful voice which brought up thoughts of Archbishop Laud and the State Church, "that you have been absent from lectures, hall and chapel without leave, been out of college at unseemly hours, etc., etc. I am also informed, however, that this is your first term, and that you apparently intend to amend your conduct." The warm-hearted, rotund Dean whispered, "Mr. — was at chapel this morning, Mr. Provost." The grim old Head went on, "I hope, Mr. —, that your attendance at morning chapel

was not prompted altogether by a desire to propitiate our action to-day." "Oh! no, Sir," said the undergraduate, feelingly, "I happened to be up all night playing penny-anti." The Provost resigned shortly afterwards and accepted the rectory of Tunbridge Wells in England.

C. L. S.

KAH-MEES-CHET-OO-KEE-HEW-UP'S
RIDE.

"Kah-mees - chet - oo - kee - hew - up !
Will you ride a fine horse, once ? "

The Cree chief looked at the handsome black mare that the Chief Factor was leading toward him. Then he called to one of his men.

"Bring me my painted buffalo-robe, and my bow and feathered arrows ! " he said.

He folded the robe about his waist, took the bow and, mounting, rode back some distance along the trail which led from the old Fort out past his camp and far on to the south, where buffalo beyond numbering fattened on the rich grass. He would "run" the mare as if he were running buffalo. He would show these white men how Many Brave Feathers hunted.

He turned and gave her her head. On she came like the wind. "Twang!" went the bow-string, and the steel-pointed shaft sunk deep into the poplar tree at which he had launched it as he flew by. "Twang!" went the bow-string again, and a second arrow sped unerringly home. It was a beautiful exhibition. The crowd made up of his own people and the staff of the Honourable Hudson's Bay Company at old Fort Ellice assembled to

see the run. They cheered wildly, vociferously.

He was riding very fast. As he neared the stockade he tried to stop the mare. She would not be stopped. She was only getting nicely started.

"Ay-ay-yah!" yelled the spectators, giving the Cree war-whoop as he shot past them.

That yell inspired the mare to accelerated effort. She went tremendously. It also inspired Many Brave Feathers. He went with her. They circled the Fort. He did not try any more to pull her in. The mare was a good one. She wanted to go, and he was enjoying himself. She might keep on going. If she needed encouragement she should have it.

Many Brave Feathers passed that night at Moose Mountain. Moose Mountain is only seventy-five miles from Fort Ellice, but it had been afternoon when he started. Next day he reached a camp of his own tribe and Assiniboines on Broken Shell Creek in the buffalo country.

The Chief Factor's face wore a saddened look as he beheld his favourite beast vanish over a slope in the south under the sailing buffalo skin. Then he went to his quarters. The features of the other onlookers were a big general smile as he disappeared. The genial sun smiled broadly, too, in the summer sky. In fact, everything seemed smiling — except the Chief Factor.

"Well, if that don't take the pate-de-fois-gras!" remarked the clerk impersonally, as the staff sauntered back to its duties.

All that fall and winter Many Brave Feathers stayed out on the plains, running buffalo with the stolen horse. He never lent her, however, to anyone except his sweetheart, who rode

her when they shifted camp. The Chief Factor watched the slope in the south from the Fort for many days, expecting to see the mare reappear over the top of it; but at length he grew weary. Anyway, an officer of the Hudson's Bay Company in charge of a district comprising a dozen scattered fur-posts, cannot brood forever over the loss of an animal, even though it should happen to be a particularly good one. He has not time. So Chief Factor Hughes chalked up a mental debit of import against Many Brave Feathers, the great Cree chief, to be wiped off on a future date, and let it go at that.

The grass was green in spring, and Many Brave Feathers and the camp of Crees, with their store of robes and pemmican, were nearing the gates of Fort Ellice.

"Catch me three of the best horses out of the band," said the chief to one of his henchmen. Then Many Brave Feathers arrayed himself in all his glory of paint and plumes and, mounting the mare and leading the three other horses, rode to the Fort and asked for the Chief Factor. Seven moons had passed since his departure, but the mare had been well cared for and was fat.

Chief Factor Hughes was eating his breakfast, but that was of no consequence. He hurried out.

Many Brave Feathers leaped to the ground and came forward to meet him.

"Ah-ha, Mista Hewus," he said, placing the lines of the four horses in the Chief Factor's hands. "You speak true words. The mare is very fast."

The staff was looking on.

"Blamed if I wouldn't like some aboriginal Augustus to borrow my wall-eyed pinto for six months on the same terms," observed the clerk.



FROM A PAINTING.

FRONTISPIECE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

THE COMING STORM.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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No. 5

PLACE-NAMES OF CANADA: SELKIRK.*

By George Johnson, Dominion Statistician.

TAKE a bit of twine and stretch it on a map of the Dominion from Cape North, in the Island of Cape Breton, to the Arctic Ocean near the Alaskan boundary. You will find that you have measured the greatest length of the country that you can measure, excepting that from our well-equipped naval arsenal on the Pacific Ocean—Esquimalt on Vancouver Island—to Cape Hecla, the most northerly point of the District of Franklin. At the Cape Breton end of the twine is Inverness County; at the Arctic Ocean end is Cape Selkirk, so named by Deese and Simpson in the course of their exploratory expedition of 1837. Between these two places, "like Orient pearls at random strung," are place-names dotting the map here and there, now to the north and now to the south of the stretched bit of twine. In Prince Edward Island there are Port Selkirk, Selkirk Road Settlement, Point Prim, Fort Selkirk, Rona, Mount Buchanan, Orwell, Kinross, Montague, Culloden, Gairloch, Uigg, Dundee, Portree† and Caledonia. Passing over New Brunswick and the Province of Quebec, the eye finds, after a little search, the place-name of Baldoon, in the re-

gion lying between Lakes Erie and Huron, and flanked on the west by Lake St. Clair. To the north, in the region known of late as "New Ontario," and west of Lake Superior, is Point de Meuron. Beyond that, one does not need a magnifying glass of exceptionally high power to find, in Manitoba, Kildonan, Point Douglas, St. Boniface, Selkirk East and West, and the great electoral District of Selkirk, and Fort Daer; though possibly a map of a somewhat ancient date may be needed to give one a sight of the place-name of "German Creek," modern map makers, and, likely enough, the settlers immediately along its banks, having discarded the early history-suggesting place-name for that of the Seine—the Seine River—which has no new-world environment of a storied past to attract.

Look to the north and you will find Colony Creek, not far from the mouth of Churchill River, and still further north, Point Selkirk on the banks of the Thlew-ee-choh-desseth, or Great Fish, or Back, River—the first, the Indian name; the second, the English translation of the Indian name, and the third given to honour Sir George Back, its discoverer.

* In the February number, Mr. Johnson dealt with the place-names connected with The Carletons. (Vol. XII., No. 4.)

† In 1540 James V., of Scotland, visited the Isle of Skye. He landed at a place which has ever since been known as Port Rìgh (Portus Regis), the port or harbour of the king. "Rìgh" is pronounced *Ree*, and is the genitive case after *Portus*. Many of Lord Selkirk's first ship-load of immigrants were from Skye, and they transferred the name Portree, with its treasured association, to their new island home in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Look westward and beyond the great lakes and plains of Athabasca and Alberta, you will see the Selkirk Mountain range almost encircled by the Columbia and the Kootenay Rivers, and their lacustrine expansions, Kootenay and Arrow Lakes.

Now glance northward almost under our twine, in far-famed Yukon, where Canada's marvellous treasure-house, the Klondike, is the centre of attraction, and you will see Fort Selkirk and the Anglican Diocese of Selkirk (200,000 square miles in extent) over which Bishop Bompas exercises a wide and beneficent control.

Go still further north, and right under the thumb which holds our twine in position, Cape Selkirk will appear as the place-name of one of the bold promontories which thrust their heads far into the Arctic Ocean between Behring Strait and Mackenzie River.

Capes, forts, mountains, points, creeks, towns, ports, settlements, villages, rivers, electoral districts, and spiritual sees, about thirty in all, scattered over 85 degrees of longitude and 30 degrees of latitude—these widely separated place-names do not seem, as they lie spread around "promiscuous-like," to have much in common any more than a score of other place-names taken, hap-hazard, from the map of Canada, beyond the fact that they are all, or nearly all, Scotch names, and that "Selkirks"* are abundant. Yet they are all closely connected. They commemorate in one way and another, directly or indirectly, one man, the most daring emigration agent in Canada's history, not even excepting the promoters of the Doukhoborts movement, the difference in transportation between the end and the beginning of the century being taken into consideration. He was also the greatest individual land-owner this country ever had within its borders, if we except De Monts and Sir William Alexander, to whom rival monarchs—French and English—following a policy

of sword-thrusts, not of "pin-pricks," gave grants of each other's possessions with finely irregular generosity.

How these place-names came to be on the map of our country is the purpose of the present paper to tell.

In the earlier history of the Dominion, the fur trade occupies a prominent place, as a great source of wealth and a powerful moulder of public policy. Very early in our history the search for furs led men far afield. De Monts' commission gave him authority to secure furs from the forest as well as fish from the sea, and on his arrival in 1604 he found, as he coasted along the Atlantic shores of Acadie, European vessels trading with the Souriquois.

When Sir James Balfour, "Lyon King of Armes," was instructed, in 1632, by Charles I. to "Marshall a coate of armour" for "Alexander, Viscount of Stirling, Lord Alexander of Cannada," he showed keen appreciation of the fitness of things by providing "for his creist, on a wreath arg, sable, a *bever* proper." The "beaver" for Canada was the right animal in the right place.

In New France the central idea of the 100 Associates (1627) and the Habitants' Company (1645) was the prosecution of the fur trade. The priest and the *gentilhomme*, animated by different motives, explored the country and developed the fur trade. Nicolet and Pere Raymbault, and the officers of the Carignan Regiment, and Joliet and Marquette, and La Salle and Perrot, and Duluth and others, contributed to the extension of the fur trade area to the regions of the great lakes of the St. Lawrence River.

For the sake of the fur trade the Iroquois, between 1637 and 1650, with their rendezvous at Fort Orange, now Albany, N. Y., ruined every village, and annihilated every tribe of Indians (besides massacring the French) in what is now the province of Ontario; and by burning at the stake, tomahawking and other violent methods, secured for themselves, through the aid of the Dutch and other Europeans, the

* The word "Selkirk" was originally *Scheles-hyche*, meaning a collection of forest shiels (sheds) around a church.

profits of the great trade in beaver skins.*

Jean Bourdon was sent to Hudson Bay by the French in Canada in 1656 to push the fur trade. The New Englanders found their way to the Bay half a dozen years later, in the same year in which des Groseilliers and Radisson, his brother-in-law, visited it, going by Lake Superior, up the Kaministiquia† River, through Lake of the Woods, Winnipeg River and Lake, and Nelson River, to the shores of the Hudson Bay.

The Colony of Quebec was stirred to its profoundest depths by the reports that crowded into the Citadel on Cape Diamond. The *habitants*, moved by the fact that Nicolet, the trader of Three Rivers, had proved himself a match for the *gentilhomme*, took the craze and, following the example of the first of the *Coueurs des bois*, and taking heart of courage from the success of the Habitants' Company, abandoned their farms to adopt the hunter's roving life. They made extended journeys among the Indians, and scoured the country far and wide for otter, sable, beaver and other skins. The census of 1667 and that of 1668 showed great fecundity from the marriages, but in spite of that the population in New France underwent in the next few years a marked retardation, owing largely to the development of the *Coueurs des bois*.‡ The young fellows had taken to the forest, getting furs and Indian wives, and begetting half-breeds.

The Jesuit Albanel in 1672 penetrated, by the way of the Saguenay, the unknown hinterland east of the upper waters of the St. Maurice River, cross-

ed the "divide," near Lake Mistassini, and reached east side James Bay, making the long and perilous journey to plant the cross, to meet the representatives of Indian tribes, to take formal possession for France, and to carry letters to des Groseilliers to win him from the English whom he had taken up in a spirit of revenge (for having been fined by the French-Canadian authorities because he had traded in furs without license), and had guided by water to Hudson Bay and to the Indians with whom he had established friendly relations.*

The English in 1664 had resolved upon the conquest of New Netherlands. A patent was issued to the Duke of York by Charles II. In September of that year New Amsterdam surrendered to the Duke's Deputy and became New York. The new government made a treaty with the Iroquois and then, as Chas. G. D. Roberts, in his delightfully written history of Canada, says, "with the presence of the new power on the Hudson there grew up a bitter rivalry between the English and the French over the fur trade"; with perhaps a scarcely warrantable depreciation of the value of the fur trade he adds, "The great duel for New World empire took the ignoble disguise of a quarrel about beaver skins."

While the English and the French were seeking to win the Five Nations to the south of the great lakes for the sake of the fur trade, Prince Rupert was listening to the representations of des Groseilliers and Radisson who so impressed their views upon the Prince and his associates that they sent Captain Gillam to Hudson Bay with the result that the famous Hudson's Bay Company of Rupert Land was formed in 1670. This Company, for the sake of the fur trade, planted its establishments on the bleak shores of the Canadian Mediterranean. For the sake of furs those shores, during two score years, resounded with the clash of arms, the combatants being rival fur companies.

* Cf. B. Sulte, "The Valley of Grand River." Tr. Royal Soc. Can., vol. iv. (1898).

† "River of difficult entrance." So John Johnstone wrote to Rod McKenzie in 1809. Miss Kate Hughes writes me as follows: "It has three mouths and hence some derive the word from *ga-mano-tia-wee-ag* meaning 'many or numerous mouths or places for flowing out.' The Indian word in another dialect means 'great depth of water in the river.'"

‡ See Census of Canada, 1871, vol. iv, page 8.

* Can. Archives 1895, State Papers, Hudson Bay, page 1.

The Chevalier de Troyes in 1686, acting under authority of Governor Denonville (remembered in Canadian history from his connection with the Lachine massacre), led an expedition overland and captured Forts Albany, Rupert and Moose River, carrying off prisoner the Governor of the Hudson's Bay Co. The brothers Le Moyne in 1694 captured Fort Nelson (previously captured in 1682), which was re-taken by the English two years later (1696), to be again captured by the French in the following year. For a good many years the command of Hudson Bay, and with it the control of the forts, was in French and in English hands alternately, and it was not till the Peace of Utrecht (1713) that the Hudson's Bay Company found themselves in peaceable possession of their vast property, so far as regarded foes external to the country.

For the sake of the fur trade, internal foes attacked the monopoly of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the North-West Company was formed and after it, springing from its loins, came the X. Y. Company, so called because X. and Y. are the letters of the alphabet following immediately after the "W" of the older company.

For the sake of furs, these companies sent their explorers north, east, south and west; among them Samuel Hearne, of the Hudson's Bay Company, to the Coppermine River to be the first white man (1769) to look upon the Arctic Ocean from the shores of what is now Northern Canada; and Alexander Mackenzie to the Mackenzie River and the Rocky Mountains to be the first explorer to cross the Northern Continent; and Simon Fraser to be the first to explore the British Columbian River called after him; and Dease and Simpson to be the first to establish beyond question the fact of a north-west passage after two centuries of effort to solve the problem had proved futile.*

* "The mere area over which these fur traders travelled is wonderful. Alexander Henry the younger (1799-1814) in pursuing his commercial ventures, travelled through what are

Everywhere the companies sent their men, daring, resolute men, who quailed not in the hour of trial, nor grew faint-hearted in the time of peril. It is related of McKay, one of George Back's men, who also was guide for Dease and Simpson, that on one occasion in an awful moment of suspense when a second's hesitation would hurl the boat's company to swift destruction, one of the crew lost nerve and began to call on heaven for aid. McKay fairly drove fear out of the oarsman's soul by yelling to him "Is this a time for prayer? Pull your starboard oar, you rascal." Such were the men who were the first empire-builders in Rupert Land. McKay's memorials are McKay's Inlet, so named by Dease and Simpson, and McKay's Peak of the Great Fish River, given by Sir George Back.

Forts Simpson, Liard, Yukon, Rae, Resolution, Good Hope, Comfort, Reliance on the Mackenzie and other rivers in what are now the Provisional Districts of Mackenzie, Yukon and Keewatin; Forts Edmonton, Carlton, Pitt; Rocky Mountain House, Cumberland House, Forts Pelly, Elice, York, Churchill, etc., etc., in all over 190 forts† established at convenient centres, attest the energy and activity with which the fur com-

now known as the Provinces of Ontario, Manitoba, Assiniboia, Keewatin, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia in the Dominion of Canada, and in the United States, through Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, Idaho, Oregon and Washington Territory. In the region of the Red River his dealings were with Ojibways and other Indians of Algonquin lineage, while his warrings were with the Sioux. Along the Saskatchewan he trafficked with Crees, with Assiniboines, with Blackfeet, Bloods, Piegans, Atsinas and some of the Athapaskan tribes, especially with the Sarcees. On Columbian waters his commerce was with Chinooks, Clatsops and many other aborigines of the Pacific Slope." —*Coues*. All this by canoe or on foot and horseback.

† Robt. M. Ballantine enumerates (1848) 108 forts and says: "Owing to the great number in the country, the constant abandonment of old and establishing of new forts, it is difficult to get a perfectly correct knowledge of their numbers."

panies sought the development of the trade.*

For the sake of the fur trade the early struggles between French and English became, later on, fierce campaigns between Montreal and Forts Nelson, Albany and Churchill, the prize being the carrying trade that originated with the furs. The Hudson's Bay Company with all its vast business centering on the shores of the Hudson Bay; the Montreal companies with all their large interests centering on the St. Lawrence River route, all of them planned campaigns with the ardour and skill of war-scarred veterans. The Montreal companies warred with each other and strained every nerve to secure the Sault Ste. Marie portage exclusively, believing that the one which secured that obtained a position of great strategic importance in the struggle for life going on.

When the Hudson's Bay Co. realized that their Montreal rivals—the N.W. Company (formed in 1782) and the X. Y. Co. (formed 1796-7)—were alert, nothing daunted by difficulties, able to

hold their own in the fiercest struggle, they began to consider what strategy could be resorted to that would place their foes at the greatest disadvantage. They saw, as the years rolled on, that the necessities of the case forced the N.W. Co. and the X.Y. Co. to amalgamate (1804) in order to present the strongest possible front to the common enemy; and that the new N.W. Company, reinforced by the daring and vigorous spirits who had controlled the X.Y. Company, was no mean opponent, but active and capable, ready at all times with the word and the blow and careless which was given first.

Just as in the struggles between the N.W. Company and the X.Y. Company, the key to the position was the possession of the Sault Ste. Marie—the “coign of vantage” which gave its possessor the best chances for success in the business manœuvres which were the presage of success—so in the struggle for supremacy between the Hudson's Bay Co. and the new N.W. Company, in the strategic moves that were the harbingers of a prosperous issue, the great checkmate on the commercial chessboard was wise selection of position. The Hudson's Bay Company realized that more was needed by them than a monopoly of the Hudson Bay route. The Red River, Lake Superior, and Montreal route was longer in distance but it had advantages, and these made it dangerous. The way must be blocked.

A keen-eyed man who had exceptional opportunities for the study of the whole situation made the most of his opportunities. The keen-eyed man was the Earl of Selkirk. He was a Scotchman, lean and tall, over six feet high. He had in the later years of the last century observed with profound interest the changes that had been wrought in the Highlands of Scotland by the battle of Culloden, after which regular government had exercised an authority it never before had possessed in that part of the kingdom. He wrote a book entitled “Observations of the present state of the Highlands of Scotland with a view of the causes and probable consequences of Emigra-

* To illustrate the way in which place-names are coined I give the following statements:—

FORT COMFORT. “Having fasted for 24 hours and being, moreover, benumbed with cold, it will readily be believed that we eagerly set about collecting wood and making a fire to cook our supper, to which of course we did a ample justice. In gratitude for these seasonable enjoyments this spot was named *Point Comfort*.”—Simpson & Dease, July 24th, '37.

FORT CONFIDENCE. “On 25th. (Sept. 1838) made for mouth of Dease River, and three miles to westward found our future residence and had the satisfaction of finding our comrades safe and well. Our greetings were cordial indeed, and with feelings of gratitude to an almighty Protector we bestowed on our infant establishment the name of *Fort Confidence*.” They spent three winters there.—Simpson & Dease.

FORT ENTERPRISE. Named by John Franklin in 1820 to indicate the quality needed by him and his men in their efforts.

FORT RELIANCE. “As every post in this country is distinguished by a name, I gave to ours that of *Fort Reliance* in token of our trust in that merciful Providence whose protection we humbly hoped would be extended to us in the many difficulties and dangers to which these services are exposed.”—George Back.

tion;" (a copy of the work is in the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa, and written on the fly leaf is "To Miles McDonel, from the author.") He had witnessed the eviction from the Scotch estates that were the consequence of the new order of things. He was a firm believer in what in these days is known as "Greater Britain." He was no "little Englander." His sympathy with the distress of the evicted tenants and with an enlarged empire led him to put the two together. Given the man who wanted a home and the home that wanted a man, why should not the sufferings of the evicted families be relieved and our empire built up at one and the same time? He opened a correspondence with the British Government and at length secured their assent to a plan for the deportation of 800 Highlanders to Prince Edward Island. These Selkirk despatched in three vessels to a large estate, which he had secured in that Island, and hurried himself to Charlottetown hoping to be on hand to receive them with plans already matured for a successful transplanting. The settlers were chiefly from the Isle of Skye. A few were from Ross-shire, the north part of Argyllshire, the interior of Inverness-shire and the Isle of Uist. When they arrived at Port Selkirk, the Earl was not there to receive them. They had to build wigwams such as they saw the Indians use, and August melted into September before the immigrants could secure their individual allotments. A contagious fever broke out. Food ran short. They had to send to Nova Scotia for flour. Some died; others left for the near-by Provinces and the United States. Some crossed over to the famous Island of Cape Breton and settled along the adjacent coast where, by natural growth and by accretions from Scotland, the Scotch population increased, and in time received representation, the county being called Inverness. Of the total population of Inverness, over 75 per cent. is Scotch stock, while of the population of the whole of the Island nearly two-thirds is Scotch—an early direc-

tion of the movement of Scotch people to the Island being due to Earl Selkirk's action in 1803. But the greater proportion remained in Prince Edward Island; built them houses in such a manner that there were generally four or more families in a little knot together; cultivated the soil; married and were given in marriage; and now, as the result of the Earl Selkirk's attempt to solve two problems at the same time, not less than one-seventh of the population of the "Garden of the Gulf," as P.E.I. is fittingly called, are descendants of the evicted Highlanders of 1803. The fifteen or twenty place-names already mentioned as included in the Earl of Selkirk's estate sufficiently attest the influence of the Scotch colony on the eastern part of the Dominion.*

A year later (1804) when Selkirk visited the colony he had planted he found the individual families in a flourishing state.

Pleased with the success of his experiment he resolved to carry out his original scheme of which the Prince Edward Island settlement was a part.

In September, 1802, in response to a representation from Lord Selkirk, respecting land at the Sault Ste. Marie, Lord Hobart, then Secretary of State in charge of the Colonies, wrote to Lieut.-General Hunter, at the time administering the affairs of Upper Canada, that Lord Selkirk proposed to settle a number of families in the Province provided he received a grant of land. "The district near the Falls of St. Mary," wrote the Colonial Secretary, "seems to be the spot he has

*The Earl of Selkirk's was not the first shipment of Scotchmen to Prince Edward Island. Capt. John McDonald in 1772 took a ship-load to his estate in the Island and founded the Scotch settlements of Tracadie, Scotchford, Glenfinnin and Fort Augustus. The Prince Edward Island Estates became a bar to development and measures were adopted to dispose of them satisfactorily to the settlers. Final disposition was made of them under the Act of Union (1873) by which Prince Edward Island joined the Dominion, the Federal Government agreeing to advance an amount not to exceed \$800,000 for the purchase of lands then held by large proprietors. Capt. McDonald was grandfather of Sir William C. McDonald, noted and knighted for his large contributions to McGill University, Montreal.

selected." Lord Hobart gave directions that the officers commanding the military posts at Niagara, Fort Malden, etc., and particularly at the Island of St. Joseph, were "to give his agent every assistance in the execution of the commission with which he is entrusted by Lord Selkirk, whose plans if attended with success may prove of great advantage to the country." In the event of the "Sault" project not proving feasible, Lord Selkirk was to have a grant of 1,200 acres of land in any township of Upper Canada not already appropriated, the remainder of the township to be reserved for five years during which term he would have the right to claim an additional 200 acres for each family of settlers he brought in, 50 of which were to go to the settler and 150 to himself as a bonus.

In 1799 a vigorous struggle for possession of the Sault Ste. Marie between the North-West Company and its offshoot, the "X. Y." Company, resulted in the former securing a lease of the land on which they had constructed a canal (the survey for which had been made by them, in the season of 1797) for the purpose of taking supplies up and bringing furs down. The influence of the North-West Company prevented the projected transfer to Lord Selkirk.

Foiled in his effort to secure the valuable tract of land he sought at the Sault (whether with ulterior aims not disclosed to the Colonial Secretary, or with a genuine desire to promote colonization cannot be stated with any degree of positiveness), Earl Selkirk changed the scene of his operations to the region lying between Lakes Erie and Huron and flanked on the west by Lake St. Clair. He proposed to the Government of the province to construct a highway from Baldoon*—the

name he gave to the seat of his operations as Immigrant Agent—to York (now Toronto) at a cost of £40,000, provided he received grants of land at different points along the road. For some reason the Government declined to entertain his overtures. Baldoon proved a most unhealthy spot, the situation being then very malarious in common with much of the land in that vicinity when first settled. It is stated that in the first year no less than 42 of his 111 settlers died. His colony broke up and all that remains to commemorate Selkirk's Western Ontario scheme of colonization is the village and post office of Baldoon in Dover Township, County of Kent.*

After this failure he returned to another scheme which may have suggested itself to his active mind in connection with his inquiry about the Sault Ste. Marie, or may have been a change in his original plans caused by the tenancy of the North-West Company.

Possibly the fact that his wife was Jean Colville of Ochiltree, daughter of a prominent member of the Hudson's Bay Company, had its influence upon his later plans and purposes.

He saw that the rival fur companies—the one championing the St. Lawrence route and known as the North-West Company, and the other with its interests all bound up in the Hudson Bay route—were becoming keener and keener in their antagonism to each other. For a time he studied closely their relative strength and prospects. The North-West Company's representatives in Montreal dined and wineed him and set their advantages before him in their most alluring colours. But just when they thought they had

* Name given by Selkirk, from Baldoon, a town not far from the Cree River, near Wighton, Scotland. The fourth Earl of Selkirk was Dunbar Hamilton, Esq., of Baldoon. He succeeded to the title in 1744 and assumed the additional surname of Douglas. The fifth Earl, the one who had to do with Canada, was born in 1771 and married Jean, the daughter of James Wedderburn Colville, Esq., of Ochiltree. His titles were Earl of Selkirk and Baron Daer and Shortcleuch.

* Earl Selkirk had property in Moulton at the mouth of Grand River, having purchased it from Mr. W. Jarvis. Mr. Alexander Macdonell acted as the Earl's agent for his Baldoon estate and Mr. Douglas undertook the care of the settlement established at Moulton. The Moulton property, consisting of 30,800 acres, was sold to Henry J. Boulton, sometime Attorney-General of Upper Canada. Earl Selkirk did not bestow the place-name, which comes from the family seat of the Boultons in Lancashire, England.

secured him he returned to England and in 1805 published a book of over 200 pages, setting forth the success of his P. E. Island project and urging an enlarged scheme of emigration, with the Red River region as the area to be settled. He bought up two-fifths of the whole amount of the Hudson Bay Company's stock; put friends and relatives on the directorate and in due time propounded his scheme, which was no less than the transfer to himself of 116,000 square miles of territory (within 5,000 square miles of the area of the whole United Kingdom and 52,000 square miles larger than the present Manitoba), the eastern face of which stretched from Lake of the Woods to about the middle of Lake Winnipeg. He could not get the few acres of the Sault Ste. Marie; he would try to get enough of the Red River region to block the way for the Montreal Fur Powers. This territory included the rivers and lakes by means of which the North-West Company's employes reached the fur countries of the Saskatchewan and Athabasca Rivers. The North-West Company were quick to see the danger that threatened them, with the gateway to the fur-bearing regions in the hands of the Hudson's Bay Company, and administered by a man so deeply interested in the Hudson Bay Company's welfare as the Earl of Selkirk.

But though some of the North-West Company shareholders bought stock in the Hudson's Bay Company in order to be present at the meeting, and though a strong protest was made, the Hudson's Bay Company conveyed to the Earl all their right, title and interest in the 116,000 square miles and christened the territory *Ossinaboia*. This was in 1811. The Earl, in accordance with the contract he had made with the Hudson's Bay Company, began at once to collect Highlanders and others for the colony he purposed to settle upon the banks of the Red River. This colony had from the first a military tinge. It seemed to be modelled after the military colonies of the old Romans. The first body of colonists

of about 105 persons was sent in three vessels from Stornoway, Scotland, in July, 1811. The voyage to York Factory occupied 61 days, the time being spent, among other ways, in military drill with arms. The colonists wintered on the banks of the Nelson River and left for the Red River in July, 1812, via the Hayes River. After a couple of months of hard labour, the harder because the men were unaccustomed to rowing and poling, they arrived at their destination in September. Their arrival was the signal for determined opposition to the colonizing plans of the Earl of Selkirk, by the North-West Company. Sir Alexander Mackenzie did his utmost from the start at Stornoway to oppose the establishment of the colony, persuading, through his friends and relatives there, intending colonists to withdraw, even after they had gone on board the vessel. When they neared the Red River they were met by North-West Company employes disguised as Indians, who threatened them with dire calamities if they dared to settle. Thus intimidated the colonists resolved to go to Pembina, where they passed the winter in wigwams after the Indian fashion. In the spring, plucking up courage with the warmer weather, they returned to the place set aside for settlement and began operations. They were reinforced by another band who, leaving the mother-land in 1813, found their way to the promised land in the autumn of 1814, after experiences similar to those of the pioneer band. On arriving they found that Lord Selkirk's deputy had begun a series of aggressive movements against the North-West Company. The canoes of the North-West Company were fired on as they passed the colonial fort. Batteries were improvised to prevent employes of the North-West Company from passing down the river. Brandon House was seized, and an order issued by the Governor, Miles McDonell, that no person trading in furs or provisions within the Earl's territory should take out provisions except on license ob-

tained from the Governor. These and other acts of seeming hostility aroused the North-West Company and at the annual meeting held in Fort William (name coming from Mr. McGillivray's Christian name), presided over by Mr. McGillivray, it was decided to resist all further "encroachments" by force of arms. Quarrels became frequent. Altercations intensified into melees. Blood was shed. In the midst of these stormy preliminaries a third body of emigrants, which had left Stromness in 1815, arrived in the Red River Settlement in August, 1816. These were sent to Pembina for the winter to be near the buffalo. On their way south the river froze over. Provisions gave out. Pembina was forty miles distant. "Fathers and mothers had to bind their children on their backs, Indian fashion, leave the boats and trudge through the long grass covered with snow till they reached Fort Daer" (name coming from one of Lord Selkirk's titles, and given by the second batch of colonists in 1814). "Here they erected huts. Soon the scarcity of food compelled them to go 150 miles further south to the place in which the hunters, half-breeds and Indians were encamped. The suffering of these poor people on this weary journey, ill-protected with clothing from the pitiless wind sweeping over the bleak and treeless plains, was such that in after years they could not narrate the story without feelings of horror."*

With this last body of colonists had come Robert Semple, who had been appointed Governor-in-Chief by the Hudson's Bay Co. Some time previous arrived Colin Robertson who had been commissioned by Earl Selkirk to proceed to Montreal and organize an expedition to the Athabasca region for the purpose of competing with the North-West Company in the fur trade of that region. Robertson, finding at Lake Winnipeg a body of colonists who had been driven from their homes by the agents of the North-West Company, left

the Athabasca expedition and returned to Red River, taking the colonists with him. In the spring of 1816 Governor Semple, whose presence had led to a cessation of hostilities, went west to inspect trading posts. Soon after he had left, Robertson attacked Fort Gibraltar, the chief North-West Company's post, took prisoner Cameron* who had evicted the colonists, and removed everything to Fort Douglas. Robertson then attacked the North-West Company's post on the Pembina River, took several prisoners and everything else he could find. The North-West Company's post at Qu'Appelle was under charge of Alexander McDonell, and when Robertson attacked that post, the resistance he encountered forced him to abandon the attempt to get possession. McDonell (known as "white-headed Mac," to distinguish him from Miles McDonell) † sent swift runners to the agents of the North-West Company in the Swan and Saskatchewan regions, urging the necessity for assistance, his purpose being to collect a force sufficient to enable him to carry his furs, *vi et armis*, through Earl Selkirk's territory to Fort William. His first act on receiving the men asked for was to capture five flat-bottomed boats laden with furs on their way to Fort Douglas. Robertson retaliated by destroying Fort Gibraltar and rafting all the serviceable timber and other material to Fort Douglas to build new erections within that fort and to strengthen it in every way.

On Governor Semple's return he expressed disapproval of Robertson's high-handed acts, and when "white-headed Mac" sent a body of 60 men,

* Cameron's arrest in Fort Gibraltar, the indignities to which he was personally subjected, including his detention for more than a year in Fort York Factory and his forced voyage to England, became the subject of a legal inquiry that resulted in a verdict in his favour for £3,000. One of his sons is Sir Roderick Cameron, of New York.

† Miles McDonell, Earl Selkirk's Chief Agent, was nicknamed *chef des jardiniers*, "head gardener," and Alex. McDonnell was nicknamed the "grasshopper governor," by the Half-Breeds.

* E. Ermatinger's Life of Talbot. Hill's History of Manitoba.

to cross the Selkirk domain, Semple went out to meet them as they crossed from the Assiniboine to the Red River by land. Whether he went with hostile intent or in the interests of peace is difficult to determine. Any one who attempts to wade through the piles of affidavits on both sides that were subsequently gathered for use in the legal trials which ensued will conclude his wadings in as muddled a condition of brain as can be imagined. What happened, however, was that a collision took place near a spot called "Seven Oaks,"* resulting in the killing of Semple and twenty of his followers, only eight escaping. Fort Douglas (named after Earl Selkirk, his family name being Douglas) capitulated and its stores were taken over with inventory by Cuthbert Grant on account of the North-West Company. In two days the colonists to the number of nearly 200 were put into boats and started for Norway House, Jack River, near the north end of Lake Winnipeg, where they arrived safely.

While these attacks and reprisals were thus vigorously carried on Earl Selkirk had come out from Scotland to Montreal and had learned of the dispersion of his colonists by Cameron in the summer of 1815. His appeal to Sir Gordon Drummond, then acting Governor of Canada, to intervene proving unsuccessful, Selkirk proceeded to organize an expedition composed of men trained to arms, who would, he thought, add to the harassed colony that element of strength which, in the circumstances seemed needful for the continuance of the settlement he had planted with so great difficulty and with such an expenditure of means and accumulation of woes. There were at the time two regiments of soldiers just disbanded (May, 1816), one stationed in Montreal and the other in Kingston. The one in Montreal was known as the De Meuron Regiment

and the other as the De Watteville. The De Meuron Regiment had been raised in Spain and was composed of Germans, Swiss, Poles and men of other nationalities, principally deserters from Napoleon's army. After seeing service in Europe the regiment was sent to Canada to take part in the war with the United States and was present during the siege of Plattsburg under Prevost. The war ended, their services were no longer required. Selkirk engaged (June, 1816) about 80 of them with 4 officers, strengthening them with 20 of the De Watteville Regiment picked up as they passed through Kingston. In addition he had a sergeant and six men, granted him by the Governor of Canada as a personal protection. He also had 130 canoe men—in all a force of 237 men. The force went from Kingston to Toronto, then north to Simcoe Lake and the Georgian Bay, and along the northern shores of Lake Huron to the Sault Ste. Marie. Shortly after leaving the "Soo" Selkirk was met by Miles McDonell, his former deputy, who told the story of the death of Semple and his followers and of the second eviction of his unfortunate settlers. The Earl immediately changed his route, pushed on to Fort William, and arrived there about the middle of August, encamping half a mile above the fort. Here he landed his cannon and pointed them at the fort in which were some 500 men of the North-West Company waiting for supplies from Montreal preparatory to proceeding to the interior for the winter's trade. Selkirk's first demand was for the release of prisoners taken at the Red River and held in Fort William. With this demand McGillivray immediately complied. Selkirk, who had had himself appointed a Justice of the Peace before leaving Montreal, then issued a warrant for the arrest of McGillivray. When served with it McGillivray at once went over to the Selkirk encampment with two friends and was received by the squad of regulars who formed Selkirk's body-guard. Selkirk refused bail and arrested McGillivray,

* Through the generosity of the Countess Selkirk a memorial was erected in 1891 near where now stands St. John's College, and Governor Schultz delivered a speech.

his two friends and others, and sent them as prisoners to Toronto. One of the boats in which they were sent was swamped in a squall near Sault Ste. Marie and nine out of the twenty-one occupants were drowned. McGillivray, having secured bail on his arrival in Montreal, obtained warrants for the arrest of Selkirk and others, but these when served were resisted, Selkirk refusing to recognize them. The Earl seized all the posts of the North-West's around Lake Superior, went to Fond du Lac (now Duluth) on the United States side and took possession of goods and furs in the fort there. Another party went to Rainy Lake and attempted to seize the North-West post there, but, being driven off, they returned to Lord Selkirk, who at once sent a stronger force to which the fort capitulated, Selkirk thus obtaining possession of the key to the whole of the North-West Territories and depriving the North-West Co. of any chance to carry on their trade from Lake Superior.

In the early spring ensuing, Selkirk despatched the De Meuron men to the Red River. Arrived there, they carried by storm in a storm, Fort Douglas (which the North-West Companies had held from the time of their encounter with Semple) turned the occupants out and despatched runners to the evicted colonists in Norway House to bid them return to their homesteads. The main body of the evicted settlers arrived at the site of their former homes in June and were joined by Lord Selkirk. The De Meurons settled in their midst. The British Government intervened. Commissioners were sent to the scene. Orders were given for the restoration by both parties of all goods, etc., seized by either. Law suits came down upon Selkirk thicker than "leaves in Vallombrosa." He got out of the country by way of New York. His health breaking down he went to the south of France, where he died on the 8th April, 1820. The colonists took heart on the cessation of hostilities. The grasshopper plague of 1818 was, however, even worse than the rude alarms of war. Lord Selkirk's project had cost

him £200,000. His heirs received in 1835 the sum of £84,111 in extinguishment of his title, and all that now remain to tell of his connection with that part of Canada are the place-names of Point de Meuron, where his De Meurons encamped near Fort William; Kildonan, named by him in 1817 in commemoration of the Scotch Kildonan in Sutherlandshire, from whose neighbourhood many of the settlers had come; Selkirk town and electoral district; Point Douglas and Douglas municipality, where the De Meurons were settled, and possibly a few other place-names.

In 1818, while the Scotch settlement on the Red River was passing through these scenes of carnage and were suffering from the grasshopper plague, Rev. Joseph Provencher, with a few French Canadian families, arrived, being the pioneer missionary of the Roman Catholic Church in the North-West. He established his headquarters near the De Meuron settlement, and as these soldier-farmers were chiefly Roman Catholics and Germans, he gave the church he built the name of St. Boniface, the patron saint of Germany. In 1820, shortly before his death, the Earl of Selkirk sent Col. May, a native of Berne, to Switzerland to gather up emigrants for the Red River settlement. The Colonel succeeded in inducing a number of Swiss families to seek their fortunes in the Red River region, where they arrived in 1821. Their arrival was the cause of great excitement among the De Meurons. No sooner had the Swiss emigrants reached the settlement than many of the Germans and Swiss, who had houses, presented themselves as seekers for wives. Having fixed their attachment with acceptance, each of the new-made Benedicts received the family to which his choice belonged into his habitation. Those who had no daughters to secure for them this welcome reception were obliged to pitch their tents along the bank of the river outside the stockades of the fort.

The De Meuron colony with the Swiss addition gave rise to St. Boniface town

and parish. Hence it is that in the heart of this continent there is a place-name commemorative of Germany's patron saint.

The death of Simon McTavish in July, 1804, rendered the union of the North-West Company and the X. Y. Co. possible, as the principal object of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's jealousy and rivalry was thus removed from the scene of action.

In the same way the death of the Earl of Selkirk 16 years later rendered the union of the amalgamated North-west Company and the X. Y. Co. with the Hudson's Bay Company possible by removing the Earl, the bitterness of whose feeling against the leading men of the North-West Company was greater than his desire to profit by the simple and obvious expedient of consolidation. The union took place in 1821, the Hudson's Bay Company, like Aaron's rod, swallowing the other rods with a good grace and wholesome results.

While the Earl of Selkirk's ambitious project fell to pieces, we must not forget to credit him with the introduction into the North-West of a new centre of population which has given to Canada a good stock. Regarding his emigration plans alone, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal* says of Earl Selkirk: "He may have been somewhat in advance of the times in which he lived, but he had the courage of his convictions, and his efforts deserve the fullest recognition from those who believe in the great future in store for western Canada. The record of the real life of the Selkirk settlers will be especially interesting to the inhabitants of the various provinces of the Dominion, to the early settlers in Manitoba and the North-West, and to these millions who are destined to follow them in the future and establish for themselves happy homes on the grand western prairies; . . . in my judgment Manitoba owes more to their efforts and to their example than is generally admitted or can well be conceived by the present generation of Canadians."

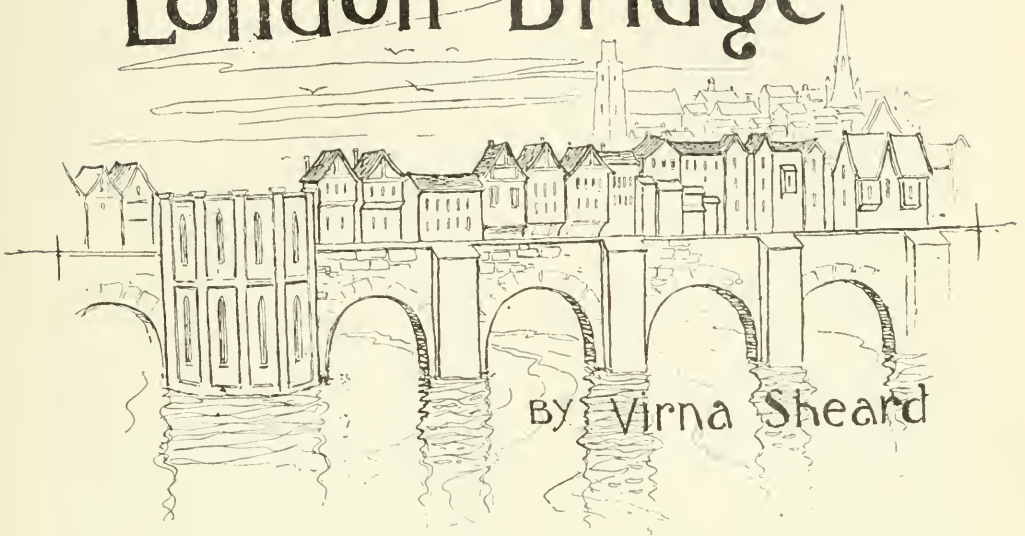
* Preface to McBeth's "Selkirk Settlers in Real Life."

Thus has it been shown how one man profoundly influenced the settlement of this country; how from one end to the other his mark has been left broad and deep. The stalwart sons of Inverness County (General Laurie once told me that he was sure that the 25,000 inhabitants of Inverness County had a larger number of men over six feet in height than could be found among any other 25,000 in the Dominion, not even excepting Glengarry), with their high moral character; the sturdy settlers of the Red River; the thousands of emigrants and others who came under the influence of Lord Selkirk on account of his connection with the Hudson's Bay Company—these are memorials of the Earl's efforts, in the prosecution of which he spared neither time nor money—now expending means in erecting the first flour mill and in providing the first experimental farm in the North-West; and now fighting for his people with an earnestness of purpose that commands respect.

Probably 30,000 of our present population—a solid, enterprising, law-abiding stock—have sprung from the loins of those who were led to come to the Dominion through the inducements held out to them by the Earl of Selkirk. Lord Strathcona's estimate of the value of the Red River contingent has been given. Mr. E. Ermatinger, in his "Life of Talbot," says: "Among the most respectable portion of the Scotch settlers in Aldboro are those who had been tempted in earlier days to emigrate from Scotland to the inhospitable regions of Hudson Bay in order to form, under the auspices of Earl Selkirk, a colony at Red River." These settlers in Aldboro abandoned the Red River region, went to the United States and thence found their way to Upper Canada, where, adds Ermatinger, "they live in comfortable circumstances."

Of the Prince Edward Island and Inverness County stock, it may be said that they have sustained the deservedly high reputation the Scot in Canada has secured.

A Lily of London Bridge



PART II.

JOYCE sat long at her window after her father had locked the outer door and gone to his favourite haunts.

Persuasions had failed to change the girl's mind. She would not go to the bear-baiting. Then had Davenport named other places of fashion and amusement where the crowd was mixed from all classes. Chief amongst them was the "Knave of Clubs," a popular inn on Bridge Street, which owned a ball-room waxed and polished till it mirrored the gay dancers. There might she learn to trip a coranto or Galliard with the best of them. But Joyce shook her head and would not listen. So he had gone out, muttering oaths between clenched teeth.

Now she was alone watching the moon rise. Up it came, softly luminous, almost as though it were a big golden bubble floating out of the water. It transfigured the dingy places by the river side, touched with silver the Tower turrets, and shone pityingly upon the sad burdens raised on the spiked gates.

The girl leaned out into the sweet,

dewy darkness, listening to a night-bird calling with mournful insistence. Now and again a little chill went over her; that was when she fancied she saw a knife fall with desperate swiftness!—down it came and glanced across a man's masked face turned towards her.

Life seemed to have come to a stop with Joyce Davenport. The past was nothing; the future less. To live was only to see again, if but for a moment, that gracious figure all in dusky brown; to hear him speak.

"Trouble not thy pretty head about me, little maid," he had said. O! vain warning! For what else was there in all the world to think or dream of?

She chided herself grievously for having been over-bold in giving him the kerchief, then smiled at the thought that he had it still.

By and by, as these things went through her mind, she suddenly remembered that there was the kerchief to be returned. 'Twas a dainty one, and brodered with little lilies. Then would she see him; or, no—peradven-

ture 'twould be the aged serving-man who would bring it. And her father might meet him and bid him about his business; or, worse still, might *he* not come himself—to-night—even while she was dreaming thus—and seeing none about the toll-house save old Silas, leave the kerchief with him, and so depart. 'Twas over late for that perchance, for the moon was now above the Tower; yet she would away to the bridge to speak with the old sailor.

Swiftly she slipped through the dark rooms; then, throwing back the window, called softly.

Silas was dozing against the gate, even, indeed, snoring unmelodiously from time to time; but he heard the girl's voice instantly, and started towards her, his peg-leg making an echoing thud at each step.

"How now, Mistress," he said, "is aught wrong?"

"No! no, nothing is amiss," she answered; "but pri'thee tell me, good Silas, hast seen to-night a tall man in high riding-boot with battlemented tops, brown jerkin, and hat with pheasant's feather? Think quickly, good Silas."

The sailor rubbed his eyes, yawned, and then pulled at his frowsy forelock.

"Art sure 'twas a pheasant's feather?" he asked.

"Yes! yes!" she said, leaning towards him, "an thou could'st not mistake him for another; he is vastly tall and most comely. He hath a clean-shaven chin with a dimple fair in the centre. Rememberest thou now, Silas?"

"Art sure of the dimple?" asked he laboriously.

"O! quite, quite sure, dear Silas. It is a dimple not to be forgotten. Pray thee tell me if he spoke to thee and what he said."

"I saw him not," answered the old man, smiling to himself in the dark, "An' thou'st best to bed, Madam Joyce. 'Tis not for thee to be thinking about dimples in a man's chin. Gadzooks! thy father'd make short work o' him an' he crossed *his* path. Know'st thou not why he keeps thee so close, sweeting?"

"Nay. Tell me then, Silas. I can

guess no good reason, though my head aches with thinking."

"Why, then, he'd marry thee to some fine gentleman. Thou art not for every market. Do'st never look in thy copper mirror, lass? I'faith, there are no such eyes as thine in England!"

"Thou art talking nonsense, good Silas! Where hast thou been to see the court beauties? Marry then, but the Queen herself—though she be not over young—is most marvellous fair. I'faith an' I had a few jewels and a silken gown I would pass; thinks't thou not so? But, alas! I havenaught but one of russet an' one of white."

"Thou may'st have more yet. Ay! farthingales and fluted ruffs, and such fal-de-rols as the gentles wear, all when thy ship comes in. An' when thou be'est stiff with gold lace, an' be-decked so grandly, I warrant thou'l't forget Silas, who would give the last bit o' timber in his old hulk just to serve thee. Wilt forget him, lass?"

"Never! good Silas, never! should such time come."

"Well a-day! I trow thou wilt not. Hast heard of the great funeral on the morrow? 'Twill be the last of the old Earl of Oxford."

"Speak not of funerals to-night. I like not the subject."

"An' why not then? 'Tis to be a grand show, sweet Mistress. Seven score of nobles follow, all in black velvet! Ask thy father to let me take thee, for thou need'st some sight-seeing at thy time o' life. 'Twill run through Fleet Street to Westminster."

"Pri'thee be still, good Silas. See'st thou not a man yonder half in shadow? I fancy he weareth high boots with battlemented tops! Ah! he comest this way! And he asks aught, answer him civilly, an' thou desirest to please me."

Joyce drew back her flaxen head and held her breath to listen.

Presently she heard a voice, the voice of the one who had thrown the knives, speaking to the sailor. There was a tone in it that brought the old man to an attitude of attention. He feared

his master, but dare not disobey this stranger. They turned together to the window, and Silas looked within.

"Art there, Mistress Joyce?" he said half-sullenly. "Here be one who must have a word with thee, leastwise, would not be denied. Heaven send he be quick over it; thy father is not pleasant company when he returneth late."

The girl looked out and saw behind Silas the graceful figure of the juggler. He wore no mask, and in the moonlight his face was white like marble, and the long cut showed plainly from cheek to chin.

"Thou hast led me a dance little maid," he said, laughingly; "I hunted thee up hill and down dale! and by my faith thou art worth it all! Come, tell me why thou did'st gaze at me so to-day? Thine heart was looking through those wondrous blue eyes, and it set me a-tremble so that my knives went down like a shower of devils! Egad! I am not one to be so easily overset."

Leaning against the casement, he covered the girl's small hands with one of his. "Look not so at me, an' thou would'st have me keep a cool head little maid. I am but mortal."

"Who art thou?" she said, softly.

"Did I not tell thee then?" answered the man. "A ne'er-do-well. One who has sown as fine a crop of wild oats as any gentle—as any fellow in England."

"Hast done evil deeds?" she asked with a quiver in her voice. "Is it why thou wear'st the mask? If so Master Juggler, why come'st thou to me?"

"Ah!" he said, looking down at her, "I doubt not 'tis because thou art the very opposite of all I am, or ever will be. I believe not, that like attracts like, but rather the reverse. Moreover I could not banish thy face, little maid. I saw more than thine eyes looking at me through the yellow light. I saw thy soul. Peradventure 'tis but to ask for thy prayers, I came to-night. Think'st thou so?"

"Nay, I know not," she answered; then with a little sigh, "Has't been so very wicked? Has't ever *killed* a man?"

The juggler gave a short laugh, and his face bold, dare-devil, half tender, bent towards hers.

"Ay," he said, "that have I. Two of them. I would I could have answered thee differently. But 'twas done in fair duelling, mark you. Listen then. I am like the prodigal son, in this much, that I have journeyed into far countries and spent my substance in riotous living. 'A short life, and a merry one.' 'Tis the song of the green-coat in the grass, little maid, and I have joined him at it. As for my sins, put down all those thou can'st think of, save that of breaking faith and thou wilt have a fair sum of them."

"I will think no evil of thee," she said simply. "And dost not remember 'twas he who so journeyed into the far country that came home again, and was forgiven? Now go, my father wishes not to have me awake when he returns."

"Do'st fear what he will say and he find me by thy window?"

"Nay," answered Joyce, "I have done no wrong; why should I fear? But go thou quickly, for truly he is a dangerous man to meet at times, and I fear for thee."

"Thou art the sweetest maid in England," said the man passionately, "and I will surely see thee to-morrow."

"No! no!" she cried throwing out her hands in protest. "Indeed no, I am over-busy in the afternoon."

"Ay! so am I, for I ride to the Duke's funeral—"

"Then thou art a noble," she said with quick thought.

"Do'st think so?" he answered, smiling. "After what I told thee? Why what is't to be noble then little maid? So—I will not tarry longer. Fare-thee-well, and dream not of falling daggers. Yes! yes thou may'st; for then, marry, thou'lt dream of me."

Down the bridge he went, with light buoyant step, and the girl watched him till he passed into the gloom beyond. Then sighed, and pressed her two hands against her heart.

"I wish not to have him return," she said, "an' yet I do; never have I

seen such another, for all he doth belittle himself. Twice have I heard of the Duke's funeral within an hour, and methinks 'twas a bat that flew above our heads as we talked. I like not such omens."

Then twelve struck, and as Joyce listened, three men came past the bridge-tower; arms locked to keep themselves upright.

Violently they lurched from right to left and occasionally the fellow in the centre crumpled down, and was carried onward by a series of jerks.

They sang in different key, but with apparent enjoyment an old hunting song—

"Come merry, merry, gentlemen
An, haste thee all away—
For we will hunt the jolly, jolly fox
At breaking o' the day."

The listener knew well whose high tenor it was that held the sweet top notes. She closed the window and waited.

Presently came the sound of Silas sleepily greeting the toll-taker.

"Is't thou good Master Davenport? Keep thee on thy legs then; I'faith thou hast no more stiffening in thee than a wet rag. Thou'll sleep in thy boots to-night. Nay, hang not so on my neck. Marry! thy doublet's in sorry plight, ne'er lace nor tag to't. Thou never wor'st that hat away, some knave hath thine I'll warrant an' the best o' the bargain. Steady then maister. Steady then, breakers ahead! Mind thee, 'tis but a peg on my weatherside an' t'other one, starboard leg's a bit bowed out. Steady then! Steady!"

So they lumbered in, the door shut close and while the sailor latched it, the girl sought her room, with fast-beating heart, and misty eyes.

"I owe him naught," she thought bitterly, "neither respect nor obedience." "Yet I would 'twere possible to give him both."

Next night when the world grew quiet the juggler came to the little shadowy window, and again old Silas listened to voices fresh and sweet, and brimming over with a melody of youth.

Now and then he heard the man laugh a low, vibrant laugh that echoed down and away upon the water, or there reached him a soft word or two from Joyce.

So it went till two weeks had gone by. Ever the old sailor saw his little mistress come to the casement, after dark fell, and wait for one who never failed her.

Then came a night when, after the tall, brown figure had gone, another came—one bent and spare—yet nervously quick in movement. He glided from out the shadow and went stealthily towards the toll-house, and stopped, looking up and down. Seeing the sailor near by, he crossed to him, and touched him on the arm.

"I would speak with Mistress Joyce Davenport. She who talked with my master but lately."

"'Tis not an hour for any to speak with her," said Silas gruffly. "I like not these doings, neither thy master's nor thine. I know him for the thrower of balls and knives at bridge-foot. Marry! I would end it an' I had the heart; the little lass says naught, but she looketh at me with eyes that plead. Yet I would kill him, an' he played her false. 'Tis a very coil. Best get thee gone. See, an' the toll-man happens home early to-night, the devil's own temper'll bear him company."

"I fear not," answered the other, "an' indeed 'tis not near the stroke of eleven. I pray thee call thy mistress. Thou art no judge of my need to see her. Good master toll-man, I pray thee!"

Silas noted the trembling voice and saw by a flickering link at the gate that the old face was drawn and sharp with some intense feeling.

"Bide thee under yon gable, then, an' I will call the lass. But I be an old fool for my pains. An' thou make not short work, I will shut the casement."

"As short as I can, Heaven knows," answered the other, "but 'twill take a little time."

Then came Joyce again hastily,



“ . . . And a candle she held, shaded by one hand, threw shadows up and over her face.”

fearing she knew not what. From the velvet hood over her head, her face looked out white and flower-like, and a candle she held, shaded by one hand, threw shadows up and over it.

“This one also,” said the sailor, with a jerk of his thumb backward, “would have a word with thee. ’Tis coming to a pass! Bid him be quick. I want no broken heads to bind when thy father com’st back.”

Joyce saw a thin, dark form and a head of snowy hair worn in a queue; then she blew out the light.

“Thou art Mistress Joyce Davenport?”

“Ay!” she answered, “I am the toll-master’s daughter.”

“They call thee, hereabouts, ‘The Lily of the bridge,’ and by vastly good right.”

Joyce put her hands to her ears and laughed lightly.

“Go to! go to, good gentleman! Thou art surely past making pretty speeches. ’Tis late. I would be through an’ to my room. Hast any word of import? If not—Ah!—Is’t so then? I *do* remember now. Thou art he who stood by the table of knives—is’t not so? Speak on, quickly. Hast brought a message?”

“No message, sweet lady; but in truth a word of import. My master hath been here each night for two weeks, as I count; sometimes but for a little space, again for longer. He doth not befool old Michael. He hath made love to thee—thou canst not deny it.”

The beautiful face in the hood grew rosy. “Try not my patience,” she

said; "thy business had best not touch such matters."

"Nevertheless I spoke truth. He hath made love to thee, and thou—thou hast bewitched him till I know him not. Now hark 'e! Do'st know the name of him who stands on London Bridge at sundown and juggles for the people's sport?" A ring of suppressed wrath sounded in the words.

"Hath he acquainted thee with his name, good Mistress Davenport?"

The man could see two little hands cling to the wooden sill—tight—tight.

"Ay! I know his name," she answered, "though he told me not. Look you, I saw the passing of the great Duke's funeral, and the gentles who followed clothed in black velvet. Thy master rode with them, unmasked. One near me in the crowd pointed to him jestingly and said 'Yonder goes the young Lord of Yelverton, who hath squandered more gold crown pieces and rose-nobles than any dandy of them all, from London to Land's End.' 'Twas so I learned thy master's name, good sir."

"Do'st know then why he playeth by the South Tower?"

"Nay!" she cried, with soft eagerness. "Nay, tell me, I pray thee; 'tis best thou should'st."

"Listen then," answered the man with a quick glance around.

"He thou knowest as the juggler, is indeed the young Lord of Yelverton. Soft—I would not be overheard, and the watch cometh by. Now again. 'Tis also true he hath played fast and loose with two goodlie fortunes. See you—when he came of age there were none to advise or control. 'Twas in this wise: my Lord and my Lady, Heaven rest them, died within short space of each other leaving no lawful guardian for the lad. There was not one in England near of kin, therefore the Crown appointed Lord Dudley to the care of the young master and estates. My Lord troubled but little over the matter, and the lad grew up without control of any, a bit wild, yet sweet in temper. When at one-and-

twenty he came to his own (an' there were vast lands in France as well, for my Lady had been a Frenchwoman), he made short work of all the gold that had been storing up for his pleasure."

"I can'st not tell thee how it went, but, marry, 'twas like water through a sieve, or sand through the fingers. The whole world was his friend then, though none cared for him, for himself alone, but just old Michael.

"The lad had ever been ungovernable save by his mother's gentleness, and there were plenty to lead him from her memory. It went like a fairy tale, Mistress Davenport, for my master was as much at home in France as England, and everywhere had a gay company at his heels. He lived like a Prince of the blood, and when the foreign moneys were spent, saddled the home estates with grievous debt. When all went the same road he shipped to America with some of Sir Walter Raleigh's men,—I following ever."

"Say on, good Master Michael," said Joyce, as the man paused in his rapidly told story. "Thou art not finished?"

"'Twas upon that long voyage," he continued "that my Lord learned from a queer Indian fellow of the East, brown limbed and supple as willow, the curious tricks of throwing balls and knives—ay! an' many another folly which goeth for magic. 'Twas a pastime when the sea lay like a blue mirror and the sun warmed idle sails and a quiet deck."

The old fellow stopped breathlessly, and drew his hand across his eyes as though to dispel some vision.

"Tell me all and quickly," said the girl, "the hour flyeth."

"Yes, yes; have patience, sweet lady. The story is hard to unravel. We returned again to England after a year of wandering in the strange New World—an 'tis now thou needst listen. Not long since came word that an old friend of Lord Yelverton's father, one Frazer of Dundee (a dour man—an' o'er strange in many ways), was dead,

an' had bequeathed all his horde of wealth to my master. Ah! but there it did not end. There were conditions, mark you!"

The old voice stopped. And in the pause came the sound of Joyce Davenport's heart beating quick, quick, like a bird against cage bars.

"Full well did old Frazer of Dundee know my Lord Harry and his spend-thrift ways. The conditions were these, therefore, as the man of law read I listening also :

'When Lord Henry Yelverton, by the craft of his hand, earneth twenty golden guineas in the space of one month then shall he enter into full possession of all land and moneys mentioned in the said will; provided also that he wed upon the same day the niece of Donald Frazer, who was also his ward and rich in her own right.'

"This, sweet Mistress Davenport, read the man of law in my hearing—with much mouthing of words that have slipped my memory."

"O, hasten, hasten, good Master Michael," cried the girl. "Is there aught else?"

"I' faith just this much. My young Lord laughed long, and as at a jest when he heard. 'I have a craft, Sir lawyer,' he said, 'an honest one in sooth, whereby I can earn the gold right merrily—if so be Michael will but pass around his chapeau. But I doubt me 'tis such an one as would have pleased the sainted Scot.' 'No especial craft is specified in the document,' said the man of law. 'Then was I born under a lucky star! But the maid: Beshrew me! Why did he throw in the maid? Could'st not have put in a word to save a man? I beseech thee, sweet lawyer, draw me her picture. An' it be not to my liking, I'd let the King's crown go by before I'd wed her.' Those, fair lady, were his very words."

Joyce gave a little laugh and caught the old man's arm.

"Said he so?" she cried. "Art sure?"

"Ay!" an' that was a month back. He hath earned the gold—but—he hath also seen thee. An' but yestere'en said he thus to me, in all earnestness,

'The game is up, my trusty Michael, and I am where I was before.'

"Be quick," she said breathlessly.

"I see a shadow yonder, perchance the watch returneth, or thou hast wearied Silas, or 'tis my father."

"Ay!" again he panted; "this said my master, 'There is no heart left in me to go to Scotland and wed old Frazer's ward. A plague on him for throwing in the maid. 'Twould plant a thorn in every golden rose-noble of them all. Nay then I will not wed her for my heart hath found its heritage here on London Bridge! A pearl washed up by old Father Thames that all the world passed unseeing.' And 'tis the little maid of Davenport that may be my Lady of Yelverton an' she will—though there be not a groat behind the title—"

"See then, sweet mistress, 'tis on thy pity I throw myself. I doubt not he said all this to thee—but take him not at his word. Indeed 'twould be his undoing. Dost not understand 'tis the turn of the tide with him now? With the Scottish wealth all debts could be wiped away from the old castle, and the name kept pure in England. And thy father, knowest thou not he lived but by the grace of the Queen? 'Tis a marriage not to be entertained, though in truth my lord meant his words. Is it not enough that he play to the people, while I scorn the money I take? Have pity, sweet lady, for I know his moods. He is in deadly earnest, now, an' thou only canst save him. An' thou turn'st him off lightly, then perchance will he away to the north country and trouble be ended."

"Go," she said, looking out into the old white eager face. "I will not answer thee now—it need'th thought. Thy limbs tremble, good Sir. My father speaketh with Silas at the gate. Hasten, hasten!"

Soon Davenport came stumbling to the door. He called in quick, angry fashion for Joyce.

"Who is it that talk'st with thee after I am away—Hark'e, make no excuse."

"It is my Lord of Yelverton. Hast aught against him? Thou knowst his name surely; 'tis an old one in the country," she answered.

"Lord Yelverton!" he said thickly. "Is't so? Dost mean it? How camest thou to meet one of title? Thou hast been a caged beauty of late, also," turning up her face with one hand, and looking down into it with angry blood-shot eyes.

"Thou know'st I never speak aught but truth," she said gravely.

"Ay! little one, thy word is thy bond always, but report said 'twas the brown juggler at bridge-foot, who had found thee out." Then his face changing: "In *any* case 'twill not do, Mistress Joyce; 'twill not do; Yelverton hath not a sou to his title. There is Ted Gillian. See thou turn'st him not away when he come'th on the morrow.

"He is a good fellow, though no gentle. Speak him fair I bid thee. He is rich—Ted Gillian—rich, rich. As for this young noble, hast made love to thee, sweetheart?"

"Ay!" answered the girl softly. "He spoke somewhat of love."

"An' asked thee to marry him, I'll swear? If I could afford time I could'st wed thee to the greatest of them all. He asked thee to marry him, then did he, lass?"

"Peradventure," she said with a laugh that ended in a sob. Then turning, she threw her arms about the man's throat, with a sudden soft violence that half sobered him. "O father," she cried, "I desire not to marry any one of them if thou wilt but be kind an' have me bide with thee. Let us away from London Bridge. I am overweary of the crowd ever going by, an' of the endless noise an' turmoil. The bridge is worn and breaking, soon will the Queen have it rebuilt grandly, so say the gossips. I am weary of it, of the sights of it, and the dreadful heads blackening in the sunlight. Thou may'st not *always* have the toll-house. Let us away then now to some quiet place; to the new country, dear father. The ships pass out at morning and evening. O, say

thou wilt go with thy little Joyce, an' speak no more of marrying."

Davenport shook her away, but half comprehending the drift of her words.

"This time thou art mad," he said. "Thou art surely mad; an' thou always wert a strange maid. To thy bed, and rest! To thy bed and rest."

The girl went slowly away to her room and stood looking out at the wide, dark river, dappled here and there with silver from the late rising moon. Down her face fell a rain of tears, unheeded.

"There is no other way," she said half aloud. "Yet I would there were. 'Ted Gillian!' with a catch in her breath, 'Ted Gillian!' O, I needed not that. To-morrow night at nine o' the clock will he come again, my Lord of Yelverton, an' I might go with him an' I would. Nay, 'twould be but a selfish love an' I went. I can remember his words, though I understood them not: 'Two roads lie before me, little maid; one dark and tiresome—even monotonous to desperation; the other through a green country, where the air is golden an' the sky the shade of thine eyes. Thou wilt be by my side there, an' if joy comes t'will be greater with thee to share it; an' if sorrow, then I'll take thy part as well as my own. So, sweetheart, 'tis a fair journey lies in that direction. Would'st throw in thy lot with a strolling juggler who hath but love to give thee?'"

No, no! There was no time for thought, and 'twas needless, for her mind was firmly set. Love was not love to her—that harmed the thing it worshipped.

Yet all possibility of life in the old house by the north tower was over.

Tying the green cloak about her she went silently down the leaning stairs, through the quiet room and out into the darkness. One of the dogs followed, a small tangle-haired thing with eyes great and melancholy.

On the bridge towers flamed the dying links, and the moon was sinking. There was a mackerel sky that night, and little broken clouds tinted with violet floated now and then across the "silver shield of heaven."



"Then she stepped to the edge of the little craft."

Joyce stood looking at it all, her hands clasped, her head thrown back.

"'Tis a beautiful, beautiful world," she said, as though to the tiny dog pressing his rough head against her white gown. "Methinks t'could not be fairer—even beyond—" Then stooping she patted the trembling animal. "Thou art a good little friend," said the girl softly, "a good little friend in sooth. But thou canst not bear me company to-night. Nay, plead not. I will not let thee come. Away to thy corner, away, away!"

So she watched, till he turned towards the house in obedient sadness. Not far off there were some steps, unsteady with age and worn in hollows, that led to the water. These she ran down swiftly, and unfastened a shallow punt that lay moored to them.

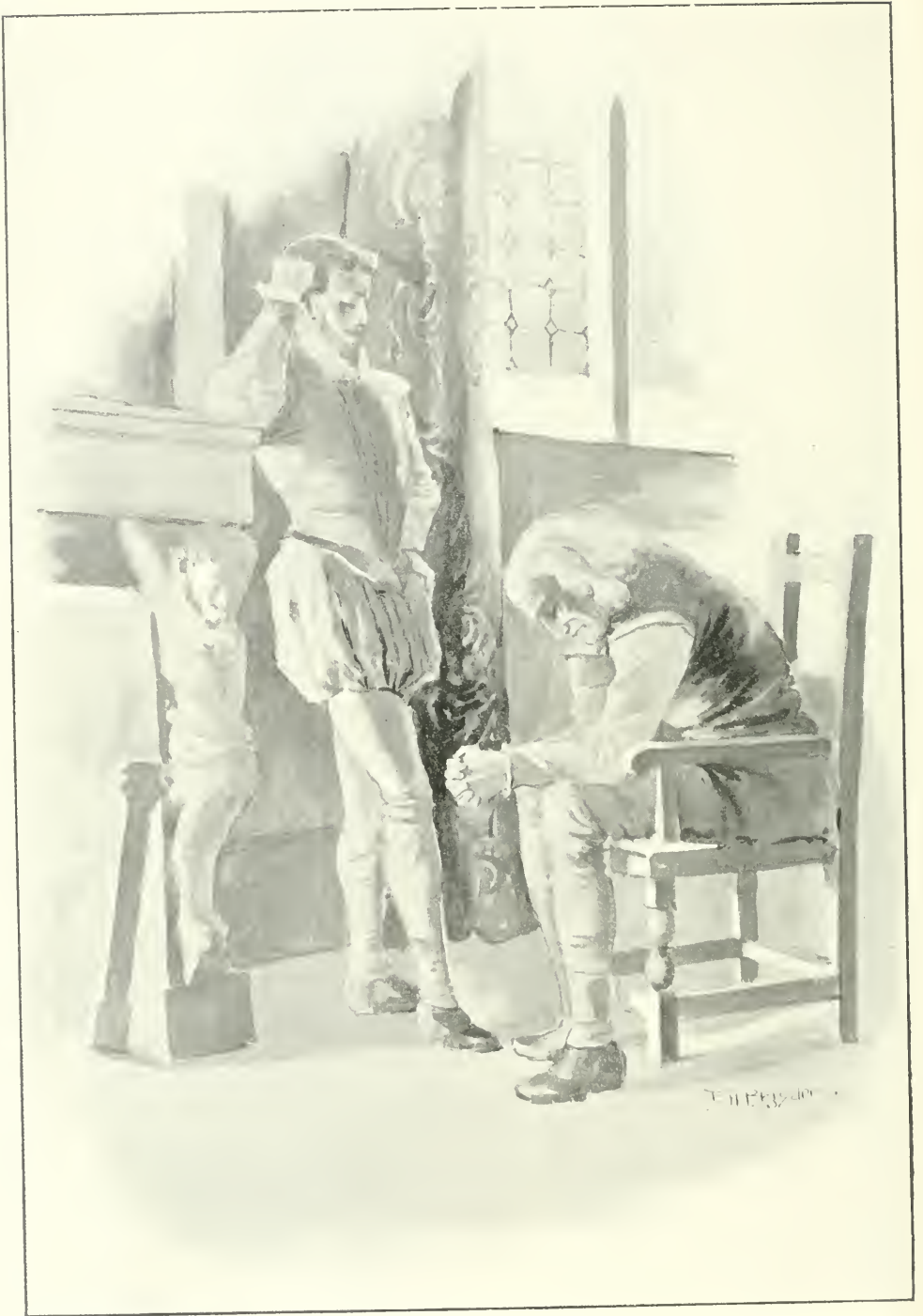
An old waterman who had known her long, stood near by, having been late at

work. At first he thought it was a spirit, then chiding his fancies went nearer and saw Joyce Davenport untying the knotted rope. He called, and the girl answered nothing, but pushed off into the open river.

She stood quite still then and let the boat follow the tide. Out it went, out and out—below the arch—under the bridge—beyond. The old man saw her still standing, tall and white. He tried to call again but his heart beat hard and hard so that no sound would come.

Then she stepped to the edge of the little craft, and so into the river, with her arms out, and her face turned upward.

The water eddied and rippled, eddied and rippled, and was still. The punt tossed a moment; then floated slowly on alone.



DRAWN BY J. H. BRIDGEN.

"'Twas but a dream, good Michael," he said gently.

Years afterwards, away in Scotland, in one of the great houses rich with beauty two men were talking by an open fire. The wintry sun shone through glittering windows and the room was trimmed with holly, green and gay.

"The lads will be home for Christmas, master?" said the elder man, stooping to push back a heavy burning log and sending showers of sparks up the chimney.

"Ay!" answered the other, who was tall and straight, with a face good to look upon.

"Ay! the lads will be home, Michael. Their mother counteth much on it."

"Thou art a happy man, my Lord, with thy two sons, and all this of life's comfort."

"Happy of course, Michael; and who would not be? What have I missed of the best? Yet old fellow, seemeth it not wonderful that I am staid and sober-minded, and of a steady prosperity? Truly the gods seem to love me, although I die not young."

"But fancies, strange and outside of aught we do from day to day, come to the best and worst of us at times. Hearken, I will tell thee somewhat."

"Last night I dreamed, and it went in this wise: One came to me, shining as the sun and grave of face—an angel perchance, though there be others better able to judge of that than I. Be that as it may, this shining one spoke in marvellous sweet manner and said,

'Don thou thy brown leathern suit and go out into the world, and look through the east and through the west for a flower. Somewhere it groweth for thee to pluck. None other may have it. White it is, and pure, and when thou seest it the earth will hold naught else for thee. In the golden heart of it lieth a potent of love that only thou may'st find.'

"So I went, good Michael, and long I searched. But not in the east, and not in the west was the flower I sought. Then as I grew over-weary of my quest I found it blowing upon the old bridge in London town."

"Of the sweetness of it, I cannot tell thee; but as I would have taken it to my heart there came a wind, strong and terrible, that broke the fragile stem, and drifted the lily away, across into the river—and so out to sea. And so—out to sea."

The man stopped speaking and gave a little laugh, half-bitter, half-sweet; then touched the old servant as he bent over the fire, his head far down, his silvery locks shading the sharp, worn face.

"'Twas but a dream, good Michael," he said gently; "'twas but a dream. And I am waking now. Dost hear the yeomen bringing in the yule-log? Marry! 'tis over-heavy by the noise they make! Haste thee away; they'll need thy wisdom to get it through the snow. Cheer up thine old heart then; cheer up thine old heart; to-morrow 'twill be Christmas."

THE END.





JORDANS MEETING HOUSE.

WHERE WILLIAM PENN IS BURIED.

By H. C. Shelley.

WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

DEEP in a shady dell, about a mile and a half from that village of Chalfont St. Giles, in which Milton took refuge when the plague was raging in London, stands the Quaker meeting-house of Jordans. Living or dead, no member of the Society of Friends could wish to find himself in a spot more in harmony with the simple tenets of his creed. As the meeting-house breaks upon the vision through the stately trees by which it is surrounded, it seems as if one had been vouchsafed a glimpse of New England in Old England; it is just such a building as was common in the New World what time the religious refugees of Britain, late in the seventeenth century, crossed the seas in search of that liberty of conscience denied them in the old home. On such rude wooden benches as still remain under that red-tiled roof, no rule of life and faith would be more seemly than that preached by

George Fox; and than the simple God's acre which fronts the meeting-house there could be no fitter resting place in which to await in quiet confidence that Day which will prove how far that creed was in harmony with absolute truth.

For several miles around, this district is rich in memories of the early Quakers. Near by was the peaceful home of the Penningtons, in which Thomas Ellwood was living as tutor, and from which William Penn was to take his first and most beloved wife. General Fleetwood, too, had his residence in the neighborhood. The reason for this focussing of so many Friends within a small area was probably the same as that which drove the Covenanters of Scotland to seek refuge on the lonely moors; to-day Jordans is sufficiently inaccessible, and two centuries ago it must have been an ideal haven for suspected sectaries.



Wm Russell

From the original painting from life at the age of 22, in the possession of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

More than two hundred years have elapsed since Jordans passed into the possession of the Society of Friends. It owes its name probably to a forgotten owner of the property; for it was not from a Jordan, but from one William Russell that, in 1671, Thomas Ellwood and several others acquired the land on behalf of the Society. The

idea of a meeting-house seems to have been an afterthought; it was as a burial place simply that Jordans was originally purchased. But the meeting-house was not long in following, for seventeen years later there is authentic record of its existence. Probably some generations have passed since regular meetings were held in this rude

temple; but twice every year—on the fourth Sunday in May and the first Thursday in June—set gatherings are held to keep alive the continuity of Quaker teaching within these walls.

But it is because of its graves, and not on account of its meeting-house, that Jordans attracts so many pilgrims year by year. For a century and a half there was nothing to distinguish one mouldering heap from another. Here, for example, is the account which Mr. William Hepworth Dixon, one of Penn's most competent biographers, wrote of his visit to the place in 1851:

"Nothing could be less imposing than the graveyard at Jordans; the meeting-house is like an old barn in appearance, and the field in which the illustrious dead repose is not even decently smoothed. There are no gravel walks, no monuments, no mournful yews, no cheerful flowers; there is not even a stone to mark a spot or to record a name. When I visited it with my friend, Granville Penn, Esq., great-grandson of the State-Founder, on the 11th of January this year, we had some difficulty in determining the heap under which the great man's ashes lie. Mistakes have occurred before now; and for many years pilgrims were shown the wrong grave."

With the laudable desire of helping pilgrims to pay their devotions at the right shrine, Mr. Dixon prepared a simple ground plan of the graveyard, and the position of the small headstones which mark the graves to-day correspond with that plan to a large extent. But there is one important exception. It will be seen from one of the pictures given with this article that the stone nearest to the fence in the second row bears the name of "John Penn," whereas in Mr. Dixon's plan that position marks the grave of "John Pennington." It is not easy to throw any light on this mistake. For instance, it is difficult to see what John Penn could be buried under the date given, 1746; certainly not the grandson who occupied Stoke Park and was responsible, in 1790, for that ponder-

ous cenotaph to the memory of Gray. The grave is undoubtedly more likely to be that of a Pennington, a member of that family to which William Penn's first wife belonged. The mystery about this particular grave makes all the more unmeaning the recent attempt to desecrate it.

It lends a pathetic interest to this lonely graveyard to visit it fresh from a perusal of Thomas Ellwood's simple autobiography. All those who sleep so quietly under these modest headstones figure more or less in his pages; they become known to us in all their quaint Quaker habits and beliefs, and appeal to us with the tender sentiment of a bygone age. Penn had two wives and eleven children, of whom both wives and seven of the children keep him company here. Next to Penn himself, the memory which most dominates this burial place is that of Guli Penn, his first wife. Ellwood knew her in London as a child; became her play-fellow; used to "ride with her in her little coach, drawn by her footman about Lincoln's Inn Fields." She was the daughter of Sir William Springett, who fell in Cromwell's army, and her mother afterwards became the wife of Isaac Pennington. Other children were born to Isaac Pennington and Lady Springett, and as tutor to those children Ellwood was for many years in daily converse with Guli Springett. He had ample opportunity, then, to win her for his own; and he was not "so stupid nor so divested of all humanity as not to be sensible of the real and innate worth and virtue which adorned that excellent dame." Outsiders talked, of course. Ellwood had not joined the Quakers for nothing; his motive was the conquest of Guli and the annexation of her fortune; if he could not get her by fair means, why then, of course, he would run away with her and marry her. Such pleasant gossip reached the ears of the Penningtons and their tutor; but the former did not lose confidence and the latter did not pluck up courage to make the gossip true. For Guli Springett was worth winning. "In all respects,"



GRAVES OF WILLIAM PENN AND HIS TWO WIVES.

says the meek Ellwood, "a very desirable woman—whether regard was had to her outward person, which wanted nothing to render her completely comely; or to the endowments of her mind, which were every way extraordinary and highly obliging; or to her outward fortune, which was fair." Ellwood's subsequent wooing showed that he did not deserve such a prize. Guli did not lack for suitors; but towards them all, "till he at length came for whom she was reserved, she carried herself with so much evenness of temper, such courteous freedom guarded with the strictest modesty, that, as it gave encouragement or ground of hopes to none, so neither did it administer any matter of offence or just cause of complaint to any."

The "he" for whom she was "reserved" was William Penn. Happening to visit Ellwood at the Penningtons, he saw, was enslaved, and then conquered. Twenty-two years of wedded happiness were

meted out to these two, and then Guli Penn was laid to rest at Jordans.

Perhaps it spoils something of the romance that Penn took a second wife, even though it is always affirmed that Guli ever remained his favourite spouse. Was Hannah Callowhill conscious of that fact? Those lovers of Guli Penn





INTERIOR OF JORDANS MEETING HOUSE.

who are knights errant of her memory will perhaps wickedly hope that she was. The second wife, at any rate, has left little impress in the life of her husband; that she bore him six children and that from one of her sons the present representatives of the male branch of the family are descended is about all that has to be recorded. If the testimony of the headstone must be accepted—and there are doubts on that point—then Hannah Penn lies in the same grave with her husband, while the lovable Guli sleeps apart by herself in the grave to the left. Next to her is her mother, inscribed on the headstone simply as “Mary Pennington” and not as Lady Springett. She appears to have put off her title with her widow’s weeds; and in any case such “worldly” honours can hardly expect perpetuation in a Quaker graveyard. And yet a letter among the manuscripts of the Duke of Portland proves that Penn himself was not wholly indifferent to the fascination of sounding titles. He is writing to Robert Harley on matters connected with Pennsylvania, and he

weakly confesses that he asked for “some honorary mark, as a founder of the Colony, viz., as the first—hereditary—Privy Councillor or Chief Justice, or the like, which I shall not insist upon, contenting myself with the rights of landlord and lord of the manor of the country.”

Isaac Pennington finds sepulture here too, and Penn’s married daughter Letitia, and his first-born son Springett, and five of his infant children, and Ellwood, and that wife of his whom he wooed in such a comically serious fashion. It is quite a re-union of the pugnacious men and the demure women who stand in such marked contrast with each other in the memory of those familiar with Ellwood’s pages. Peace to their memory, these controversial men, these mild-mannered women! Perhaps they would not sleep so peacefully could they be conscious of the changes which have come over those who hold their creed to-day. Not to hear the “thee” and “thou,” not to see the hat-covered head—what pain this would be, especially to the

obstinate Ellwood, whose father once threatened to knock the teeth down his throat if he "thee-ed" him again, and buffeted him about the head for persisting in wearing a hat in his presence! Poor Ellwood! Hat after hat was filched from him by that irate father; and when at last even his montero-cap was confiscated, and he was forced to go bareheaded, he caught such a cold in his face that his devoted sister had much ado to keep him poulticed with "figs and stoned

and inevitable home!" Dr. Dixon forgot that there must be two parties to such a bargain. Philadelphia did try to remove the remains some years ago; but the trustees of the burial ground objected, and the Home Secretary at once upheld the objection. And now a Philadelphian makes another suggestion. He wants a memorial to Penn erected near the Old Bailey in London—the scene of his vindication of the right of a jury to render a verdict contrary to the dictation of a judge



*Thy truly Lo: & affectionate
Friend Guli Penn*

raisins roasted." No doubt there are many cheaper martyrdoms than that.

Philadelphia often casts envious eyes towards the graveyard at Jordans. Is that Mr. Hepworth Dixon's fault? In that account of his visit to Jordans, quoted above, he mentions Mr. Granville Penn's resolve to erect some simple but durable record over the graves, and then adds: "If this be not done, the neglect will only hasten the day on which his ancestor's remains will be carried off to America—their proper

—and the ashes of the famous Quaker placed underneath. The suggestion calls up two pictures. One is of a grimy street in the heart of London, where the roar of traffic resounds from dawning day to past midnight, where stands the sombre building whose walls are fetid with the stains of inhuman crimes; the other is of a grassy dell sentinelled with bosky trees, where a soft quietness broods through winter snows and summer sun, where there is little to suggest the depth of infamy to which the human heart can sink.

CANADIAN CELEBRITIES.

VII.—THE HON. JOSEPH MARTIN.

HARD circumstances sent the Martin family away to the States from the mill and store at Milton, Ontario, where Joseph was born. The father died in Michigan. The children had to take up the burden. At the age of the average school boy Joseph Martin was a telegraph operator. The panic of 1873 caused a sweeping reduction in all lines of the railway service, and rather than retreat from his advanced position as a train despatcher to the operator's place in a way-station young Martin came back to Canada. School teaching was then even more than now the door of hope to every Canadian child of adversity and he entered the profession through the Toronto Normal School. His career as a teacher at New Edinburgh was diversified by a squabble with the Conservative school board which resented his efforts to get his fellow-boarders on the voters' list. As an Ottawa Young Liberal he cultivated a large variety of opinions which were freely uttered at every regular meeting. He was keenly alive to the uselessness of prolonged discussion and always clamoured for a vote at the conclusion of his own speech. His duties as a school teacher had been varied by activity as a law student and within a few weeks of his final examination for the Ontario bar he left for the west.

Manitoba in the early eighties did not look like a formation which would yield rich rewards to the ambition of a young and faithful Liberal. The people were not disposed to be friendly to the Liberal cause. Alexander Mackenzie had planned the C.P.R. with a wisdom which time has vindicated at almost every point. The trouble was that Mr. Mackenzie did not realize that the building of the C.P.R. was a matter of life and death to this country. Instead of boldly pushing on the work as a

war measure he magnified the difficulties of construction and lifted up his voice and wept over the size of the lions in the path. The whole country was filled with the gloom of his doubts. The plans of Hon. Alexander Mackenzie were supremely excellent, but the west would not accept plans as a substitute for the immediate construction of a through line and the local belief that the Liberals were niggards who had no faith in the west or hope for its future, made Manitoba a most unpromising field for the exercise of Joseph Martin's gifts.

There was no magic in the names of Mackenzie or Blake. The Government of Hon. John Norquay, at Winnipeg, was closely allied with the Government of Sir John A. Macdonald, at Ottawa. The quick eye of Joseph Martin saw in this alliance the elements of an explosion if he could only get his hands on the torch of public enthusiasm. Sir John was popular; John Norquay was popular, but the clause of the C.P.R. charter which forbade Manitoba to seek an independent outlet to the American boundary was unpopular. If Conservative supremacy in Manitoba could be identified with the maintenance of a monopoly clause, both might be destroyed. Public indignation was stimulated, but still Liberalism was so unpopular that when Joseph Martin first appeared as a candidate for the Legislature in Portage la Prairie, it was expedient for him to disguise his partizanship in a declaration of undivided allegiance to the great principle of Provincial Rights. He was quite unabashed by his surroundings in the Manitoba Legislature when he went in and fought on the Opposition ship which had Thomas Greenway for its figurehead. The Legislature could scarcely believe its ears when the member for Portage la Prairie calmly remarked that Mr.

Speaker was the most unscrupulous partizan he ever met. The House ordered these bold words to be taken down and solemnly decided that the member should appear in his place to apologize and submit to reprimand from the chair. The House adjourned. The next day, and the next and the next the members assembled and looked helplessly at the vacant chair of Joseph Martin. They felt unequal to the transaction of public business until the refractory member had been purged of his contempt. The helpless Legislature became the laughing-stock of Winnipeg, and the farce continued until Mr. Martin dropped in one afternoon and apologized somewhat as follows :

"I understand that this honourable House cannot proceed with the business of the country until I appear in my place and apologize to you Mr. Speaker. I do not wish to be responsible for any further delay in the transaction of public business, and therefore, Mr. Speaker, I beg leave to humbly apologize for calling you a partizan, but it was true all the same."

It might have been better if Joseph Martin had gracefully bowed to the proprieties embodied in the authority of Mr. Speaker. His triumph over a tyrannical majority and a partizan Speaker was not worth the winning. This trifling incident illustrates certain permanent elements of strength and weakness in his public character. A genius for creating great issues and promoting great ends is qualified by a perverse fondness for gratifying the immediate impulse at the expense of the ultimate aim. A man unduly influenced by his environment would have been afraid of the opportunities which Mr. Martin had improved. The environment which could overawe him has yet to be created. He makes his environment as he goes along, and when the final stages of the railway controversy threw him into direct personal contact with the Federal Government, the young Attorney-General of Manitoba was not terrified by the overshadowing presence of Sir John A. Macdonald. The tradition is that Sir John was firm and that Mr. Greenway was moulded by the will of the Attorney-General

into a posture of stubborn adherence to the Provincial right of chartering a competing line. Negotiations were broken off, and Messrs. Greenway and Martin headed for Manitoba. They were returning to a united and angry people ready to back them up in using the forms of law to baffle the Dominion, or in going beyond the law to resist Federal tyranny. Lord Lansdowne intervened. The Manitoba delegates were stopped at Toronto by a summons to return to Ottawa. The Dominion Government backed down and bought out the rights of the Canadian Pacific Railway in the monopoly clause, and Sir John A. Macdonald completed the ruin of the Conservative party in Manitoba when he rewarded the threats of his enemy Joseph Martin with the concessions which he refused to the entreaties of his friend John Norquay.

The new Liberal Government of Manitoba did not dwell in a cave of harmony. The radical, progressive and restless Attorney-General failed to give Hon. Thomas Greenway the reverence due to the head of a Government. Mr. Greenway naturally regarded himself as worthy of all reverence. He was slow to believe that a man of his weight and fluent eloquence had derived all his power from the courageous activity of Joseph Martin, who, at this stage of his career, might have answered Bagehot's description of Lord Brougham :

"If he were a horse nobody would buy him; with that eye no one could answer for his temper, such men are often not really resolute, but they are not pleasant to be near in a difficulty. They have an aggressive eagerness which is formidable. They would kick against the goad sooner than not kick at all. A little of the demon is excellent for an agitator."

An agitator among office-holders was Joseph Martin in the Manitoba Government. The story goes that Thomas Greenway first learned that his Government was committed to the abolition of the French language in the Separate Schools from the newspaper reports of his Attorney-General's latest speech. Having created the issue which was destined to throw the Conservative



PHOTO BY STEELE & CO., WINNIPEG.

THE HON. JOSEPH MARTIN.

party out of power at Ottawa, Joseph Martin still wanted to go faster and farther than his sluggish leader would travel, and he carried himself and his ambitions out of the Government back to the law office, where he waited his chance to break into Dominion politics.

At the general election of 1891, Hon. T. M. Daly was elected by a comfortable majority over Joseph Martin, in Selkirk. In 1893 the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald resigned the seat for Winnipeg, which he had carried in 1891 by a great majority over Isaac Campbell, Q.C. Canadian Liberalism was then dwelling amid "the graves, worms and epitaphs" of that crushing series of defeats in the bye-elections of 1892. The Winnipeg Liberals, who are now highest in the favour of their leaders at

Ottawa, thought that it would be a great stroke of policy to let the bye-election go by default. The Conservatives would then never have the heart to oppose the local Government which had been the means of giving them the Dominion seat for Winnipeg without a fight. In their extremity the Liberal stalwarts turned to Joseph Martin as a leader who always preferred war to peace. He took the field and was elected by a large majority.

The victory in Winnipeg was almost the first sign of light in the skies which had been dark with the party's record of defeat in the bye-elections. The Government felt the blow and Sir John Thompson revealed his bitterness when he publicly wished Wilfrid Laurier "joy of his black Tarte and his yellow Martin." Joseph Martin was unawed by the superior character of the assemblage at Ottawa. In his first speech he smote Sir John Thompson and fervently declared his faith in Wilfrid Laurier. The Laurier leadership was then in its experimental stage and people in Ontario and the west, who distrusted the French-Canadian leader, were reassured by the sentiments of the man whom they admired on his record as the friend of national schools and the enemy of the dual language.

There was no monotony in the parliamentary career of Joseph Martin, or

in the succeeding years which recorded his defeat in Winnipeg, his exclusion from the Dominion Government, his departure for British Columbia, his sudden rise and his equally sudden fall in the politics of that Province. It is hard to determine the rights and wrongs of the late controversy in the British Columbia Cabinet. Joseph Martin seems to have erred at the expense of his own ambition when he joined hands with Messrs. Semlin and Cotton. A coalition between the Conservative wing of the Semlin-Cotton party and the adherents of the Turner Government would then have been the end of the crisis created by the dismissal of Hon. J. H. Turner in 1898. If Joseph Martin had not been urged to place himself at the mercy of his colleagues by accepting the place of Attorney-General in their Government, he would have had his chance to show what he could do as leader of a united Opposition. The windows of Joseph Martin's future in British Columbia are now darkened, but the reverses which his enemies describe as the climax of his final bankruptcy, may simply give him time to take stock.

It is a misfortune that the large elements of public usefulness in the character of the strong man are not associated with the gracious manners and the conciliatory ways which are the stock in trade of the office-holder. The fanaticism of subsidy-hunting greed has made the most of Joseph Martin's lack of gracious manners and conciliatory ways. He has been cursed as a demagogue by the alien mining brokers and the English promoters, who blame him exclusively for the wise and just eight-hour law which was introduced in the name of the united Government, and unanimously adopted by the Legislature. Fanaticism is supposed to be the characteristic of religious zealots and prohibitionists. The bigotry of commerce is more to be dreaded by the faithful public man than the bigotry of creeds. The politician who gets in front of a scheme for raiding the public resources, may be forgotten by the people whom he has enriched, but he

will never be forgiven by the interests which he has offended.

Patriots who yearn to get rich "developin' the undeveloped resources of the country," recognize Joseph Martin as an enemy to be dreaded. The bosses who wish to figure as a power behind the throne of a weak Cabinet Minister, denounce him as an impossibility, and corporations which fool every Opposition and fatten on every Government, are enemies to the advancement of a public man who plays for the people in battalions, and sometimes needlessly irritates individuals. The mistakes of a strong man who is useful to the people, are more widely advertised than the crimes of a weak man who is useful to his friends and backers. The fury of jealousy, inside the party, the whispering of all the sordid influences which profit by weakness in public affairs, could not prevail against Joseph Martin if he ruled his own spirit. He was denounced for bringing the Northern Pacific into Manitoba, but the enemies who insisted that there was a "steal" for him in a scheme which gave that alien corporation a gross subsidy of \$1,650 per mile from all sources, can estimate the truly enormous profits of these modern schemes which bleed the Provincial and Dominion treasuries for subsidies at the rate of \$10,000 and \$16,000 and upwards per mile in land and money.

The cautious place-man who is afraid to breathe without speculating as to the probable effect of the next breath on his own political future is the curse of Canada. The Liberal party which should be led by politicians in the best sense is coming more and more under the control of place-men in the worst sense. Joseph Martin is not a place-man, but he would do well to tincture his courage with a slight infusion of the place-man's virtue of caution, not for the sake of making friends with the influences which will never be in favour of any strong man, but to conciliate people who are in sympathy with his aims.

Long-range prophecy is never easy

and at this time and distance it is hard to tell whether or not recent events have put up the shutters on the public career of Joseph Martin. The Dominion Government dreads his ascendancy, but its influence is limited in a province where the party yoke rests lightly on the necks of the people. His seat in the Legislature is not vacant. He still retains the genius which can turn a popular grievance into a winning issue. Infirmities which repel individuals are

associated with the rugged honesty, strength and courage which attract the masses, and it is early yet to write the obituary of the man whose leading characteristic was thus described by the late Rev. Alexander Grant, of Winnipeg: . . . "———would give up a dozen principles for one job, but Joseph Martin would give up a dozen jobs for one principle."

John R. Robinson.

TWO SONNETS.

TO——

For thee, who hast through all my happy years
Walked generously at my side, and sought
In fields, the flower, and in books, the thought
That most ennobled, and who in my ears
Hast always sung the melody that cheers
Us on to toil, for thee, my hands have wrought
With eagerness and still have fashioned naught
That freed thy smile and prisoned fast thy tears.

Thus having nothing fit, I turn and see
In this sweet moment, clear though fugitive,
A cup of golden joy held out to me—
And do beseech God now to rather give
That gracious drink of life to gladden thee
That in thy joy most joyful I may live.

Evelyn Durand.

IN REPLY.

It has been said his lot is poor indeed
Who looks on happiness through other's eyes.
We fancy joy our due, nor recognize
That God's apportionment has been decreed
In measure that transcends our daily meed,
Fulfilling the deep truth which satisfies
The human heart, and yields, though otherwise,
In good to one we love, that which we plead.

Beloved, I feel as one who takes at eve
His way, not sadly, eastward towards the night,
And knows that on his front the shadows cleave,
While glorious behind him streams the light
On one who passes faring to the west.
Oh, day most glad to me, to thee most blest.

Laura B. Durand.

Toronto, June, 1899.

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

A ROMANCE.

By Joanna E. Wood, Author of "The Untempered Wind", "Judith Moore", etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealous of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. She makes him promise, however, that he will never take her away from Dole, the little village close at hand, and asks him also to train himself for the position of successor to the Rev. Mr. Didymus, the present Congregational minister and sole clergyman of the village. Vashti's idea is that as wife of the minister she will be mistress of Dole with all the power for which her flinty, worldly soul craves. And when this "Daughter of Witches" so influences this nature-worshipping young man that he consents to enter the holy profession, she feels that her hour of vengeance will not be long delayed. Two years afterwards, at the deathbed of the Rev. Mr. Didymus, Sidney and Vashti are married. Lanty and Mabella had been united some time previously. As minister of Dole, Sidney won the adoration of his people with his sweet and winning sermons. But slowly and steadily his wife weaves about him her hypnotic meshes until she has him almost absolutely under her control. Then her day of vengeance seems at hand—she is preparing to pour the vials of her wrath on her friends and relations.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE are certain flowers which, when placed with other blossoms, choke and stifle and wither them by some evil emanation so subtle that it cannot be analyzed. The heliotrope is one of the flowers which murder other blooms. As with flowers so with spirits. Which of us that is at all sensitive to psychic influences but has felt at one time or another the devitalizing influence of certain personalities, and one can readily imagine how continuous, how fatal such an influence would be, when the eyes were so blinded by love that they could neither perceive the evil plainly nor guess its genesis at all. And sometimes thinking of these things, one wonders if the old, weird tales of vampires and were wolves are not cunning allegories instead of meaningless myths, invented by men who, searching the subtleties of soul and spirit, discerned this thing, but living in times when it was not wise to prate too familiarly of the invisible, had been fain to cloak their discovery in a garb less mystic.

But if the strife be wrapped in mys-

tery the effect upon the subjective spirit is very visible.

Many of the Dole people eyed their pastor anxiously as he arose to address them the next Sunday, for he was very dear to them. Dole was not prone to let its affections go out to strangers. Life was very pinched and stinted in Dole, and it would seem almost as if their loves were meagre as their lives; at their repasts there was rarely much more than would go round, and perhaps they remembered better the injunction against giving the children's meat to the dogs, than they did the command to love thy neighbour as thyself. That great luxury of the poor—loving—they did not half enjoy, but bounded their affections as they did their fields.

Between Dole and strangers there was usually an insurmountable barrier of mutual incomprehension. It was, indeed, difficult to find the combination which opened the Dole heart, but Sidney had done it.

He was a very tender pastor to his people; whatever doubts, whatever questionings, whatever fears troubled

and tormented his own soul he permitted none of them to disturb the peace of the doctrine he preached. These people striving with irresponsible barren acres, and bending wearily above hopeless furrows, were told how they might lighten the labours both of themselves and others, and promised places of green pastures and running brooks. The gates of their visionary celestial city were flung wide to them, and in the windows of the heavenly mansion cheering lamps were lit.

Was this false doctrine? Perhaps. Protestants are fond of saying with a sneer that Catholicism is a very "comfortable religion." The implication would seem to be that a religion is not to be chosen because of its consolations. Therefore, it is perhaps regrettable that Sidney's preachment to Dole was so pronouncedly a message of "sweetness and light."

His hearers loved him, and looked upon his unministerial ways with a tolerance which surprised themselves; often, as he passed upon these long, seemingly aimless walks which Dole could not comprehend, a hard-wrought man would pause in his work, straighten himself and look after him wistfully even as the eyes of the fishermen followed The Galilean, or a weary woman would stand in her doorway until such time as he drew near, and then, with some little excuse upon her lips, arrest his steps for a moment, to turn away comforted by the benediction of his mere presence.

Nor was Sidney insensible of, or irresponsible to this output of affection. He felt the full force of it, and returned to them their measure heaped up and running over. And for a time the comfort of the mutual feeling helped to sustain his spirit, fainting beneath the burden of morbid introspection, and sapped by the ignorantly exercised power of his wife, for, not understanding the influence she wielded, Vashti used it rashly. Suggestion was superimposed upon suggestion until the centre of his mental gravity was all but lost, and in his walks he often paused bewildered at the upspringing of cer-

tain things within his mind, grasping at the elusive traces of his vanishing individuality.

The hour is past when these things might be scoffed at; the old legends have given place to scientific data more marvellous than the myths they discredit. The law has recognized the verity of these things, and justice has vindicated its decision with the extreme fiat of death. Alas, the justice of men is for those who kill the body; it cannot reach those who murder the mind.

The church was unusually crowded when Sidney arose. It had been hinted abroad that Ann Serrup was to be there, and Dole stirred with pleasurable anticipation, for Ann Serrup was an unregenerate individual so far as religion was concerned.

It was related of her that once at a revival meeting in Brixton, when the fiery revivalist of that place, Mr. Hackles, approached her, asking in sepulchral tones where she expected to go when she died, Ann replied, unmoved, that she would go "to where they put her," a response calculated, in the mind of Mrs. Ranger, to bring a "judgment onto her."

The Rev. Hackles denounced her as a vessel of wrath and designated her as chaff ready to be cast into the fire, but Ann sat dreamily through it all, and, as Lanty related afterwards, "never turned a hair." And this was when she bore no other shame than the stigma of being a Serrup, and therefore predestined to evil, and now she was coming to Dole church. What would their gentle pastor say?

It was a sweet summer day. Mabel and little Dorothy sat by a window, and the yellow sunshine lingered about the two yellow heads, and reached out presently to Lanty's curls when he entered a little later.

Vashti, white and stately, entered with Sally and took her place in the conspicuous pew set aside for the preachers. Sally behaved herself demurely enough in church now, but such is the force of habit that the eyes of all the juveniles in Dole were bent steadily upon the preacher's pew, for in Sally

their childish instinct and experience told them there were possibilities, and indeed, to be strictly truthful, it must be confessed that now and then, at decent intervals, Sally treated them to a surreptitious grimace worth watching for.

Mrs. Ranger sat in the body of the church, with the expression of one who perceives an evil odour. This expression was assumed with her Sunday bonnet and laid aside with it. Indeed, Mrs. Ranger thought too much both of her Sunday bonnet and her religious principles to use either of them on week days.

Temperance and Nathan sat alone in a pew well back. It was reported in Dole that they had been seen to look at each other in church, but that was doubtless one of Mrs. Ranger's slanders. Temperance would have been the last to do anything scandalous.

The whole congregation waited.

Sidney was finding his places in the books. This was always an irritating spectacle in Dole, but was forgiven like Sidney's other delinquencies. Dole liked to see the preacher open his Bible with the abrupt air of one seeking a sign from whence to draw his inspiration for the forthcoming sermon. The Dole children had wont to have animated arguments as to whether old Mr. Didymus knew where he was about to open the book or whether his text came to him in the nature of a surprise. If so then they marvelled that he should so readily find the bit. Young Tom Shinar had once declared that Mr. Didymus found the place beforehand and substantiated his statement by saying he had seen little ends of white paper sticking out of the big Bible on the pulpit. But this was coming it too strong for even the most hardened of his adherents, and until Tom rehabilitated himself by thrashing a Brixton boy who said the Brixton church was bigger than the Dole tabernacle, he ran a great risk of finding himself isolated as sacriligious people have often been before his time.

To see their preacher searching for his places before their eyes was a most

trying spectacle, and no preacher save one of extraordinary confidence in himself and his vocation would have risked bringing himself thus near the level of mortal man. Sidney surmounted this danger nobly, but Dole gave a sigh of relief, as much perhaps for its preacher as itself, when Sidney after a final flutter of the pages laid down his books, and rising looked down lovingly upon his people; and just as this crisis was reached the door moved a little, wavered on its double hinges, closed, opened again, and finally admitted Ann Serrup, holding her baby in her arms and cowering behind his little form as though it were protection instead of a disgrace. Poor Ann! her *bravado* vanished at the critical moment and left her dazed, frightened, shamed, given into the hands of her enemies, or so it seemed to her. Now the curiosity of Dole over Ann's appearance had been such that there was not one single seat, so far, at least, as she could see, but what held someone. And to advance under the fire of those curious eyes into any of these seats uninvited was more than Ann dare do. Sidney, with the lack of affectation which characterized him, looked about to see the cause of the concentrated gaze of his congregation, and saw a slim, frightened looking woman standing just within the church door, holding a baby to her breast so tightly that the bewildered child was beginning to rebel against the restraint of the embrace.

Sidney's swift intuitions grasped at once that this was a new comer, a stranger within their gates. He looked towards Vashti—Vashti was looking at the congregation as if expecting one or other of them to do something. Sidney reflected that it might not be Dole etiquette for the minister's wife to move in such a matter, then he turned to his congregation and said in a voice suggestive of disappointment, "Will not one of you offer a seat to our new sister?"

The effect was electrical.

The Rangers, Smilies, Simpsons, and all their ilk rose at the summons. Ann followed Mr. Simpson up the aisle,

but just as she nearly reached the Simpson pew she gave an imploring look at Mabella. Mabella returned an encouraging smile, and Ann darted to Mabella's pew like a rabbit flying to cover. Mr. Simpson felt the defecation and resumed his seat feeling he had been "done," and inclined to think Lanty and Mabella had usurped the privileges of the deaconship.

Nathan and Temperance gave a sigh of relief. The moment Ann entered the church each had longed to bring the forlorn girl to their seat, but a kind of shyness had fallen upon these two elderly lovers since their marriage; retracing the steps of their love dream, they were overtaken now and then by the awkward hesitations of youth.

Ann put the neatly dressed child down on the seat by Dorothy, and the two babies eyed each other in the frankly questioning manner of innocence.

The congregation recovered, at least outwardly, its equanimity, and Sidney's clear, sweet voice said, "Let us pray," and after an instant's pause uttered a brief invocation to the spirit of Truth and Holiness to descend upon their waiting hearts.

The hymn was sung, and then having read the chapter Sidney closed the Bible and began to speak.

Afterwards when all Sidney's sermons were passed in review, it was remembered that during this discourse he kept his eyes fixed upon the face of his wife, and never once bent his gaze upon his congregation, the congregation which, gathered there full of trust that their spiritual wounds would be bound up, suddenly awakened to the fact that their beloved preacher was smiting them with the cold steel of spiritual condemnation.

This man who had been so ready to empty the vials of healing love upon their bruises, this man in whose hand the spiritual olive branch had blossomed like Aaron's rod that budded, this man whose gentle human sympathy had wiled forth the secrets of the most obdurate, this man had turned and was rending them.

He took for his text "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children," and ere long the faces before him were piteous.

Never had Sidney spoken as he spoke that day; spurred on, it would seem, by an irresistible inspiration he cried to them "woe—woe." His fiery words seared their hearts as flame scorches flesh, beneath the burden of his bitter eloquence their spirits fainted. Nor was he content with generalizations, for with striking parallel and unmistakable comparison he illustrated his meaning with incidents from their own lives. Dole had never known how completely their preacher had been in their confidence till he turned traitor and dragged forth the skeletons of their griefs to point the moral of his denunciations.

Beneath it all they sat silent as those mute before a terrible judge, only the swift and piteous changes of expression showed when his barbed shafts struck home. These old men and women were suddenly smitten with the thought that their children who had "gone wrong" were only scapegoats for their parent's sins, sent by them into the wilderness, with a mocking garland of religious training, to take away *their* reproach before the eyes of the world. But though the scapegoat might delude the attention of the world, it did not divert the gaze of the Almighty from their sin-stained souls. Impenetrated by their preacher's almost personal denunciations, these poor worn old men and women found themselves convicted of, and responsible for, their own and their children's sins. The ghosts of all the bye-gone scandals in Dole rose from the shades, and for once, parading boldly before the face of all men, fastened upon their victims.

Sudden deaths were pronounced to be judgments upon hidden sin, and Mary Shinar's blanched face was wrung when she recalled her saintly father, who was found dead in his field with the whetstone in his hand to sharpen his scythe, that other reaper, whose sickle is always keen, had cut him down without warning. Mary tried to

remember what old Mr. Didymus had said about the Lord coming quickly to those whom He loveth, but she could not, she could only writhe under the shadow of a dreadful uncertainty. Death-bed repentances were mocked at as unworthy and unacceptable cowardice, and old Henry Smilie's jaw set, for his son, dead these fifteen years now, had acknowledged between the spasms of the death agony that he had erred and gone astray, and when a merciful interlude of peace was granted him before the end, he spent his last breaths whispering forth prayers to the Saviour whom his life had denied, and when he slept with a kind of unearthly peace and light upon his worn young face, old Mr. Didymus had spoken of those who through many deep waters at last win safe haven, and his father, ground to the earth by heart-breaking toil, wearied by the reproachful tongue of a scolding wife, looked beyond the horizon of this life to that moment when, transfigured from out the semblance of his sins, he should see his only son again. And now — But Sidney having planted the empoisoned spear in his weary old heart, had turned to other things and was speaking with strange white-faced fervour of the future.

The congregation had up to this instant rested in spellbound silence, but, as leaving the dead past he entered the hopeful realms of the future and proceeded to lay them waste with the most merciless forebodings, a long suspiration, half moan, half sigh swept about the church, spending itself like a hiss of shame in the corners, and coming vaguely to Sidney's ears, unnoticed at the moment, but to be remembered afterwards in agony of spirit. He made no pause, but continuing in the tense tone of a man who only veils his meaning because it must be veiled, and *wills* that his words be understood, he pictured forth all the terrors which awaited the child of the shamed mother and the child of the drunkard; with pitiless imagery he suggested the inevitability of the fate which awaited them. He denounced in bitter terms

the sin of giving children such a heritage, and following out his argument with rigid Calvinistic logic he left little hope of good for the victims of this inheritance. Of all the portions of this bitter sermon, this was the most scathing, and a silence like the silence of the grave fell upon his hearers.

The faces of Temperance and Nathan were wrung with generous, impersonal pain and they held each other's hands fast clasped, fearing for Mabella, who, her face working with keen, mother anguish, looked at the stony face of her torturer as a lamb might regard the knife which slays it; Ann Serrup, dazed, half stupefied by the storm which beat upon her, had only sufficient intelligence left to shrink from the wounds which followed thick and fast, as a person freezing to death may yet feel the icy rain dashing in his face.

Lanty sat at the end of the pew a terrible expression of self-reproach in his eyes, his head held erect, his shoulders squared as one who receives the righteous recompense of his sins. But quickening all this endurance into agony was the thought of Mabella, he knew so well what she was suffering.

And, lifted up trustingly, in the midst of these pain-drawn faces, like flowers looking up from amid stones, were the faces of the two children, Dorothy and little Reub.

Having finished their scrutiny of each other they had joined hands and sat silent, looking up wonderingly at the preacher.

Upon their faces there was still the courage and hardihood seen upon the faces of all infants, alas, it is not long before it fades away, abashed by the unconscious recognition of life's terrors. To those who see it, this bravery, the bravery of supreme ignorance, is poignantly touching. And of all that congregation only these two children dared look the preacher confidently in the face.

And yet there was one other. Vashti Lansing, sitting in the extreme corner of the pew, and facing her husband, had never taken her eyes from his face, nor withdrawn her gaze from his.

Her face was white like his, drawn as if by the intensity of concentrated thought.

Seemingly unconscious of the troubled faces about her, yet seeing every variation in their agony, she listened to her own thoughts voiced by Sidney's tongue, she heard her own bitterness translated into words of fatal eloquence.

By the force of her suggestion these ideas, these images, had been impressed upon the mind of her husband, and he read the symbols aloud to his terrified congregation mechanically, only swayed by the more or less exigent manner in which the thoughts had been suggested to him. And sitting thus, Vashti Lansing saw her own soul face to face.

Surely there must have been something in its dark reflection to terrify this daring woman, surely her heart must have trembled before the magnitude of her triumph, before the spectacle of the misery she had wrought, but if she indeed felt these things she gave no sign. Indeed it would seem as if this woman had suffered so much in secret, over her balked desire, that she had gone mad of misery, and as some serpents when wounded strike savagely at stones and trees and even at their own coils, so Vashti, in her hour of power, did not care who she wounded, if so that she could vent her venom and see upon the faces of others some reflex of the agony which had so long lain at her heart.

We cannot explain these things, nor dare we judge of them, for to take judgment upon us is to be ourselves condemned.

Sidney's voice was growing weaker, and finally, with a last scathing rebuke, which was perhaps more of a sneer than a reproof, he sat down, his stern, white face sinking out of sight behind the high pulpit desk.

After a few moments, which seemed a century to the racked congregation, he rose, but the face which they saw was no longer the stern face of the relentless man who had so tortured them. The gentle grey eyes had re-

gained their kindliness, the sensitive mouth its sweetness, the lofty brow was no longer black with condemnation, but bright with beneficence; no longer stern with portents of wrath, but grave with reverent responsibility. He gave out the hymn in his usual way and it was sung haltingly, and then with outstretched hands he blessed his people.

But they wanted none of his blessings. They had trusted him and he had betrayed them into the clutch of their own fears.

It was the custom in Dole for the congregation and preacher to rest a moment or two in silence after the final Amen of the benediction, and after that there were greetings at the church door; but to-day, whilst Sidney's bowed head rested upon his hands he heard hurrying feet crowding to the door, and when he raised his head and descended the short pulpit stairs, he found the church empty, he looked about in amazement.

"Why, Vashti," he said in surprise, "where have they all gone?"

"I don't know whatever has possessed them," she said, although she knew only too well. "But they all hurried out pell-mell."

"How strange," said Sidney wonderingly. Vashti looked at him curiously, by this time they were on the porch. It was empty. Those who walked to church had taken their departure, fleeing as from a place accursed. Those who had to wait for the men to bring round the democrat waggons in which they had come from a distance, accompanied the men round to the sheds and, mounting into the vehicles there, drove off rapidly.

Ann Serrup had waited barely till she got to the church door, and then turning with blazing eyes to Mabella she demanded how she had dared bring her there to be mocked at, the poor tow of Ann's passion was fairly ablaze, but something in Mabella's face quieted her, and with an evil word for the preacher, flung out recklessly from the reservoir of sinful knowledge—Ann departed.

Amid the brief babel of condemnation which had preceded the general departure, the voice of Temperance was the only one raised to stem the flood of popular indignation.

"Perhaps 'twas laid onto him to speak so," said Temperance. "I have heard tell of these things."

"Well," said Mr. Simpson indignantly, "them things is more enjoyable by hearsay. 'Twas disgraceful! that's what it was,—" and then he made off, but Temperance, staunch old Temperance, stood her ground, and spoke to Vashti and Sidney as they emerged. But Sidney was wearied out and bewildered by the sudden defection of his people, and so had little to say, and when they reached the little gate the two couples separated and took different roads; the windows and doors were closed in all the houses which Vashti and Sidney passed as they went to the parsonage. Vashti realized that never had she been so identified with her husband as she was that day by the eyes which peeped out of the re-opened doors behind them.

Dole had withdrawn itself from its preacher. It had been hard to win out, but it retired to its shell with a promptitude which suggested that it had never been quite comfortable out of it.

"I can't understand it," said Sidney. "It seems extraordinary. I did not preach too long, did I?"

"No, indeed," said Vashti; "you spoke splendidly."

His face glowed like that of a child which has been praised; he passed his hand vaguely across his brow.

"I am so glad you are pleased," he said. "It was your sermon, you know. It seemed to me I was saying just what you would wish."

"Yes, of course you did," said Vashti as they entered the parsonage gate, then, hesitatingly, she said:

"Have you got it written down?"

"No, oh no—I, the fact is I don't seem to remember what I preached about. How strange! But no matter if you were pleased at the time. I would not care to submit my theology to your tests, my dear."

They were by this time standing together in the little study.

Moved by a sudden tenderness Vashti laid her face against his sleeve.

"I think," she said, "you are better than anyone."

A great joy illumined his face, he put his arms about her, for a moment his old self reasserted itself.

"My dear," he said, "are you well? Why, Vashti, how thin you have grown!"

She looked up at him with great hollow grey eyes.

"Thin!" she said, and laughed discordantly; "what should the preacher's wife have to make her thin?"

"You are well and happy?" he asked.

"Both, am I not first lady in Dole?"

"You are First and Only Queen of my heart," he said tenderly. "That's your name and title."

And just then Sally came to say the table was ready, and slipping away from his encircling arms Vashti led the way to the table.

As the afternoon waned, Sidney's nervousness increased. He strove to remember his sermon, and wandered restlessly about the house. At length he came to Vashti where she sat, book in hand, but busy with her own thoughts.

"I'm really worried over the people leaving so to-day," he said. "Can it be that they are disappointed in me?"

"Why no," said Vashti, then asking a question which had been on the tip of her tongue all day: "Can't you remember *anything* of your sermon?"

"Not a word," said Sidney, "isn't it strange?"

"Oh, its just a freak of memory," she said.

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Sidney, "but the worrying part is that I seem to remember that I was harsh, that I said cruel things and used the facts you have told me about their own lives to drive in the nails of a cruel argument. Did I do that? Oh,

Vashti, tell me. I spoke, it seemed to me, filled with your spirit, so surely I could not have been brutal to them. It is an evil dream."

His pale face was strained with the pain of his thoughts. Vashti was alarmed by the distress upon his countenance. She rose and took him by the hand.

"Lie down, Sidney," she said, "and have a little rest. You are troubling yourself needlessly. Dole is full of freakish people. Temperance has quarrelled with all the women about something and they may have rushed off to avoid some dispute. Your flock think you are perfect. Sleep Sidney and forget these troubles. You are too sensitive." He suffered himself to be led to the green leather couch and stretched himself upon it wearily. She bent above him, passing her strong magnetic hands across his brow, looking at him with almost pitiful eyes. Her pity was that of a vivisector who dares sympathize with the dumb creature he tortures.

Sidney looked up at her between the passes of her waving hands. For an instant his face was glorified, and he saw her again as he had seen her that first day on the old porch of the Lansing house, with her fingers shining like ivory in the sun, and her noble head set like a cameo upon the green background of wild cucumber vine which draped the porch.

He saw her thus, his first, last love, and then closed his eyes and floated forth upon the cloud of golden memory into the dreamless realm of a hypnotic sleep with her voice whispering, it seemed within his very soul, saying "Sleep and forget, sleep and forget." And he slept.

It was dusk. Vashti Lansing let herself out of the parsonage, for a wild hour was coming upon her, the proud, impatient despairing spirit was clamouring at her lips for utterance, and she felt as perhaps every married woman feels sometimes that her home afforded her no sanctuary safe from her husband's intrusion.

And so softly closing the door she

fled out into the night, and as her agitation increased, the moonless night deepened, and lighted only by a few wan stars she fled along the country road, her turmoil of spirit translated into physical energy. And presently she found herself opposite the gaunt boulders of mullein meadow. Its hopelessness suited her mood. She entered it, and wandering amid its dreary boulders she crucified herself with memories.

As a stoic who longs to know the extent of his endurance she forced herself to pass where she had trodden through the furnace, but she did not linger, for deny the fact as she might, Vashti Lansing was no longer the superbly strong woman she had been.

As the "elm tree dies in secret from the core," so Vashti Lansing's strength had been sapped unseen.

She turned dizzily away from the circle of boulders and wandered on, away to the other end of mullein meadow, and there sank down upon a little knoll known far and near as witches' hill, for it was here, so tradition said, that the unholy fires had been lit to torture the life out of cross-grained old women, with perhaps no worse tempers than their judges, but a poorer art in concealing them. It was because of these executions that mullein meadow was cursed with barrenness, so said the old story, but Dole, concerned with the practical things of food and raiment, did not trouble its head about old tales, only the school children kept the story alive, daring each other to cross mullein meadow at twilight, or to bring back a stone from witches' hill, for there was a strange outcropping of stone here different from any in the district.

Vashti sat beneath the wan sky solitary upon one of these stones. She knew well the reputation of the place, but felt a perverse delight in carrying her tortured heart to the spot where the old Vashti had suffered.

Surely her imperious will, her lawless pride, her revengeful spirit, were as stern judges as those who haled her ancestress to her death.

She sighed aloud, and a wind sprung up and caught the breath and wandered with it up and down the dreary field, till all its barrenness seemed to be complaining to the pitiless heavens of the blight laid upon it.

Vashti rose to depart. As she turned away the wind wailed after her and mullein meadow seemed to cry aloud for its child to be given back to its stony bosom.

Taking no thought that she might be seen, Vashti crossed to the road, and just as she mounted the fence she heard a cry of terror and saw two figures dash away. The shock to her tense nerves was terrible. She sank to the ground and it was some time ere she regained strength to go on, and when she did, skulking cautiously this time in the shadow of the rough stone fence, she encountered no one.

She reached home, stole into the house and went to Sidney's room where he was reading calmly and cheerfully.

So the day ended in outward calm at the parsonage. Two days later Vashti smiled palely when Mabella, who was a timorous and superstitious little soul,

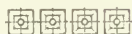
told her how all Dole was terrified because old Mr. Simpson and young Ab Ranger, going past mullein meadow, had seen the ghost of a witch descend from witches' hill and come straight towards them. They stood their ground till it began to cross the fence, and then they owned frankly they fled, whereupon it vanished into the earth.

It was described as a very tall, black robed spectre.

Mabella shuddered as she related this story and her attitude was typical of the attitude of the whole village. This apparition appearing upon the same day that Sidney had preached his terrible sermon reduced Dole to a state of consternation. What was coming upon them? Mrs. Ranger, whose belief in and reference to "judgments" was very strong, felt an awesome premonition that a general judgment was in close proximity, and prepared herself for it according to her lights by making up with Temperance and giving Ann Serrup a petticoat.

Having thus hedged as best she could, Mrs. Ranger gave herself up to lugubrious anticipation.

(To be concluded in October.)



FLOWER OF THE PRAIRIE LAND.

Flower of the prairie land !
Whose was the fairy hand
Planted you, tended you, brought you in view ?
Who held the fairy spade
With which your bed was made ?
Whose hand such skill displayed fashioning you ?

Flower of the prairie land !
Was there a fairy band
All the long day and night waiting on you ?
Found they your hiding place ?
Washed they your pretty face,
Bringing forth tints apace, with magic dew ?

Mekiwin, Manitoba.

John Duff.

THE PEOPLE OF PARLIAMENT HILL.

SECOND PAPER.

By Charles Lewis Shure.

"HALF-a-dozen pocket boroughs a side wouldn't be a bad thing for the House," muttered the Bone and Sinew as he looked down from the gallery on the bald heads and uncomfortable postures of the majority of the members. "Statesmen are made. They are not born that way. A *visi prius* lawyer, a mill owner, or a country doctor doesn't bud into a statesman over night. You have to catch a man young to give his mind a statesmanlike turn. Six or seven constituencies in the pocket of each leader would have good results. The different interests, classes and localities throughout Canada are sufficiently represented to afford trained parliamentarians. But this is the age of rule-of-three democracy and its evils. Even among big men this lack of training is noticeable. Edward Blake conducted a debate as if he were moving for an order for further directions. Mr. Fielding talks as if he were writing a *Globe* editorial. E. B. Osler acts as if he were at a board meeting, and John Haggart sits as if he were waiting his turn at billiards."

A member from the back benches rose to speak, and he listened. The House didn't. "This is the second time he has spoken this week," whispered Jack, "and if he has any sense it will be the last." The new member, he was obviously new, talked all around the point under discussion, and the newspapers rustled throughout the chamber. He rehashed the leading feature of his leader's speech, and there was much coughing, a few chaffing interruptions, and a desk or two noisily slammed; and before he had got thoroughly into the hustings campaign peroration, he sat down overwhelmed by the roars of laughter on all sides.

"You are answered," I said, "a man finds his level pretty quickly down there."

"Yes," answered Jack, "but the level is pretty far from high water mark. A man," he continued nautically, "may get his sea legs on the ship of state in a short time if he is worth anything, and if not, why he merely holds his berth. But something more is required in navigation than sending a man below for making a lubberly nuisance of himself. And it strikes me that a ship may be decently officered and still undermanned. A few more A.B.'s scattered around the decks would make the work easier for everybody."

John Ross Robertson was up, spoke for ten minutes, said everything that he had to say, knew when he had said it, and sat down. The House had listened, and when Dr. Sproule took a big breath and began to enter eruditely into things in general, and the members resumed their correspondence and newspapers, Jack went on: "That is something near the thing I mean, although not exactly. Outside of the boys from the training ships the best material obtainable for the British navy is from the North Sea Fisheries. They are not exactly disciplined, but they are good seamen, accustomed to hardships, bad weather and—and—well they know which way the wind blows, anyway. Newspaperdom bears somewhat a similar relation to the House that the North Sea Fleet does to Her Majesty's navy. When a North Sea fisherman does his work it is done. He doesn't think it necessary to go prancing over every spar on the ship to haul the jib-sheet—" Dr. Sproule was still speaking and McMul-len was interrupting—"A newspaper

man when he makes a speech or writes an editorial shuts up. He has acquired the habit keeping his paper alive. W. F. McLean, like the fisherman, may be inclined to be free, saucy and independent, and to think he knows as much as the captain—and maybe he does. At any rate, he does his work ship-shape, and doesn't hollystone decks all afternoon when he should be on the lookout."

The Bone and Sinew resented the punning insinuation that he was "at sea," but he came back to earth. "The fact that the newspaper men in the House have journals in which they have every opportunity at all times of setting themselves straight with their constituents may explain to some extent the brevity of their pointed speeches, but the real reason is their editorial training. They know when a thing is said. The speeches of the late Tom White probably did as much for the National policy as any one thing. The independence of the *Edmonton Bulletin* is echoed in Frank Oliver's straightforward remarks in the House. By the way," said the Bone and Sinew, not too reverently, "the voice of that man Oliver is beginning to be considered somewhat as the voice of one calling in the wilderness—as one that earnestly delivers the message of the West—the West on which the future of Canada depends. The message is a big one. Luckily, Oliver is a man accustomed to boil down messages in a newspaper 12x18. Nicholas Flood Davin wouldn't have room for his scholarly quotations from the classics in four issues. Is the Doctor still talking?"

And Dr. Sproule went on, and we went out.

The clerks of the Civil Service, the gentlemen who are fond of describing themselves as "in the Government," leaving it to the perspicacity of the outside world as to whether they administer a department or lick postage stamps, were pouring out of the different buildings. We sat on the bench nearest the street, and Jack scowled at them. If there was anything that the Bone and Sinew disliked thoroughly and unrea-

sonably it was Government clerks. I ventured to say that they were the necessary servants of the people. "Necessary evils," he ejaculated. "This life and good-conduct system has its drawbacks. They forget they are servants, imagine they are rulers, and forget to be civil. The ordinary man, who is dead sure of a life job if he signs his name every morning and afternoon, does a certain amount of routine, mechanical work and lives fairly decently, has to be a higher order of being than those who hustle after positions in the Canadian Civil Service, if they can restrain the natural insolence of human nature. But, pshaw! let them live out their little lives with their pink teas, their petty social jealousies, their tailors, their Sparks Street and their Rideau Hall invitations. Their littleness doesn't even accentuate the greatness of a Lampman and the sprinkling of big men in almost every department of the service." And, to relieve his feelings, Jack asked the shabby-genteel looking individual by his side on the bench to go over to the Russell and have a drink.

This gentleman, the anxious look in his eye changing to one of quiet, blissful content, said he was waiting to see Mr. —, the member for —, but he thought he had time. And we went into the Rotunda, and he introduced us to numerous other gentlemen with the same anxious look in their eyes, which underwent similar transformation of expression at Jack's invitation, and who were each waiting to see a member of Parliament, but thought they had time. One was waiting to see a Cabinet Minister, but he didn't put on any airs and he also had time. The complexion of the crowd, after being fifteen minutes in the bar-room, was slightly changed by the addition of several gentlemen who were waiting to see departments, whole, big departments, and who also had time. There is a lot of time scattered around a Russell House Rotunda crowd.

They have come from all parts of the broad Dominion—this flotsam and jetsam of the troubled sea of politics which lies stranded at the foot of

Parliament Hill. The bankrupt contractor who has some vague, indefinite claim regarding some half-forgotten Government work; the decapitated civil servant with a plea for superannuation; the half-respectable ex-ward heeler with lodge influence, whose demand for consideration is half a menace; the whilom wire-puller of a rural constituency, whose money is gone with his influence; the machine employee, waiting for additional work or instructions for a bye-election; the third cousins of the member; the engineers and surveyors of another regime, in hard luck; defeated candidates who spent their all in the election of quarter of a century ago; the hundred and one sorts and conditions of men that make up the camp-followers of a political party, all are there with the same anxious look in their eyes, the same hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, the same little hold or influence which they fondly and mysteriously whisper is "a pull," and the same time. There is a pathos in it all, little recked of by the prosperous portion of the crowds that lounge in the Russell Rotunda. Driftwood, derelicts on the ocean of life most of us may become, but the shore is treacherous, and the rocks of Parliament Hill court to those who, time worn and shattered, seek it as a haven. Strikingly different is the crowd made up of the successful contractor, the suave lobbyist, the favoured engineer, the departmental favourite, the portly senator, the manufacturer's delegate, the capitalist who can demand concessions, the party whip, the mill-owner, the society swell, the Yukon claim-owner and the Government member. They rub shoulders, they tramp on each other's toes, they even exchange nods, the extremes meet, but they do not flock together. *Similia similibus*. But the one is not a warning to the other that the channel is dangerous, that skilful and wary must be the pilot that brings his craft within the shelter of the Government heights.

Jack felt and spoke kindlier as we strolled up to the House that night.

He didn't even scoff at the mace. Said it was a good thing to have around. Its apparently mysterious appearance and disappearance under the table, he said, was a guide to the members on their wayward course. They knew where they were at by the position of "the bauble." It made a member feel constitutional to see the Sergeant-at-arms handle it, and as there had to be something or other to keep the members from wandering all over the shop, it might as well be done seemly and in order with the flavour of traditional custom to enhance it. The House could afford to retain an ancient practice that savoured of dignity, even if at times it approached the ludicrous, and the dignity stood out like a bump on a log.

The House had been in Committee, and it rose or did something of that kind, and the mace was under the table. There was a painful silence. The ship of State had paused in mid-ocean. The progress of Canada hesitated for a minute. A hush fell over the Commons of Canada. The Sergeant-at-arms and his assistant were both absent from the chamber. Their smokes were running concurrently, and the business of the nation was at a standstill. A cloud gathered on the Premier's brow, his Ministers stared aghast, the Opposition looked blankly at each other, and the mace still reclined under the table while the Sergeant-at-arms and his assistant kept on smoking, as Nero fiddled, and the British Constitution tottered. Britain has ever found in times of trial that she has some one for the occasion, Simon de Montfort to wrench the Magna Charta from the reluctant hands of King John, a Cromwell to dispute the divine right of a king, a William to replace a recreant ruler, a Pitt to meet a Napoleon, and Canada found a page. The boy bent under the weight of the emblem of authority, but with the light of patriotism shining in his laughing eyes, he struggled until it reclined on the table. Canada was saved. The youngster laughed and blushed in response to the

storm of applause that greeted his exploit. It is said that the Sergeant had three fits in succession when he heard of it. His assistant had only two. He knew his position. Jack quietly said: "That boy will rise in the world. Still it would be just as well not to get the boys in the habit of handling that mace. And, anyway, how would the Sergeant and his assistant earn their salaries if a twelve-year-old boy took their job off their hands."

"Still," continued Jack, "I believe in the mace. In this age, when everybody is scrambling to catch a street car, proposals are made by telegram, and a courtship conducted by telephone, it may be as well to have a few pieces of furniture like the mace strewn around to remind men that the world existed before electricity was utilized, and that human nature is not run by that magical power even at the end of this nineteenth century. It sometimes reminds the Commons that they are something more than a ward meeting. We haven't got beyond the stage where a certain amount of frills is necessary, even if the old inflated sense of honour, patches and the minuet have gone out, and the art of conversation has degenerated into "hellos" and "awfullys." You may have noticed that the men who do the most work in the House and in Committee make the least fuss about it. They never hurry things, but get there in a dignified and sedate sort of way. Look at the Senate. Certainly nearly every important measure is pretty well threshed out in the Commons before it reaches the Upper Chamber, and the senators merely have to discuss the kernel of the matter: still, they do that seriously, and without haste and confusion. They have a lot of time on their hands waiting for the Commons to catch up. On a matter of general debate the Commons might learn much from them. You ask me what I think about the abolition or reform of the Senate? Why! the newspapers are settling that. Whether the Second Chamber is reformed or not, there is no doubt that there is a growing feel-

ing throughout the country that the engine of State is running at pretty high pressure, and what with over-education—you know what I mean—practically universal suffrage, the fostering of a disinclination for manual labour in field and workshop in the people, etc., etc., the screw is sometimes apt to whiz out of water in the rise and fall of the waves of our national life. Something is liable to break when that occurs. We have struck as high rate of speed as the old ship will stand, and any conservative—I don't mean in a party sense—safeguard against reckless steering or reckless increase of that rate, is not looked on unkindly by the majority of the people of Canada, even if the safeguard is old-fashioned and cumbersome. It is not a bad idea having a body of men who have been seasoned with the political life of our country, and who are not immediately subject to the effects of every fortuitous outburst of public opinion to at least supervise our legislation. That the senators should retain their party predilections to some extent in their actions is merely to say that they are fallible men. If the Senate was filled with angels some people would kick and want young angels. But the newspapers, as I said, are settling the question of the Senate."

There was a smart speech by a young member, and we listened. There was considerable laughter, one-sided applause and an equally smart reply. "Now," said Jack, after the skirmish was over, and the House had settled down to business, "the people reading those speeches interlarded with 'laughter' and 'applause' will run away with the idea that those two members are powers in the land. The House knows differently. They are let loose because they like it, and they brighten up things. Their fellow members don't take them seriously, and look on their cuts and thrusts as being smoking-room chaff. Smartness in the House is a dangerous commodity for a member to carry around with him. If he is not something more, men only remember that he has the gift

of causing a laugh or giving a bitter retort. A jester may have the ear of the court circle, but he is allowed to hold his position. The majority of the House cannot make a joke, and some of them see one and they are dubious about him who has a quality they cannot understand. Chauncey M. Depew might have been President of the United States if it were not for his wit. Abraham Lincoln was, in spite of it. But it is a pretty dull line," Jack continued, as he looked down on the bored, tired faces in the chamber, "this member of Parliament business. Even the social life of Ottawa is dull to men of that kind—Cabinet Ministers' dinners, an occasional reception and then canoeing, tennis, afternoon teas and the Russell Rotunda. Our conditions are such that there are no big political houses, as in England, and Lady Macdonald came as near being a big political woman as any, and she has gone. It must be a rather dull, small life to the majority."

I suggested Rideau Hall, and the Bone and Sinew grew enthusiastic.

"Rideau Hall is one of the links of the chain of lighthouses that circle round the earth and mark out the British Empire. It is considerably more than a place to get an invitation to and tell your friends about. I am not dropping in off-hand, taking pot luck, frequently myself this week, but Rideau Hall is all right. It doesn't come so very high, but even if it did, we must have it. In a couple of hundred years we may be educated out of Queens, Governor-Generals, Presidents and the part, but in the meantime let us do our past respectably even if McMullen, the Patrons and the red rads draw harrowing pictures of the down-trodden Canadian farmer toiling at the self-binder, while his light-hearted wife rises before daylight, chops the kindling, lights the fire, gets the meals, feeds the pigs, works in the harvest field, churns and brings up nine children, to provide tea, cake and lemonade at a tennis party for an Ottawa Government clerk who has struggled six years to partake thereof.

The effect of the visible actual presence of Her Most Gracious Majesty's representative and the consequent State functions have a greater and more useful result. Until this wave of Imperialism, owing to the peculiar isolation of Great Britain in the politics of the world and Kiplingiana, men were only too prone to look upon the allegiance of Canada to the Motherland as being at least theoretical and at most sentimental.

Rideau Hall and the Governor-General mark seemly and with dignity the connecting link that join us to the glorious past that began with the great Alfred and includes the greatest men and the most potent events in the history of Christendom. It is something to feel that one is at least an infinitesimal part of that people, made up of Saxon, Celt and Norman, which has been ever in the vanguard of civilization. It is something to be able to claim a Cœur de Lion, a Shakespeare, a Wallace, a Burns, a Sarsfield, and a Moore as our own. A people without a history live on roots and mud, and clothe themselves in raw furs. A man without racial or national pride in the history of the past is valueless, or dangerous in the present. It doesn't do the average member of Parliament any harm if he curbs the wild longing to drink out of his fingerbowl, to trot around the galleries and drawing-rooms of Rideau. He will meet a British nobleman who is not a dissipated, reckless rake, or a seeker after an American heiress, but a courteous gentleman who understands thoroughly that he is Governor-General of Canada and the host of a representative of the Canadian people.

The member may stroll all around the grounds and feel like the Scotchman who went on board the man-of-war, that he is really one of the proprietors; but as he looks at the portraits of the past and present statesmen on the walls of the rambling corridors and quaint rooms he can also feel that to him has been given the opportunity to the extent of his heart and brain, the making or unmaking of "the greatest Empire the world has ever known."

To be concluded next month.



"Showed his little sister how he should defy old Lone Wolf,
the Indian Chief."

A TYPICAL TENDERFOOT.

A NORTH-WEST STORY: ILLUSTRATED BY W. GOODE.

By Basil C. D'Easum.

BERNARD DALTON left his native country, which was England, for the good of his relations.

He could play cricket a little, ride a little, shoot a little, and drink Scotch and soda a great deal. He also fancied that he knew something about racehorses and cards, but as he grew older he considerably modified his opinion upon these points.

Now with all these qualifications, backed up by tireless indolence, it is strange that he should have failed "at home."

But fail he did: then he drifted into that fatal profession of writing for money, and his form of literary work took the shape of pathetic appeals to his various relatives for loans—which should be faithfully repaid.

At length, finding that the family cow was being milked dry, he one day

suggested that possibly there might be room for his talents in the Colonies.

The Colonies, mark you, are continually being held up to the notice of parents and guardians as being full of "excellent openings" for young men. Yes, and these same openings remind me of the answer to the old riddle: "Why did Joseph's brethren put him in the pit?" "Because they thought it would be an excellent opening for him."

And Dalton's friends rubbed their hands and chuckled to themselves as they remembered that the excellent opening was five thousand miles away, for it had been decided that Bernard should go to a big cattle ranch, not far from Calgary, Northwest Territory, Canada; and they chuckled again, as they thought that his letters from that place would probably be lost in the

post, which is a way that foreign letters sometimes have.

"And then and there was hurrying too and fro," and cousins, aunts and sisters united in fussing over dear Bernard's outfit; and the man who knew another man, who once knew a man whose brother went to Alaska, advised Dalton to take plenty of warm clothing. So he gathered together weird combinations of flannel and wool, shapeless garments, fearfully and wonderfully thick. Then another man, a great traveller (a "Cook's Tourist" who had actually journeyed through Canada in a C.P.R. car in July), said that all this talk about sixty degrees below zero was tommy-rot, said the country was hot, sir; what you wanted were thin suits and broad-brimmed hats.

Then came the sporting friend who talked lightly of grizzly bears, moose, buffaloes and possibly hostile Indians.

So Bernard represented to the Governor that guns were not luxuries, but positively necessary for the preservation of his life in the savage country round and about Calgary.

Now it is a law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not, that every young English tenderfoot who comes to the Wild West, shall be armed with a revolver.

Dalton had one; it is true that it was a very little one, but it looked very pretty, and he used to fondle it and listen to the musical click as he revolved the chambers and showed his little sister how he should defy old Lone Wolf, the Indian chief. But when Bernard came out to the cattle country and saw the cowboys with their revolvers, big yawning 45 calibre Colts, he felt ashamed of his little squirt, and sneaking out one evening, he buried it in a prairie-dog hole.

And there it remains to this day, with the young prairie-dogs and the rattle-snakes, who sometimes lodge with them.

Now it was supposed that Bernard was going out to learn the cattle business; the agent (Society for the Satisfactory and Summary Disposal of English Rubbish) brought pamphlets which

set forth in glowing terms the delights of ranch life, the riding of spirited horses over the broad, flower-scented prairies, the magnificent shooting and fishing; even social delights were not wanting, for the cattle kings were princely in their style of living, and the Northwestern maidens lovely to look upon.

Which last thing nobody can deny.

So Bernard brought his dress suit and the latest things from Bond Street or the Burlington Arcade in the matter of shirts, ties, studs and pins.

But a certain wise uncle, who had been in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company for over thirty years, and who knew just a little about the Northwest, smiled as he heard of all the preparations and expectations of the hopeful emigrant. Yet he refused to assist in the "send off," for he knew that personal experience is the only thing that will teach some people anything; even though they have to die before they find this out.

For he knew what we know, that Canada is not a very healthy dumping-ground for incapables.

Canada is like a forcing-pit; it quickens the growth of a good plant, but it quickens the growth of a weed also; and when the weed becomes too big a weed, it is destroyed and dies, which is a very good thing for the healthy plants which remain.

We want no foreign weeds in our garden, though there is plenty of room for healthy, foreign plants.

But I do not say that Bernard Dalton was a weed (which, after all, is merely a vegetable out of place), he was in the supremely self-satisfied condition of being a fool without knowing that he was a fool. Weak, unstable as water, he was easily led or persuaded for good or ill; plentifully endowed too, was he, with the bumptious conceit of the quasi young man about town, who thinks that he knows the theatres, the music halls and the places where men and women drink.

A few more years of it, and he would probably become a snob or a bar-room bounder.

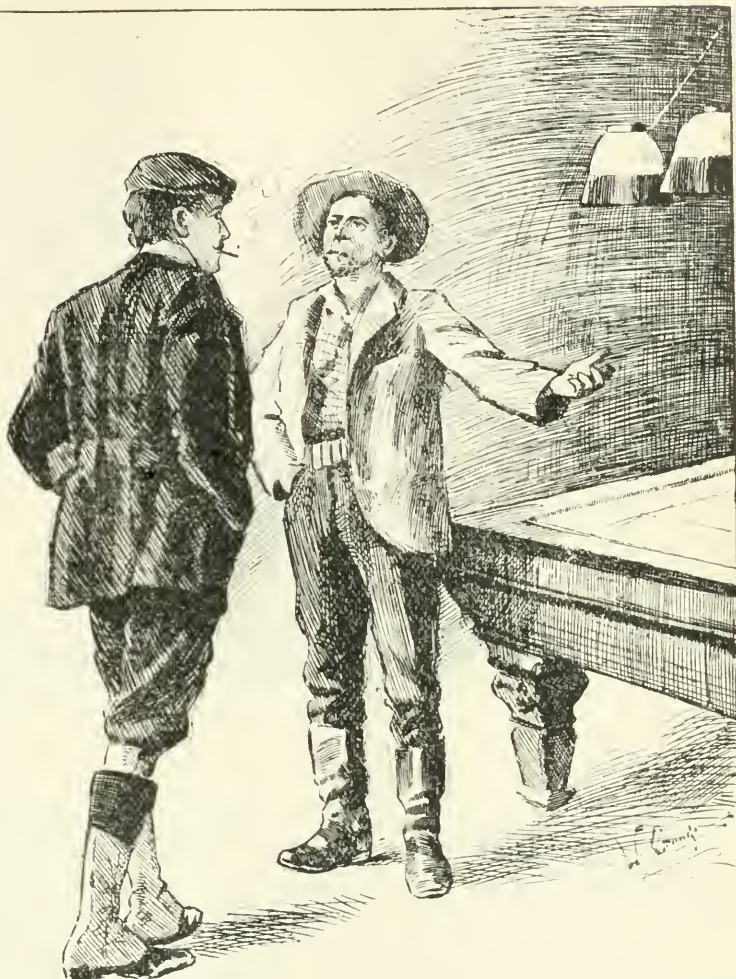
These things, perchance, he may have dimly foreseen, and he probably made some fanciful resolutions as to what he would do in this new country, how he would make a fortune and send back riches to the home folks.

These resolutions did him no harm; but Canada is not paved with gold—which is not an original remark.

He had been at a big public school, and moreover, had been in the cricket eleven there, but afterwards (at a "Crammer's" in London, for the Indian Civil Service), he picked up again the lazy conceit which had been partly knocked out of him during his school-days. Of course he failed in his exam

for the Indian Civil; very few, nowadays, do pass that, except "Baboos" or prodigies who have been born to pass that exam, and who, from the moment of their birth, devote their bodies, minds and souls to the accumulation of information to satisfy the inquisitors at Burlington House.

So Bernard thought he was well-educated, forgetting that his education would not be complete until he was "planted" underground, perhaps not then, who knows?



DRAWN BY W. GOOD

"A rough looking party in a flannel shirt, . . . challenged him to play a game."

Hard work, manual work, the thousand and one things that enter into the every-day life of the colonist, he knew nothing of these; and if he thought about them at all it was to suppose that such things could soon be "picked up," and that no skill or knowledge was needed. Thus it will be seen that he was eminently fitted to succeed in the Colonies; fortunately for him, and others like him, there is a special Providence which looks after some fools, but not all.

When Bernard Dalton arrived at



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"The hurricane deck of a North-western cayuse."

Calgary, he was surprised to find such evidences of civilization as a thriving town, fine buildings and electric lights. The billiard table at his hotel was another surprise to him, and he opened his eyes yet wider when a friendly stranger, a rough looking party in a flannel shirt, big, white hat and high boots, challenged him to play a game, made a break of sixty, and ran out some eighty points ahead of Mr. Dalton, who had rather fancied himself.

He found out later that the stranger was Mr. Carey of the "V" ranch, the gentleman to whose care Bernard had been consigned.

The next day they drove out, twenty-five miles, to the "V" ranch, and here Bernard was introduced to his future comrades; and he thought that they were a motley crew.

Of course, he made the usual mistake made by all tenderfeet, that is, judging by their appearance he underrated the antecedents, breeding and

education of the loose-garmented, slack-jointed, tough-looking "punchers."

And after a time he found out that two of them had taken degrees at Oxford, and that the "horse wrangler" had been a "wrangler" at Cambridge. There was also in the outfit a man who had been a captain in the army; also, there were two "Honourables."

Perhaps they had been black sheep, but sometimes the black sheep becomes excellent mutton.

And there were also a few "toughs," just pure and simple toughs, from across the line, Montana, Wyoming or Texas; good hands in a stampede or with a rope, ready to fight at the drop of a hat—and drop the hat themselves.

And there was joy among them as they showed Bernard round and watched him make his first attempt on the "hurricane deck" of a North-western cayuse; and I fear that they did not pick out the most docile mount for him.

Then they threw empty cans in the air and riddled them with revolver bullets before the cans reached the ground; Bernard thought of his pretty little pop-gun, but he was wise enough not to produce it. Then they brought out their ponies, and rode wild races and showed strange, dashing feats of horsemanship; and ropes were swung and ponies were caught in fantastic styles.

Now there was there a very large haystack, such an one is often to be seen on a big cattle ranch; the stack was, perhaps, one hundred and fifty yards long and about twenty-five yards broad.

Round this haystack the cowboys were racing on their shaggy-looking, little cow-ponies, and one of the riders, Simmons by name, suggested that perhaps the stranger was better at foot-racing.

Mr. Simmons was a short, rather stout gentleman, with a rosy, good-natured face and an innocent appearance. Bernard had been babbling to

him about race meetings at home, Goodwood, Ascot, and Sandown, and Mr. Simmons had blandly listened and at last turned the conversation to foot-racing.

Then it came out that Bernard had won the three miles at school, while Mr. Simmons too, in his younger days, had been a long-distance runner.

When this became known to the cowboys they proposed that the stranger and Simmons should run a race immediately.

It was found that fifteen times round the long haystack would just make three miles, and in consideration of receiving ten seconds start, Simmons agreed to race with the tenderfoot.

Bernard was vastly pleased at this opportunity of showing what he could do, for he was a good runner, and when he looked at the bulky figure of his antagonist, he felt very confident what the result of the race would be.

A referee, judges and time-keepers



DRAWN BY W. GOODE.

"Ropes were swung in fantastic style."



"Nimble ran up the ladder."

were chosen, the pistol was fired, and off started Simmons at full speed.

But he only ran round, out of sight, to the other side of the stack where there was a ladder, nimbly ran up it and pulled the ladder up after him.

At the end of the ten seconds the pistol cracked again and away went Bernard, but though he was running in beautiful style, yet he could not catch Simmons, who was lying on the top of the hay placidly watching the perspiring runner.

For it was a hot day and the spectators urged Bernard to put forth his best efforts.

"Go it, Dalton!"

"Oh, well run, Simmons!"

"Keep it up Dalton, you nearly caught him then; he was only just round the other corner when you turned then."

"Run, Simmons; he's close behind you!"

And poor Bernard ran and ran, though it was curious that he could never catch sight of his opponent.

But Simmons rested peacefully in the hay and drawled out, "Let him run the full three miles, boys."

Just as Bernard was entering on the fifteenth round, the timekeeper fired his pistol, and shouted, "Last lap!"

Then Simmons slid down from the top of the haystack (before Bernard turned the corner) and with much puffing and blowing ran a few yards and threw himself at the judges' feet, a winner by about fifty yards.

Then the spectators crowded round and patted Bernard on the back and told him, that although he had not won the race, yet he ran pretty well for a tenderfoot. And they picked up Simmons, who was, apparently, half-dead from his terrific exertions, and they unbuttoned his shirt, fanning

him meanwhile with their hats, and at last he sat up; then he shook hands with Bernard and gravely remarked, "Well, youngster, you can sprint pretty well, but I guess you thought we were all pretty slow out here. Now, the first thing you have got to remember is that this is a swift country."

And Bernard pondered these words in his heart, and thus began the first chapter of the Reformation of the Tenderfoot.

A PROFESSIONAL DUTY.

A STORY.

By Charles Nelson Johnson.

IF Christian Scientists are right in affirming that no disorder exists except as a condition of the mind, then there must be a deal of accounting done for the facts in the following case. But the facts must speak for themselves.

On an evening in May, 1896, two young men met by accident in the parlor of Judge Higgins' residence on Bay Street. They knew each other slightly and hated each other cordially because they both loved the same girl. Herbert Maxfield was a brilliant young lawyer who was fast winning his spurs professionally and publicly. Readers of newspapers may recall a recent famous boodle case in which he figured conspicuously, and also that he was accredited with the distinction of being the main instrument in sending the culprits to the penitentiary. So much for his identity. Milton Sprague—or, to be more explicit, Milton Sprague, M. D.—was about the same age as Maxfield. He had been graduated from the medical department of one of our prominent universities, had gone abroad to study a specialty, and was just returned to his native city to open an office. He had long been received at the home of Judge Higgins as a friend of the family. Whether or not he was worthy of this distinction must be determined by the future developments of the case about to be related.

Both of these men were in love with Florence Higgins, the Judge's daughter, who was beyond description a superb specimen of young womanhood—a prize fit to be contended for by the best suitor anywhere. Tall, beautiful, modeled like a statue—there was only one Florence Higgins. She was not impulsive or intense, but calm and perfectly poised, sometimes approaching

to an air that was almost languid. But she was never uninteresting. A queer little habit lent force to her already strong individuality. During a conversation it was her frequent fashion to draw her left hand up to her side, and pressing the palm hard over the region of the heart, let it drop away again without any apparent object in the movement. She was evidently unconscious of the habit and did it for the most part without knowing it, but truth to tell, the action displayed to wondrous advantage that marvellously beautiful hand of hers.

On this May evening, dressed in a long flowing gown, she seemed to the love-lit eyes of these two men more like a divinity than a woman of common clay. Maxfield had called in the full flush of a great legal victory which he had that day won in Judge Higgins' own court, and was feeling particularly well with himself and the world generally. He unexpectedly came upon Dr. Sprague lounging in the parlor, and the sudden change in the latter's manner from an air of easy familiarity with the place, to one of dignified though affable reserve on Maxfield's entrance, nettled the lawyer, and made him ill at ease the entire evening. In fact, he exhibited the typical symptoms of a disgruntled lover, and grew quite morose as he noted the evident pleasure with which Florence listened to the breezy chit-chat of the young Doctor upon affairs abroad.

Maxfield went into that house in the greatest elation; he departed in the deepest dumps. Somehow he felt defeated. He was conscious of having appeared at such a humiliating disadvantage beside this other man, and was fearful of the impression he must have made on Florence. And now he

knew more than ever how much she was to him. The possibility of some one else usurping his place in her affections appalled him. He was staggered at his own intensity of feeling, and knew that so far as he was concerned the matter must be settled at once. He had not yet practiced law long enough to be patient with uncertainties.

He sought the first opportunity for an interview with Florence, pressed his suit with the impetuosity of desperation, and—was accepted. She made only one condition. The engagement must be kept secret for the present. This was prompted by consideration for her father's feelings, who, since the death of his wife, had leaned heavily on Florence for consolation and companionship.

"It would be cruel," she said, "to break such news to him suddenly. Let us bide our time till a fitting occasion presents. Opportune moments are certain to arise sooner or later in matters of this kind, especially where two ingenious people are bent on bringing them about." She said this with an arch smile, her hand intuitively went up to her side with the old habit, her brows pursed slightly and wrinkled her forehead. Maxfield thought he had never seen so beautiful a creature as she was then. "In the meantime," she added, "we shall be very happy."

Happy! When the young lawyer went to his lodging on Dutton Street he seemed enveloped in a fragrant and mysterious mist which supported him on all sides and made him apparently tread on air. To be in love with a beautiful girl like Florence was of itself a consecration; to have succeeded in winning her hand was the embodiment of all earthly happiness. In his magnanimity he even felt sorry for his rival, Dr. Sprague.

But a week had not passed before a shadow began to creep across the sunshine of his happiness, and this same Dr. Sprague was the cause of it. To Maxfield it seemed as if his visits were altogether too frequent, and his attentions to Florence altogether too point-

ed to be explained on the basis of friendship. And what was worse—what wounded him more sorely than anything—was the fact that Florence's attitude toward the Doctor struck him more and more as being rather reciprocal for a woman affianced to another man. Not that she did anything imprudent or that she was guilty of any specified act that he could designate, not that she gave him any tangible cause to speak to her about it, even if he could have suffered his dignity to allow him to do such a thing. But it seemed that somehow her affection for him was being slowly though surely sapped. And he was helpless. Had their betrothal been known it would have afforded him such sweet solace to assert himself and teach this young Doctor something about the proprieties. But he was held dumb by his promise to keep the engagement secret, and must suffer in silence. At such times as he saw Florence alone her old delightful demeanour reassured him, and he was happy for the time—only to be chilled by a depressing doubt the moment he was away from her side. The sole occasion on which his pride had allowed him to hint at anything of his feelings in her presence was one evening when they were sitting by the window in the parlor with the soft breeze idly flapping the curtain in and out, and the strains of a harp and violin played by street musicians vibrating in the distance.

"Florence," he said, suddenly reaching over and placing his hand on hers, "do you love me as much as ever?"

"Why, Herbert, you know I do," was her whispered response. And looking into her eyes, soft with the twilight, he felt that he should never doubt her again.

He left the house that evening treading on air once more, but was suddenly brought into the mire before reaching the street. Just as he closed the door he saw the Judge and Dr. Sprague coming up the walk arm in arm. This was sufficient of itself to unsettle him, but a fragment of their conversation which caught his ear simply dumfounded

ed him. They were in such earnest conference—or rather the Doctor was talking so earnestly to the Judge, and the latter so absorbed in listening—that Maxfield was scarcely noticed by either of them as they passed. This was unusual, for the Judge ordinarily made a great deal of the lawyer when they met. But the bit of conversation Maxfield overheard was this: “I needn’t assure you, Judge,” the Doctor was saying, “that in making such a proposal I have only Florence’s welfare and happiness most at heart.” And as they moved on out of hearing Maxfield caught this much of the Judge’s response: “My dear boy, she is very precious to me, but knowing you as I do, I feel I could trust her in your care. This is so sudden that—”

A sweep of the evening breeze carried the remaining words away, but Maxfield had heard enough to fire his whole being. Evidently Dr. Sprague was taking the presumptuous course of asking the Judge for Florence’s hand before he had won her consent to do so—unless—unless; but no, he dismissed such an idea from his mind the moment it found lodgment there. It could not be possible that Florence was playing a double role. He remembered the look in her eyes and he believed in her. But now he must make a definite move in the matter. He would see Florence the very next day, tell her what he had heard and the fears he had entertained in weeks past, and see what she had to say. He felt confident of the result so far as she was concerned, and yet as the night wore on and found him tossing and sleepless he grew strangely unnerved.

The next day he was informed that Florence was ill and could not see any one. He made some excuse to go to the Judge’s office, and casually asked if Miss Higgins was seriously ill. The Judge said he hoped not, but that she had suffered some kind of a fainting spell, and they had thought best to call in their old family physician, Dr. Smedley. The doctor assured them it was nothing to worry about, and that Florence would probably be herself again

in a day or two. But Maxfield did not fail to detect an air of deep concern about the Judge, as if there were something peculiar about the case more than he had intimated. The lawyer’s brain had been busy since he heard of Florence’s illness, and now he felt certain that his first conjecture had been correct. His theory was that Dr. Sprague, after gaining the Judge’s consent, had pressed his suit for Florence’s hand, and the sudden enormity of the thing—of course it seemed very enormous to Maxfield—had caused Florence’s indisposition. The Judge’s allusion to the fainting spell fitted into this hypothesis perfectly. There was nothing to do now but wait till she was well enough to be seen. Then he hoped that everything would be cleared up.

The days hung heavily in the interim, and it was with a sense of elation that he received word one day from the Judge that he might come to see Florence any time now, her indisposition having evidently so far passed that she could again receive her friends. He called early that evening, and as he approached the familiar front door, not even the recollection of that fateful conversation he had overheard on his last visit was sufficient to suppress the sense of buoyancy he experienced at the thought of so soon seeing Florence. He found her sitting in her accustomed seat by the window, and was on the point of rushing impulsively to her and taking her in his arms, when the sight of another occupant of the parlour threw a sudden chill over him as if he had received a dash of cold water in the face. Dr. Sprague bowed to him politely, said something about the beautiful weather, and excusing himself, walked out of the room.

How desperately Maxfield hated that man that moment! He turned to Florence with something harsh on his lips, but the sight of the invalid just recovering appealed to him, and a great brooding pity for the dear pale girl swept over him. She seemed so changed somehow, so quiet, so sedate. She was more precious to him a thousand times than ever before. But there was

an air about her that frightened him. He began asking about her illness, whether it had been serious, how she was feeling now, how soon she thought she might go out—all of the stock phrases that have been asked so many times with so many different shades of meaning. She lay back with such a languid, tired air, and said that her illness had amounted to nothing, that every one had been so kind to her, especially Dr. Sprague, who—

But at the mention of that hated name Maxfield instantly lost himself.

"Dr. Sprague!" he exclaimed, "the perfidious wolf in sheep's clothing! I'd like to have the supreme satisfaction of throttling him this moment!"

She slightly raised herself, and looked at him in bewildered astonishment.

"Why, whatever can you mean by talking like that?" she asked.

"Mean!" he replied, with rising resentment, "I mean that his attitude toward you is not one that should be tolerated by a young lady who is engaged to another man."

She was sitting straight up by this time, and looking at him in a puzzled, nervous way.

"Engaged to another man?" she repeated, questioningly.

"Why, Florence," he gasped, with a pitiful tremor in his voice, "it is surely not necessary for me to remind you of our engagement?"

"Our engagement?" she again repeated, staring at him. A bright pink flush began to light up her cheeks, and her bosom heaved with agitation, and then in a low, suppressed tone she continued: "I'm sure I haven't the slightest idea what you mean. I have no recollection of any engagement."

If the heavens had suddenly opened and the whole fabric of the universe had come tumbling about his ears, he could not have been more profoundly shaken. He gazed at her an instant with a deepening pallor upon his countenance, and then abruptly rising, he groped his way to the door and was gone without a word.

The world had completely darkened around him, and he felt that he had

nearly lost his identity in the catastrophe. He walked awhile, then sat down somewhere on a stone step, and taking out his penknife vainly turned the edge in an absent-minded attempt to whittle the stone. Finally he grew sufficiently calm to think the matter over, and this is how he reasoned it out to himself:

"Of course I might have known it. Women have been coquettes from the days of Eve, and this is only one more human heart sacrificed to make a feminine holiday. Fine sense of commiseration she had for her poor old father in wanting to keep the engagement secret! I see it all now. Oh! the subtle perfidy of women!—I don't believe a word of what I am saying," he exclaimed, suddenly halting and slapping his knee with his hand. "I might as well call an angel in heaven to account as to censure Florence for this affair. In my heart of hearts I know she is innocent. There is some bedevilment at work, of which she and I are the victims, and that man Sprague is at the bottom of it. How snake-like he crept out of the room as soon as I entered. I shall know more about this in the next four-and-twenty hours. I shall see Florence again, and this time control myself sufficiently to get some clew to the mystery."

But in this he was disappointed. The scene in the parlor had given Florence a relapse, and Dr. Smedley said that she must be denied to all visitors. Then Maxfield grew desperate and did a wholly reprehensible thing. He bribed the Judge's coloured butler, Sam, to keep him informed on everything that passed in the sick chamber. Sam entered into the arrangement all the more willingly because he was really anxious himself about Florence, and because he liked Maxfield. The latter was sagacious enough to hide from Sam any suspicions he entertained against Dr. Sprague. All he wanted was information—he would do the conjecturing himself. In truth, he had already formed some very definite conclusions since the evening Florence acted so strangely. To him it was

now a clear case of hypnotism, and he wondered he had not thought of it sooner. Hypnotism was at this time being extensively exploited in the newspapers, and had even entered into several prominent legal contests. He recalled Sprague's reference to the subject one evening shortly after his return from Europe, and remembered particularly his defence of Charcot, whom he—the Doctor—evidently considered a very great man.

This suspicion of Maxfield's, while it promised something in the way of solving the mystery, added vastly to his mental distress. The idea of Florence, the pure, the innocent, the sacred, being subject to the despicable wiles of this scientific trickster. What a horrible possibility in all this, and yet for the present he was helpless. His legal talent came to his aid sufficiently to show him that he must have evidence before he could do anything. This evidence he sought to get through Sam, and before a week was over he had secured even more than he bargained for. The plot was deeper than his imagination had conceived, and the more he heard the more desperate he became.

He soon learned that Dr. Sprague was a frequent visitor at the house, and that, despite Dr. Smedley's orders to have Florence see no one but her attendants, the young Doctor visited her room as often as he did the house.

"Does he see her in company with Dr. Smedley?" asked Maxfield.

"No, sah," said Sam, "he always goes dar when de old Doctah is erway."

"Does the Judge know of these visits?"

"Dunno, sah. Hain't nebber seed him dar when de Jedge was eround."

Maxfield wanted to ask if the young Doctor made hypnotic passes, or acted in any way mysteriously, while in Florence's room, but fearing he might in some manner overshoot the mark with the butler, wisely refrained. Nor did the next two or three interviews he had with him throw much light on the case, though Maxfield felt sure Sam had something on his mind more than

he talked about. Finally, one evening the whole thing came out. The butler had called at Maxfield's room as usual, and was evidently ill at ease. Look-around suspiciously to see if there was any possibility of being overheard, he broke out:

"I doan lak dat Doctah Sprague."

"Why, Sam, what's the matter?" asked Maxfield, fumbling with some papers to hide his excitement.

"Mattah ernuff," and he shook his head mysteriously. "He ain't doin' nuttin' whut he oughter do, and he doin' heaps er things he ought not ter do. He's er triflin' with Doctah Smedley's medicines—dat's what he is. Takes de bottle whut de old Doctah leaves, and measures out de ermout er medicine Miss Flo'ence is ter take, and den frows it in de waste basin, so de old Doctah won't know but whut she's took it. Den he poahs out some from a bottle he carries in his pocket, and gibs it to Miss Flo'ence, and de po' girl she nebber knows de diff'unce. Doan lak dat kinder doin's. Miss Flo'ence ain't nebber gwine ter git well datter way."

This was worse than Maxfield had suspected. Instead of hypnotizing her—or, possibly, in addition to hypnotizing her—he was drugging her. The situation was growing unbearable, and something must be done. In his desperation Maxfield determined to lay the matter before Judge Higgins. He realized the awkwardness of such a procedure, and under ordinary circumstances his pride would have restrained him from approaching the Judge in the attitude of seeming to interfere with his domestic affairs. But there was, apparently, no alternative if he was to save Florence from Dr. Sprague, and this, he insisted, must be accomplished at all hazards.

When he called at the Judge's office, the following day, it was not without a realizing sense of the difficulties of his mission, but he went straight to the point, as was his custom always when confronted with a dilemma.

"I am aware, Judge," he began, "that my errand here to-day may not

commend me to your good opinion as a man given to minding his own affairs, but I have felt it my duty to come, and I am here."

"I assure you," said Judge Higgins, cordially, "that whatever your errand may be, you are welcome, and I can conceive of nothing you would do that could destroy my good opinion of you."

"Well, sir," continued Maxfield, "my business here is about Miss Higgins." The Judge glanced at him quickly in some surprise, but Maxfield went on: "I refer to her illness. The truth is, I have some serious suspicions as to the cause, and thought I ought to make you aware of them. It is not my purpose to attack the character of anyone, but merely to state facts, and let you draw your own conclusions."

The Judge was listening intently by this time, and exhibited a degree of expectancy on his countenance that made Maxfield hurry on: "It has come to my knowledge that a man, who is posing as a friend of the family, is interfering materially with her medical treatment—in short, that he is substituting the medicine that is left by your family physician, Dr. Smedley, and giving her something in its place. I need not tell you that my suspicions point to the fact that what he is giving her is not for her good."

The Judge was evidently greatly surprised at Maxfield's words. A puzzled, troubled look came over his face, and he sat for some time with head bowed in deepest study. When he began speaking it was in a more subdued and measured tone, however, than Maxfield expected to hear.

"Without presuming to ask," he said, "how you came by this information, and with the assurance that I appreciate your motives, I have only to say that so far as Dr. Sprague is concerned—for I take it he is the man you refer to—it must suffice for you to know that he is an old and valued friend of ours, and a man in whom I have the completest confidence."

Maxfield went out of that room a

crushed man. This was the last straw, and his final conviction was that Dr. Sprague had hypnotized the whole family. His dilemma now was greater than ever, and he seemed if possible more helpless. Here was the dearest girl in the world stolen from him before his very eyes, and he apparently powerless to thwart the designs of this intriguing and dangerous Doctor. It occurred to him that he might manage to pick a quarrel with him and shoot him, but of course this would complications which he did not care to face. Then he thought of Dr. Smedley. It might profit something to open the eyes of the old physician to the fraud that was being perpetrated. Not that he considered Dr. Smedley a match for the cunning of the younger man, but that this was the only possible thing left for him to do.

So he called at Dr. Smedley's office, but failed to find him in. He went again, but did not find him. He repeated his visits several times in the next few days, but fate seemed to so plan it that the Doctor was always out. He began to think that even this fact had some significance connected with the case. He finally hired a messenger boy to watch the Doctor's office, and report to him when he saw him enter. He was growing really nervous and unstrung over the intricacies of the affair, so that when the boy brought him word that Dr. Smedley was in his office he hurried down the street under the stress of an intense, suppressed excitement. Just as he was turning into the hallway leading to the Doctor's office, another messenger boy rushed up to him and said: "Is this Mr. Maxfield, the lawyer?"

"Yes—what do you want?" said Maxwell, suspicious of everything.

"Here's a message for you."

Maxfield tore open the envelope with trembling fingers. The next instant he was trembling all over. Holding the paper so the light fell on it, he read as follows:

"Will you please call at my office, No. 163 State Street, immediately on receipt of this. I have a matter of some

moment that demands a private conference with you.

Yours truly,

MILTON SPRAGUE."

"The villain," was Maxfield's first reflection. "I wonder what new plot he has now. He is evidently determined to keep me away from Dr. Smedley. Well, we shall see what the gentleman has to say for himself, and if he doesn't say some very proper things there will be a tragedy in the office at 163 State Street. Possibly he thinks he can hypnotize me too, but if he tries that we'll find out for once what the point of a revolver can do toward subduing mental suggestion."

And before going to Dr. Sprague's office he called at his own and got his six-shooter. Now, there was not exactly murder in Maxfield's heart as he entered the Doctor's office at 163 State Street, but he was assuredly in no mood to be trifled with. The days and weeks of trouble and suspense had worn on him and he was highstrung and overbalanced. He was in that condition where a quarrel would have seemed a sweet solace to him, and Dr. Sprague might well have been alarmed had he known his temper at that moment.

When Maxfield was shown into the Doctor's private room a strained feeling was at once apparent between the two men. Both felt it. Maxfield sat down stiffly with straightened back, on the Doctor's invitation to have a chair.

"I suppose I might as well go at once to the subject," said Dr. Sprague, "though I assure you my position is a difficult one and some things I have to say may appear impertinent."

Maxfield sat like a sphinx, much to the discomfiture of the Doctor, who evidently expected some remark in return. But the lawyer's mind was not idle even if his lips were sealed.

"The rascal is going to tell me," he thought, "that my suit for Miss Florence's hand must cease. Probably intends to say that he is engaged to her himself. If he does, the end of this thing is not yet."

After a brief struggle with evident

embarrassment, the Doctor continued:

"In pursuance of my purpose, I am compelled to ask you if you did not at one time consider yourself engaged to Miss Higgins?"

The air was almost electric with the tension this question wrought. Instead, however, of slapping the Doctor in the face, as he felt impelled to do, Maxfield simply nodded his head. He thought he would let the man go on till he had hopelessly enmeshed himself in the depths of his own audacity. But when the proper time came he would make that fellow crawl on his knees or he would shoot him down like a dog.

"Later on," continued the Doctor with increasing confusion, "she renounced the engagement, as I understand, and claimed to have no recollection of it. Is this not so?"

The two men looked at each other an instant—the one with deadly hate in his eyes, the other with increasing alarm at the terrible expression on his visitor's countenance. Maxfield was verging toward the uncontrollable, and as he started to make reply his voice was guttural and husky from suppressed rage.

"Yes," he said, "thanks to—"

"Never mind that," quickly interposed Dr. Sprague. "Let me explain. I am sent as an ambassador to bring you word that she now recalls perfectly the engagement, and wishes you to go to her at once."

Maxfield swore to himself that his ears deceived him, and that he surely must be under some untoward influence. But his countenance evidently changed for the better, because the Doctor seemed more at ease, and after regarding Maxfield a moment, continued:

"It is, of course, necessary for me to explain her strange conduct. To do this I must take you through some of the technicalities of modern medical science, but I promise to be as brief and lucid as possible. Miss Higgins has been the victim of a peculiar ailment, the nature of which I shall try to make clear to you. To go back to

the beginning ; when I returned from Europe I thought I detected in some of her actions certain symptoms of heart disease, which, however, might pass unobserved by one who had not made this affection a matter of special study. You may have observed in her a habit of suddenly pressing her hand over her heart, and while she probably did it unconsciously, yet there was a cause for it. I shall not take you into the details of this peculiar form of heart affection, but suffice to say that it often results in the formation of small blood clots which become detached and float away in the circulation. They do no particular harm till they reach some of the small arteries whose calibre will not admit of their passage, and then they clog up the artery at that point and cut off the nourishment to the part supplied by this artery. When such a thing occurs in the brain it is dangerous, and may lead to queer complications, as we shall see.

"In consideration of this, I was naturally concerned for Miss Higgins, and finally one evening while walking home with her father I broached the subject to him and suggested that she ought to have treatment ; by the way, now that I recall it, I think you met us on the walk that very evening. Well, the next day she was taken ill, and the identical thing I had feared would happen, did happen, though in her case it took a most unusual turn. When dear old Dr. Smedley, the family physician, was called, I told him my suspicions, but the old Doctor couldn't seem to recognize the point I made, and treated her in his own way. She rallied physically, but I could see there was something wrong with her mind. She had practically lost her memory. To explain this, I must tell you that there are certain nervous centres in the brain which control certain functions. If the blood supply to one of these centres is disturbed the function suffers accordingly. One of the human functions is memory. Cut off the nourishment to the centre controlling memory, and memory is lost. This is precisely what happened with Miss

Higgins. The vagrant blood clot closed a certain artery in her brain, and she simply ceased to remember. This was true, at least, of many events in her past life.

"It was thought at this stage of her affliction that possibly the sight of some friend outside of the family might stimulate her memory to act, and you were invited to call. I need not tell you the result. After that I saw something had to be done. Remedies for the liquefaction of the clot must be administered, and the disease managed according to the most approved principles of modern surgery. Judge Higgins suggested that I take charge of the case, without, however, injuring the sensibilities of old Dr. Smedley, by dismissing him. He was allowed to call as usual, but his medicine was not given.

"Within the past few days, I am happy to state, the patient's mind has cleared, and I am now sanguine of a complete return to health. Her first concern seemed to be for you, and it is at her request that I have asked for this conference. What I have done has been prompted solely by a sense of my professional duty, and I can only hope that it may be mutually satisfactory to all concerned."

During this whole recital the speaker had been sitting with his eyes averted to a glass paper weight on his desk, which he was turning over and over with his fingers to avoid looking up at Maxfield. There was a restrained air about him through the entire talk, but the lawyer knew that he had spoken the truth. What Maxfield was thinking about all this time will probably never be known, but when the Doctor had finished he was startled to see Maxfield walk over toward him with moisture in his eyes and a painful quivering of the lips, and lay a loaded revolver on the desk before him.

"Take it," he said, almost in a whisper, "take it, and empty every barrel into my miserable carcass !" Seeing the astonished look on the Doctor's face, he continued : "You needn't have any compunction of conscience—I de-

serve it. The revolver was loaded for you." And he told the Doctor everything like an honest man.

When he had finished, Dr. Sprague shook his head with a queer smile which contained no mirth, and said slowly :

"No, sir, take back your revolver. If you knew with what ill grace I have given you this information you would not credit me with sufficient magnanimity to be entitled to any man's blood."

Maxfield stood looking at him a moment, studying him.

"Then it is true, he said, "that you love her too?"

"Never mind that," was the quick response, accompanied by a wave of the hand, "I have only done my professional duty. Go to Florence at once. She is waiting for you."

And as he was speaking he rose and walked hurriedly to the window, where he stood gazing absent-mindedly at the throngs on the street below. He remained immovable and absorbed for a long time, till finally he felt a man's hand on his shoulder and heard the words close to his ear :

"It is nobler to be great than to be happy. I am the one to envy you."

THE WIDOW OF MUMS.

A TALE OF RURAL ONTARIO LIFE.

By Erle Cromer.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Minerva Falconer, widow, works a rented farm with the assistance of her two children Molly and Peart. The land is owned by Caleb Tooze, a dying old bachelor, whose wealth Widow Falconer hopes to inherit. She needs the money because she is in debt. Farther down the road live the Mosses. Rudge Moss and Peart Falconer are chums and both in love with Pensee Vale, the school teacher, who boards with the Mosses. Rudge has been going to school to Pensee and getting lessons after hours. From this a scandal arises and Rudge Moss disappears.

XVI.

Friday came in cords of rain that lashed all the roofs black and combed the snowdrifts into patches of dirty wool.

No scholars. Pensee sat alone in the school. The waterish light from the spattered windows blurred the chalk-marks on the blackboard and reflected faintly from the maps on the walls. Pensee, seated at her desk, could scarcely see to write; and the words crawled slow over the paper. These were some of them :

"Rudge, where to go I can't tell. To-day as I write the rain is falling and the seats are empty. Perhaps to save me the pang of parting from what few scholars have been let come since the news of my downfall. I should have gone when you did. But I thought I could live it down. I can't. . . .

"These young girls will be mothers some day. Perhaps if I hadn't tried

to teach them sometimes about that, and how sacred it is to love and have children, people wouldn't be so ready to call me the shameful thing I am. Then when you went away in the night all the eyes looked at me. I knew they would and I went to the bush. I wanted to get lost—till night came. Then I went to sleep. They found me, and brought me back to be looked at. After that I tried to fight like a woman. I said to myself over and over, 'Pensee, you didn't shame him.' But I couldn't prove it, and it got easier to believe just what the rest did. Now, if anybody should ask me who is the worst sinner in Mums, I should say 'Pensee Vale, for she shamed a good man's life.' Poor thing! he hates you for it. The other night I dreamt it was all a lie—this shame of mine. Afterwards, and for days I almost believed the dream was true. . . .

"Strange! that one in a dream should

try to love me—this friend of yours. Ah, I know he is troubled. But he troubles me. He must not love—the strumpet. No! Maybe if I could get away from him I should have peace. But it comes in a dream, that he wants me to help him look up. How mad! when shame sees but its own feet.

“And yet I am in Mums. Sometimes I think all that’s left to me in it now is Father Caleb; for he alone, poor old man, knows nothing of my shame. I shall see him once again before I go. . . .”

“Rudge, I had to say this to somebody. Try to forget the girl that shamed you. It’s a long way to the world’s edge they say. Sometimes I think not, though. . . .”

Ruben Moss rubbed castor-oil and tallow into his boots by the kitchen hearth half that afternoon, and wondered if Pensee had gone home again. He had seen her turn the jog as he fixed the board into the soft-water barrel in the morning.

Sylvia, ironing, didn’t know. But she wondered what Rudge was doing back at the Gore Line that day. It was just like him to go sawing in the rain. And he could saw, too. In the six days after he got the job he had cut twenty-four thousand alone, so said the letter. Reuben must take him a change of clothes as soon as the storm was done.

“Wonder if the haf-breeds ’ll be fight’n to-day,” speculated Reuben as he looked for ripped stitches in his right boot-leg. “Don’t spose it’ll be rainin’ there though. More likely b’low zero.”

“Psha!” said Sylvia as she held up a white, crumpled thing to the light. “Guess that’s Pensee’s collar she’s left yere. I thought I sent all ’er things up the other day.”

Sylvia hadn’t got through ironing that collar when Reuben had his greased boots on ready for wading. It wasn’t white enough when she got it done, and she decided to re-starch it. “Pensee always looked so neat and nice in a real white collar,” she said sighing.

Peart Falconer sat in his room that

afternoon. Minerva came up about four o’clock.

“Pearty,” she said energetically without taking the red stocking off her arm, “we got a go to town to-maura.”

Peart didn’t stop reading to glance up.

“Startin’ to spit snow, too,” went on Minerva, darning still. “Wind’s switchin’ north, I guess. To-maura ’ll be as cold’s the Artic circle, I’ll bet a horse. But we got a git that rent for Caleb or he’ll beat ’is brains out agin the wall. He’s been most crazy ’bout it lately. D’ you know how we’re goin’ to do it, Pearty?”

Peart clicked over a page.

“Chattel mortgage on the horsis an’ buggy we drive,” jerked Minerva with a dramatic flourish of her needle and red yarn, “best team in Mums as they be. There haint another livin’ way. You don’t git your pay for the logs tell summer, an’ it’s no great shakes when you do, the price elum’s got. There’s that binder to pay on this spring, too. I declare, as I say, we might’s well quit an’ hire out the hull of us; or go out the Northwest an’ fight Reel. What’s the plagued haf-breeds want, anyhow, Pearty? I declare I’ve been tryin’ to git out o’ Pensee ’bout ’em this mornin’, but she jist says she don’t know, sad’s a wet sheet, an’ pokes off to school in the rain. Land! Guess there haint on’y one thing she does know these days, an’ that ain’t a bit more true ’an white’s black. It’s true in the mind, Pearty, that’s all; but it’s deep in. An’ all the time the thing she’d oughta know, as true as the will that’s made but aint public, she don’t know a whemper about. D’ you know what I mean, Pearty? Well, spose you shet your book about that Northwest Rebellion an’ talk awhile. Your mother aint a heathen, boy.”

Peart looked at her. There was a grim earnestness on Minerva’s heavy face that afternoon. She was sitting on the bed, not darning now.

“Now then, Pearty,” she went on, “’bout that thing ’at’s prob’bly true, an’ she don’t even suspicion it; first

Caleb Tooze is likely got 'is will made secret an' it's on 'is person ; secont, prob'ly that will ain't all, maybe not a scratch in favour o' Falc'ners ; third, it don't matter 'bout the years we've slaved for 'im, we gota git 'im every last cent o' the rent, an' right away at that ; fourth, who's the favoright ? Pearty, who's the girl 'at most thinks she's rooned Rudgy Moss's charicter when she haint teched him without innasunce ? If she wasn't most too innasunt to breathe she'd suspicion 'bout that will quick enough, for it's been as plain to me as noon every time I've let 'er in to see 'im. Land ! I wouldn't a left 'em alone for a farm. Now if bein' so innasunt she wasn't likewise too 'fraid o' public 'pinion to say Boo ! without the neighbours lettin' 'er, she wouldn't never think that thing 'at aint true is true 'cause they do. That's my doctern. Now in plain figgers, Pearty Falc'ner, sposin' Caleb Tooze's will's made, an' it's all in favour o' Pensee Vale ; then when Caleb Tooze leaves things behind, as 'e will in doo time, who's goin' to pick her up ? Hey ? Well, s'posin' sumthin' acts on her mind so as she wont never marry anybody. Then what about the things ? Pearty, that somthin' is, s'long as that girl ponders that suspicion 'bout her an' Rudgy Moss, she'll never marry you. We got Rudgy out the way ; but we got a ghost in. An' the shadda's worse'n the substance. Now, Pearty, we gota git the shadda out. An' if you c'n make 'yourself useful doin' it, likely you'll be agreeable when it's done. You gota talk to 'er, Pearty, not be mum's a picture of a dumb man when she's 'round ; be 'round where she is instid o' pokin' off to git out of 'er sight. An' when you git Pensee Vale, boy, you got a wife that'll stick faithful to you as long as life lastes 'an that's sumthin' s'posin' Caleb Tooze's will is in favour o' the Falc'ners ; which it prob'ly haint."

Minerva rose. Peart was looking out at the storm now.

XVII.

The wind veered north just as Pensee Vale got home at dark, scuttled the

rain off into Lake Erie, put coats of mail on the maples, then leaped on them like wolves. All night the trees creaked and rocked. In the morning one big, icy limb lay right across the lane when Peart Falconer and his mother drove out with the iron-grays and 'close-curtained top-buggy. That was early ; so early that Molly had to do some of the chores during the first snow-flurry that foamed up out of the north woods. The water-bucket was a lob of ice, and the water Molly drew for the pigs froze before she got it to the pen. It took her half the forenoon to finish the chores, going in by spells to thaw her mits. Then she had to get Caleb his gruel, and after that go at the Saturday baking. She was glad Pensee hadn't got up yet. It was lonesome enough to watch the blizzards foam over the barn and hide all the houses, without having Pensee about, with her dark-lit eyes burning her face out like a candle. Molly was not exactly superstitious ; but she couldn't help wondering what she would do if Caleb kept on as fretful as he had been that morning ; or Pensee got talking about Rudge so queerly as she sometimes did in her sleep. And the more Molly thought about it the gladder she felt that she had sent a letter to Rudge just as soon as she learned his address from Sylvia. Perhaps he would come back that night as she had urged him to. Molly had told him he might have Pensee for good and for all if he would only come back and get her out of her misery. She hoped he would come straight to Falconers' if he did. Still it was an awful day.

When Molly got in from noon-chores she found Pensee setting the table for dinner. She did her best to keep Pensee talking about the weather till dinner was over ; and when the dishes were done and Caleb's dinner carried up, she fetched down Peart's book about the rebellion. Pensee took it and sat by the kitchen stove. When the snow-flurries came she had to stop reading, and fixed the fire, knowing that Caleb in the attic would be cold

enough. Molly was busy sweeping the house for Sunday.

Molly went out early to do night-chores. Light scarfs of fresh snow lay packed along the fences on the ice-glare. The barns loomed black against the night cloud. Still the wind blew ; colder.

Left alone at dusk in the kitchen, a strange, restless impulse took hold of Pensee. All day while the wind tugged at the big house and rocked the icy maples, it had seemed to pull at her heart with what strange wooing she scarcely knew. Now as she listened she yielded and turned her steps upstairs. Up in the hallway she paused a moment. The wind seemed to roll like a sea about the walls ; and as though she were in its very breakers and couldn't resist, Pensee passed on down to the attic door. It was not locked. Molly had forgotten. She passed in.

It took Molly a long time to do the chores. She could drag but one bundle of fodder at a time against the wind round the corner of the stack, two red cattle licking at the white husks of that. Then the wind blew the barn door open each time she left it, the calves got in out of the cold, and when Molly went to drive them out they got tangled in the self-binder somewhere, or scooted into the granary behind the fanning-mill. Half the straw she threw down to bed the horses sailed over the pigpen into the quince orchard ; the other half followed the cattle round the stack. A lot of the chickens wanted to roost out on the pole the hogs had been hung on at butchering-time, and Molly had to catch them and stuff them into the hen-house. After that she stopped the cracks with straw and lugged an extra armful into the young pigs. And all the time she was half afraid of the wind that howled so wickedly round the barns, but ten times more afraid to go back to the house where Pensee and old Caleb were. Sometimes as she thought of it, while carrying in the night-wood, she felt like hunting for Pensee in the dark house and telling her every word of the miserable plot

she had helped to share about the innocent girl's life. Then the pity changed to fear and rather than see either Pensee or old Caleb again that night she would have gone to the barn along with the cattle.

When Molly got in with a chunk for the parlour-stove, Pensee was not in the kitchen. She set supper going, spread the table and was just ready to carry Caleb's tray up to the attic when the stoop creaked outside, the door opened and in walked the widow.

"Better git Pearty the lantern, Molly," she said and shook so hard the cups jiggled on the table. "Land ! this night's a Tartar. It's a wonder we ain't perished. Never mind Caleb jist now. I'll tend to that soon's I git thawed out. S'pose 'e's been all right. Kin' o' violent, you say ; wouldn't take no dinner, eh ? Well," lifting her voice to a hoarse quaver, "there's jist one question. I'd like to ask Caleb Tooze to smoothen 'em down a little. Three per cent. a month, Molly, how long'll it take 'fore two horsis'll make none ? Hey ? Ha, Caleb !" shaking her fist up at the ceiling, "Caleb Tooze secont cousin by blood, little ever drempt 'at this should be the marrybones we gota git down on to after fifteen years pamperin' you !"

The widow soon felt warm enough to remove her wraps ; when she grabbed Caleb's supper-tray and went upstairs.

She came down almost as quick, banged the tray on the table and with blank consternation on her Roman face swept out of the house with but a shawl over her head. At the handgate she met Molly and Peart with the lantern half blown out. She snatched it out from Molly's skirts and held it up.

"Molly Falc'ner," she shouted above the wind that whistled the light into a sputter of blue in the glass, "Where's Caleb Tooze ? Where's Pensee ? Well go een then, you lubber, if you won't speak !" giving Molly a shove. "Pearty go——"

The wind switched away the rest. Lantern fluttering at her black skirts,

her big shadow undulating over the fence on to the snow-streaked lawn, the widow swept out of the lane.

XVIII.

Against the wind among the fodder-shocks in Caleb Tooze's front field glided that same huge shadow. Ten rods from the shanty it broke into a ghostly run. It scudded up the log wall and over the roof into the slashing. The door yielded. The widow burst in. Breathless she held up the light.

There, kneeling on the dusty floor in front of the stove, was Pensee Vale, cloak off, hair loose, in her hand a bunch of half-burnt slivers which she had just been trying to blow into a blaze under the charred stick in the stove.

A moment she looked up half wild. Then she dropped the sticks, uttered a low cry as she sprang up and ran to the bed in the corner of the shanty.

Minerva followed and held up the lantern.

Caleb Tooze didn't see it; but there he lay bundled in the cold, damp quilts. Pensee's red cloak about his neck, his white breath mingling with hers.

"Sis—s—sis—s," he seemed to say through his parted lips; or was it but the whistle of his breath!

Pensee heard it and bent lower. His little arm struggled out of the quilts and circled her neck; as though in that cold, desolate cabin she was all the warm life he had.

Minerva Falconer's dark-ringed eyes blazed with the passion she could not speak. The smoky lantern dropped to her skirts; she stepped forward. Clutch! went her strong hand on Pensee's shoulder. But the old man's arm was tight.

"Caleb!" she called in the deep voice he once had known and obeyed so well. Only the echo in the ceiling made reply and the faint "sis—s" from the bed. She stepped back.

The feeble glow Pensee had breathed into the charred stick was gone now. There was no more wood in the cabin. The few chips in the wood-box

Pensee had already scraped. Caleb's rusty axe stood near it. Minerva seized it, set the lantern on the floor and with the strength of a gladiator broke the wood-box to splinters. In three minutes she had a fire that melted the rust off the stove-lids and sent sparks rocketing into the corn-fields.

Gradually the old man's grip on Pensee's neck relaxed and she sat back merely holding his hand. But all the light in her dark eyes burned into that withered face of his. He didn't see it.

"Father Caleb," she said piteously, "see—we're back in the old house now, you and me. You wanted to come so bad you almost broke Pensee's heart and she had to let you; over the ice, through the wind and the dark; and then you slipped by the corn shack and fell and the wind beat you and cut you so. Pensee's poor cold hand couldn't get more than the cloak off to wrap you or she'd have given you every stitch; yes, her body too; let it freeze naked to warm you. Then perhaps looking at it by the light they would have said, "Shame was her life—but maybe it was love in her death." Shame because she wanted to love none but the children and you and couldn't, for they put shame upon her. Father Caleb, look—here's the old house, see the gray logs with the hacks in, and the clay in the chinks, and the stove where we used to sit and read. You wanted to come back to it."

"But what," Pensee let go the withered hand and sat back with a look of terror, "what," speaking more to herself in shuddering low tones, "if he should leave it again and go out into the wind and the night, even though the door be shut and the windows, and his poor eyes look and look at the old walls but never see them—oh."

Pensee's voice seemed to fill the cabin which all at once became as quiet as an iceberg, but for the fire tapped the pipe with unseen fingers. The wind that tore the forest all day had died as suddenly as a mad beast shot through the heart. At dusk a heavy gray cloud stretched from wood to wood. Now the moon was coming out of its silver

edge. The cold stars swarmed over the slashing.

Inside the cabin the smoky lantern at the widow's left shoulder cast a sick glimmer on the old man's bed; the wizened, stubby face on the damp pillow; the transparent, taper-lit one that looked into it; the heavy, dark-ringed one that bent over both. Did Minerva Falconer see with those deep-socketed earthly eyes of hers what was passing out of that young life whose secrets she desired to know? Perhaps not. They were absorbed in another transition swifter than the sweep of the hurricane wind over the forest and more silent than its hush.

"Child," she said in a tone so deep it sounded like reverence, "he's dead. Come away."

The smoky lantern dropped. Deep shadow fell upon the bed. The fire-light through the cracks in the rusty stove waved sombre banners on the cob-webbed ceiling, the hacked walls, the clay chinks of the old cabin.

Minerva Falconer's heavy right hand gripped Pensee's arm. There was a low anguished cry.

"Go," said the deep voice into her ear, "tell Molly an' Pearty to come."

One moment the moon looked into the old shanty through the open door. The next it shone upon a sad, young face that seemed to float among the crumpled fodder-shocks.

XIX.

It was early morning and Minerva had just returned home when Peart Falconer went to the shanty. Molly who had returned with Pensee in the night was then on her way to Mosses' with a notice for Reuben to hand the minister at church.

Pensee was sitting in the old man's backless chair leaning over the bed. A few broken limbs lay near the stove-door. Caleb's rusty axe that had cut them in the moonlight after the girls came back, Peart had seen at the edge of the old pond near the slashing when he came in. He filled the stove and went out to cut more. It was warmer now. He carried in two armfuls,

then stood with uncovered head near the stove.

Pensee turned once her tireless dark eyes to look. She gave him no sign of recognition but resumed her watch.

Peart waited a moment, then took his hat and quietly left the shanty. He drove to town again before noon.

Before he got back most of the folk that gathered in the morning at the church had called at the log shanty. Minerva Falconer was there. Pensee left as soon as they began to come, recognizing no one, not even Reuben Moss and Sylvia whom she met in the field.

The spark had gone out of Caleb Tooze. The wasted body it left was perhaps a better curiosity. Well, he had aged fast of late, so they said; older by five years than when he left his shanty in the fall. Naturally he would pine for that; or why should he dare so cruel a night to return? Death after all was as good as his lonely life. Falconers had done their share; they would probably get their reward; begin to pay their debts perhaps. Caleb's farm was unencumbered. He had fifteen years' cash rent of it beside. Falconers were his nearest of kin. After all they deserved it. The funeral would be Monday; leave the house at two o'clock. How mild it was getting! There might be mud.

And some said Pensee Vale had loved the old man. None knew that he had died almost in her arms as soon as the wind hushed on the slashing; nor that hers had been the hand that led him out into the murderous frenzy of that March night back to the cabin.

Monday the concession-track slushed under a vapouring wind off Lake Erie. Mottlish gray fleeced about the sun. Somebody fancied a robin in the afternoon near the old shanty where buggies and democrat stood. Most of the men sat out in the rigs. There was no place to tie except the log-heaps. Falconers' old white mare and top-buggy stood at one corner of the house; Falconers' grey team and waggon in front of the door; Mosses' democrat behind it.

Unwilling to disturb the solemnities

going on in the hut, the men drove their horses closer together about the old pond and talked in low tones. The sideroad out to the lake-shore burying-ground would be soft; no ditch as yet; too bad so much fodder should waste; low spot in the centre there needed a V ditch; slashing would pay to log; Tom Falconer had helped Caleb Tooze chop that; not much use for the shanty; too old to move for a pig-pen or a granary; might do for a sheep-house in summer; curious that the richest man in Mums should devise in his will a pine-box for a coffin and a lumber-waggon for a hearse. Well, the volunteers were on their way; there would be brave fellows get bullets from those half-breeds.

Suddenly the old shanty lifted its voice muffled and quavering on the soft wind that brushed the log-heaps. The men in the rigs didn't know whether it was "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," or "Sweet Bye-and-Bye," some of them said; but they turned to listen and one or two of the nearer ones took off their hats. A crow winged sullenly out of the north and across the slashing. The tune ceased; the people moved off the step. Out backed a man in black; six men followed with a white box between them. They reverently hoisted it into the waggon at the back. Reuben Moss screwed in the tail-board and got up with the other pallbearers into his democrat. The undertaker got in with the minister. Minerva Falconer, in her widow's weeds, came out followed by Molly. They got into their top-rig, while Peart untied the old white mare. Women scattered in ones and twos over the field as the horses turned. The preacher's buggy started, the waggon and greys next; the old white mare and the long line after following the flight of the crow out to the road.

The crow was over the south wood in full view of the gleaming graveyard, seven miles south-east by the lake, and the last rig had turned the bridge at the end of the lane, when Pensee Vale stood in the doorway of the shanty. She had listened to the simple service without a tear. Whenever possible

since the old man's death she had stayed by his side, only retiring when others came near. She had told her grief to no one. Had she spoken it would have been not merely of her sorrow. That was a cloud—in the wind. The wind was driving her and the cloud she knew not where. But the people were gone and she felt relieved. Alone in Mums; for from the church at the jog to the Canada Company woods was not a single clear smoke that afternoon. Mums was following Caleb Tooze, as far as possible. Dead! they had said with low breath; when to-morrow they would keep house and drive horses as usual. Pensee Vale had said it when the word seemed to her like a lightning flash that strikes the green from a tree, leaving but the stock. In her brief while at Mums she had come to know Caleb Tooze's life as none other could. He had never known the degradation of hers. The old man, childless, solitary and feeble, had been to her more than a companion; more than her benefactor, of whose generosity she as yet was ignorant. She had made him the symbol of her maidenhood. The symbol was gone.

XX.

Briefly as concerns Rudge Moss, Saturday he sawed alone in the blizzards when the other cutters stayed in the shanty. At night no one went to the store for letters. Monday at four o'clock Rudge hung his saw in the crotch of a sapling, stuck axe, mawl and wedges into a hollow log, and struck off for the store; Gore Line, two miles nearer Mums. He got two letters, and opened both, sitting on a maple stump in front of the store.

Molly's was brief. He read it in ten minutes, and with a deep exclamation thrust it into his gansy quick.

Pensee's was longer. As he read it he absently snapped a big sliver off the stump. By the time he had finished the sliver was matchwood at his feet, he was clear across the Gore Line, and night was falling.

The Line gored into a concession three miles north of Mums. A mile

east on that led to a side-road, cut through two concessions. After that was trail to the road back of Mums, and a neglected log-road from there south through Caleb Tooze's woods.

When Ruge got to the slashing it was dark. He started through the jumpiles on a run. He meant to go straight to Falconers'.

Half through, he stood a moment on a jumpile and glanced down at the jog.

"Blame!" he said very staccato, "Man mus' be away, no light yit," and looked along the concession. Only two lights.

Rudge was just beginning to think the mystery out, when pick—pick—came slow across the slashing; nowhere much; might have been an angel rapping on the back of a cloud—pick—pick—pick. Behind? No, near the old shanty somewhere blocked up there half-black over the log-heaps. Surely—

"Pshaw!" muttered Rudge, and bit his breath off short to listen; jumped down and got four jumpiles nearer.

Pick—pick—pick—louder, now half-hollow, as if the old shanty were digging a grave for itself at the edge of the slashing.

Two big thoughts had just been pulling Rudge through that jumble of log-heaps faster than he had ever threaded it after a coon; the picture of the log-house down by the jog; Pensee's letter in his inside gansy-pocket nearly burning a hole. What if she should be gone to the big world she talked so vaguely about in that letter before he could get back to prevent her? What would Mums be when she was gone?

Pick—pick—pick; the air was full of it now; like an axe in the still woods; or a threshing-machine to wind-ward.

"Blame!" whispered Rudge right at the corner of the old shanty, "what is't anyhow? No lights at Falconers neither—say, there's been horses on here," and quickly dropped to feel the wet, hoof-marked dead-sod, not frozen yet.

Pick—pick—came the sound again, dead as a skull beaten on a gravestone.

Rudge had coon-hunted alone in the solid, untracked wood at midnight without a quaver of fear. This cold, mysterious hacking began to make his heart pound his ribs like the echo of it. Stooping so over the wet yard and peering up towards the old pond, west of the shanty he could see—

Pick—pick—pick—Rudge bolted up, every muscle in his body stark with sudden surprise. He stepped cautiously to the edge of the pond, out on the ice, straining every nerve to see.

Pick—once again; and slush! went something into water. There was a low cry; and the huddled figure Rudge had been trying to see in dim outline on the ice sprang up.

"Pensee!" he said quick under his breath; and before the word was well out or in the tension of his nerves, he knew he was moving a muscle, she swung limp over his arm; his other hand snatched an axe from her grasp and slung it crashing into the log-heaps.

"Rudge!—" once in a tone so full of pain, of terror, it sank dead into the ice; then the load on his arm was gone, she sprang away.

"Water!—water!" she murmured as though in prayer to it, kneeling by the hole she had nagged in the ice, dabbling her finger in the icy slush that scarce let the water through. Then, with a long, low moan, she began to scoop the slush out with her hands.

And in the dim light that glimmered off the ice she did look like some dazed, hunted animal that tries to rush into the earth away from its pursuers.

But a pair of heavy arms folded her about, lifted her, carried her with a whirl of wind off the ice, over the field.

The rigs were rattling home now, back from Caleb Tooze's funeral; hoofs spattering.

Over the south wood, from under the icy lake that gleamed at the foot of the little graveyard on the bank, the milkish moonlight was filtering into the cloud.

A wagon rumbled round the jog as Rudge, with Pensee at his side, went over Caleb's bridge. He hardly knew he was all but carrying her; she but dimly realized who was at her side; or recalled what had passed that day; or remembered where the wagon had been in whose box Rudge could hear now the rustle of straw; or saw the grey horse whose hoofs shot beads of slush onto her skirts.

The wagon stopped. The driver leaned down over the wheel as Rudge and Pensee went swiftly by. It was Peart Falconer who had driven his own team back from the graveyard. Pensee didn't know it. Rudge did; but he didn't look back.

The lights of Mums came out now one by one. And there was one down at the jog.

XXI.

Supper at Falconer's. Peart was moodish, much as he had been in the graveyard, looking out over the piled ice into the fog, alone.

"Mother," he interrupted, abruptly irrelevant as he pushed back, "don't worry over her. She was on his arm when I came from the graveyard tonight. She'll be down at the jog now. She's done with us. He's back. That will help kill the lie. The money will do the rest; when they know it's hers, as they will. Molly Rudge is a good man, true and honourable. He meant you no harm, girl; just playing. She is pure and innocent like him. He will make her happy. After all, mother, it's better for two to be happy than for two others to be knaves. Let us remember our evil intentions to hate them."

With which curious mixture of earnestness and irony, and not a word from either of the perplexed women, Peart went out to tend his horses. Half an hour later his quick boots crunched over the top-frozen sod down past the Line.

With thumping spat over the crusted slush came Rudge Moss up the concession. They met by Caleb's bridge, when in the smokish light neither could

tell the face of the other. But on Peart Falconer's passion crouched, strangely held in leash. Behind Rudge Moss' big blue eyes burned a picture that set his lips and knit his brows—a young girl with white face turned to the wall down in the log house he had left, muttering "Shame!"

Therefore, he flung the scandal right in Peart Falconer's teeth, charged him with complicity in it—for he had seen Molly's letter to Pensee that very night, and the lines were far apart. And when it seemed to him the other would evade the accusation, Rudge pulled another letter out of his gansy and read parts of it by the light of matches, that brought into vivid red relief the faces of both. Then when he came to the words "Maybe if I could get away from him I should have peace," he folded the letter.

"Peart, it's Falconers' lie. Yuh can't say no to't. But 'f I don't kill't t'-night you kin me. C'm on."

Peart followed him back the lane, among the crumpled fodder-shocks; and Rudge didn't stop till he got to the shanty, near the old pond.

"Peart," in a low voice almost savage in its intensity, as he pointed, "there's where she wanted to leave us all, when the ol' man quit. We're alone here. Git ready."

Peart folded his arms. "Rudge," he said quietly, "I didn't come to fight you. I shall be out of Mums before daylight; leave you—and her. If she loves you it must be fair. But," lowering his voice and speaking quickly, "there's some devil in me, Rudge, that tells me to hate you—because you're innocence robbed me of her—"

The accusation was never finished. Biff! like the hoof of a horse Rudge's arm shot through the dark. Foiled—for Peart Falconer had the quickest arm in Mums, as sure to find the unguarded spot in a rival's defence as the paw of a panther; and his clutching, serpentine side-clinch meant a fall to the best man in two townships. But in a back-clinch he was nowhere with Rudge Moss, whose biceps were knots of steel cords, muscles at his armpits

like a lion's jaws, and whose back could bend under the girths of a two-year-old colt and lift him to a rear.

And they fought that April night by the old pond as only men can for a woman; Peart Falconer with the dogged recklessness and instinctive certainty of one who loves danger better than life, Rudge Moss with the stern resolution of a man who would break his friend's joints to get the wrong out.

Peart's fists seemed to have eyes in the dark. Rudge had not fought him two minutes before he knew that his only escape from them was to back-clinch.

Right—thud over the heart like a spile-driver. Rudge struck back in rage at the shadow. Gone! quick as light and miff! went Peart's left into the back of Rudge's neck, clinching his teeth like castenets. Where next? Rudge, slowly wheeling, struck blind right and left. Chug! came another under his chin, choking the breath. He stuck out both elbows and braced himself wide, straining every nerve to see. Click! went a trip at his boot-leg. He staggered, struck in the face, bent his head, and, with a hoarse cry of rage, rushed in, blocked those wild arms, and dropped for the back-clinch. Peart tripped him as he came and broke the clinch to a side, Rudge getting under-hold.

Leg to leg, two hands locked, other two arms wound like snakes, they struggled together, each with every nerve and muscle he had, to get the earth at the other's back, crush him into it; when all their young lives they had locked those hard hands to crush together as much of the earth as they had to. They had wrestled so before; never like this, in the dark, by the log-heaps, alone.

Slowly up the pond slope Rudge crowded his lighter antagonist, on to the ice. Peart slipped and broke away. Rudge leaped, fair forward, chin over Peart's shoulder, hands locked in the hollow of Peart's back.

It was the back clinch! and Peart, with all his panther agility, went down under it, as the sapling crashes under the oak, back on the ice, Rudge uppermost.

And Rudge tore himself out of Peart's clinch, and sat back with his big knees and one hand on Peart's chest, and the other went up to his shoulder, and without the shadow of a thought it crashed down again right where a pale gleam showed the other's face; again, like the back of an axe on a clod, and the third time Rudge sat back.

"Got 'nuf?" he said, and waited. No reply; only a faint wind whoozed in the bare branches over by the Line; from that rumpled heap at his knees not a word, a groan, or a twitch.

"Rudge sprang off on to the ice and bent low at Peart's head, called his name, pulled the senseless head on his lap and called again, struck a match—

"God!" as he flung it fluttering away to sizzle out on the ice, "he's bleed'n'," pulled his red handkerchief and wiped the corners of Peart's mouth.

Then he shoved his arms under the prostrate body, lifted it, walked with it to the shanty, and with one kick on the door carried it in.

The lights were going out when he came out again and started full run across the field, down the road to the jog.

But when followed slowly by Reuben Moss he came back to the shanty and struck a match—it was empty. Peart Falconer had come to in the dark, left splotches of his blood on the old man's quilts, and gone.

To be Continued.

NOVA SCOTIA'S PROBLEMS.

WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO EXODUS.

Letters from Prominent Nova-Scotians and other Information.

IN the spring issues of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE reference was made to the immigration policy of the Department of the Interior, and it was suggested that the young men of the older Provinces should be encouraged to settle in the Northwest, in the hope that such encouragement would prevent their going to the United States. About the same time the honourable the Minister of the Interior announced in the House of Commons with considerable flourish that "the exodus is a matter of history." True, the phrase was supplied by a Toronto newspaper, but Mr. Sifton gave it his approval.

As the reports were conflicting, THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE undertook to get honest opinions, and the following six letters from men of considerable standing have been chosen for publication. These show conclusively that the Minister of the Interior and the Conservative daily were badly informed. They also show that our immigration policy should include a migration policy according to our previous suggestion.

The letters are published exactly as received and the reader is left to form his own opinion as to the advisability of spending so much money opening up new districts when the older districts need encouragement, and as to the wisdom of spending so much on public buildings, bridges and railroads, while the agricultural communities are suffering from lack of wise assistance and sympathetic attention.

Seeing contradictions in the letters are not really such, being merely varying views occasioned by different circumstances and different localities. The letters from Halifax are more comprehensive and broader in their views.

THE EDITOR.

NO. 1.—AMHERST.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your note of the 26th instant I beg to say, so far as this County of Cumberland is concerned, there is little or no emigration to the States. As a matter of course there are some isolated cases which arise from different causes, among which may be mentioned (1) the fact of some relatives having years ago gone to the States, got good wages, better than they could obtain here, come back on a visit and induced some of their friends to return with them; (2) persons will leave here, men and women, and go to work at labour or service abroad they would not think of doing at home; (3) larger wages induce some to leave and yet another class are lured on to the neighbouring Republic simply for change but with no intention of settling in the States, and, in fact, do not do so. The largest emigration from this Province, probably, takes place from the island of Cape Breton but that is largely temporary. The men leave in the spring, engage in carpentering, shipbuilding, and such like vocations during the summer months, get good wages and return with their savings in the fall to their families whom they have left behind. It is a frequent occurrence that men having mortgages or other securities on their places here go to the States on account of being able to command better wages there, save their earnings and come home, pay off their debts and remain here.

Another point to which I might refer briefly, is our system of education, which also prevails in your Province. As agricultural pursuits are not, to any extent, taught in our public schools the tendency of the information and education obtained is towards the pro-

fessions already over-crowded and finding no room here they seek for larger fields abroad. I believe a different curriculum of study might have the effect of remedying this evil. I heartily approve of any scheme, either public or private, which would have the desired effect of keeping our young men, particularly, at home where they are so much needed, and think it would be a grand idea for the Governments of Canada and the Provinces to direct their attention to this important matter.

NO. 2.—NEW GLASGOW.

DEAR SIR,—Yours of April 26th to hand and contents noted. As far as I can judge the greater number who are leaving Nova Scotia now are going to the Northwest. There does not seem to me to be so many going to the United States now as formerly, but as to an accurate estimate of the number who go either to the States or to the Northwest, it is impossible for me to give.

NO. 3.—YARMOUTH.

DEAR SIR,—Your favour of the 28th ult. is before me, its contents having careful attention.

Regarding the reported emigration from Nova Scotia referred to in your letter, I would express an opinion that so far as this section of Nova Scotia is concerned an unusual number has not gone to the United States of late. From this county a large number of fishermen yearly proceed to Gloucester, Mass., and engage in fishing out of that port during the summer season, and generally return homewards when the fishing season closes. It is a matter of leaving in the spring and returning in the fall. Unfortunately this part of the Dominion has not experienced the same measure of prosperity that appears to have been enjoyed in other more favoured parts of Canada; and as the times are much better in the United States this year than last, probably a few more mechanics and labourers as well may have been induced to try their chances for the season.

Too much of the agitation is kept up for party purposes, and the real cause

of any movement at all although of a temporary character, is often covered up or pushed to the background.

Not many of our people find their way to the Northwest, as their tendencies are more in the line of maritime pursuits. As the market of the United States is generally a good one, and probably the best for the fishing products and other exports of the lower provinces, it is but natural that our products should flow that way, and oftentimes, in addition, our men go there also. What we need most here, is something that will induce our people to stay at home, build and equip their own crafts from home ports, and export our surplus products abroad. Hereabouts, we feel that if a free market could be obtained in the States, that condition would tend largely to improve matters with us as a people.

NO. 4.—TRURO.

MY DEAR SIR,—Absence from home has delayed your favour being considered long ago.

With interest I have read your articles in reference to the immigration policy of the Government in April and May CANADIAN MAGAZINES. I really do not know how the policy there outlined would work in practice. It does not seem to be much gain to Canada to remove people from one Province to another. Glace Bay, C.B., has just been deprived of some 150 miners for the Crow's Nest Pass coal mines—the former place is that much poorer. If your policy could stop emigration to the United States, I think it would be feasible, and might with advantage be considered by the Government, but I have my doubts. Our young people do not leave the farm for farms in the U.S., but for the supposed easier and more genteel employment of the cities. The great body of them do not want new homes or farms in our Northwest, or in the Yankee West—they want the easy and new life that the city gives. The country must always be sacrificed for the attractions of the city. London, Eng., I was informed when in England, by most competent authority, was in-

creasing at the expense of the surrounding counties. Chicago, to-day, has 67,000 Canadians who would not go to either our West or the Yankee West if you gave them the best farms in the world. I really do not yet see that your suggestion would have any very material effect in restraining the enormous drain yearly from Canada to serve the big cities "over the line."

As to the exodus, it is very bad, as you say, to trust the newspapers. Half the exodus reports are, unfortunately, ground out for party purposes. Though a Tory ex-M.P.P. and ex-M.P., I am at present conducting a perfectly independent paper, and I am trying to look at this all-important question through glasses not coloured with party feeling. The exodus this summer so far to the U.S. has been unusually great—why? Not because of the policy of the Grits, but because since the war in the United States there has been a great revival in trade and wages are splendid. On all sides the young folk are pouring into the Republic—letters are coming by scores telling of the good times there, and the farm with its toilsome work is left and the city life is eagerly sought. We have had this season also a larger emigration to our own Northwest—but not a drop in the bucket to what has gone to Yankee land. The Yukon gold fever and the Rossland boom have caused all this, or the most of it.

Look at one or two clippings :

There are said to be four hundred thousand abandoned farms in the New England States. The young folks migrated West, or went to the cities, and when the old folks died the farms lay idle. An attempt is to be made to reclaim them.

The young folks are tired of the farm—they want city life. I have just cut the following out at random from exchanges :

THE "TERRIBLE" EXODUS.

Writing of the exodus, the *Shelburne Budget* says :—

"This ever-increasing exodus has drained the south shore of Nova Scotia of many of its best young men. Let the traveller go into the homes of the people in towns and country,

and he will see in nine homes out of ten the photograph of an absent boy, who is prospering under the Stars and Stripes."

MORE EXODUS.

A correspondent writes : "Four settlers from Acadieville parish were at the station yesterday going to the United States. Being asked as to the cause of their leaving they said that they could not stand the extra burden of taxes imposed on them by the late change of school districts in that parish. They said that five school districts were shifted, so that all the schools would have to be abandoned or demolished. Asked as to the reasons of this, they said that it was done by some unknown influence against the will of the people. They further said that rumour has it that they were to be shifted from their present church at Rogersville and they could not consent to that. Many will follow."—*Moncton Times*, May, '90.

Nearly every paper we take up records the fact that there is still an exodus to the United States of the very bone and sinew of the country. This state of things cannot be attributed to any particular form of Government, for the fact stares us in the face, that whether *Conservative* or *Liberal* rule sways the destinies of Canada, there is no let up to the flitting of our people across the border.—*Hants Journal*.

Such paragraphs I come across every day ; the trend of all is that there is an enormous exodus from the Maritime Provinces especially. We are told that there is a counter current into our Northwest. I hope so, but that does not stop our present appalling depopulating of these Provinces, and I am not, after reading your articles, yet prepared to say that it would improve our *local* condition by encouraging our young people to leave us in any greater numbers than they are—as they certainly would were the Government to adopt a policy greatly *encouraging* them to go to our Northwest ; our emigration *then* would be greater than it is at the present time, and though they might be saved to Canada we, the Maritime Provinces, would still be the great losers. No, it wants some scheme to give them a better wage at home—who can devise it? What shall it be?

NO. 5.—HALIFAX.

DEAR SIR,—For thirty to forty years past there has been more or less movement of population from this Province to the United States. This exodus

usually takes place when there is great industrial and commercial activity in that country—as at present. Many of these, of course, return after a few years, but many remain and settle there. These latter in turn attract numbers of their friends to that country. The present exodus from Nova Scotia, however, is very much smaller than it was four, five and six years ago.

This spring, as in many springs past, large numbers of fishermen from Cape Breton and the Southern Coast, have gone to ship on Gloucester fishing vessels for the season. The majority of them—who escape the perils of the sea—will return in the fall, though, as in past years, some will remain and settle in that country. There is also some exodus of young people from the farming districts of Cape Breton and from districts here and there in other parts of the Province. They have got tired of what they regard as the drudgery of farm life, and think they can do better in the industrial centres of the United States. Nine out of every ten of them will be mistaken.

A rather unusual species of exodus took place this spring, the removal of some seventy or eighty people from Cheticamp, Cape Breton, to Lake St. John region, Quebec. They were fishermen and did a little farming under difficult circumstances on a bleak portion of the coast. Some of their number had been to Lake St. John and reported so favourably on that section that a large number removed thither this spring. They are lost to Nova Scotia but not to Canada. This latter is something of a comfort.

With regard to transplanting our surplus population to the Northwest I would say: (1) We have really no surplus population in Nova Scotia. We have too many people crowded into the city and towns and too few on the farms. We have room in Nova Scotia for half a million more people than we now have, provided industrial conditions—farming and manufacturing, mining and fishing—were fully adapted to the wants of the larger population. (2) Large numbers of our people have

already settled in Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia, and not a few have gone to the Yukon. We want people to take their places on farms awaiting purchasers and on lands awaiting clearing and cultivation. The manufacturing and mining population will come as those industries develop. What we really want is a great revival in the farming industry. Practical efforts are being made by our Provincial Government and farmers' associations in that direction, but as yet progress is necessarily slow though quite observable.

The Northwest and Manitoba having attracted so many of our people, I think we have a claim on the Immigration Department of the federal administration to do something in the way of promoting the settlement of British farmers in this Province. Our Provincial Government is circulating in Great Britain a pamphlet containing information respecting the agricultural capabilities of N.S., but unfortunately neither in the High Commissioner's office nor in any of the emigration agencies is there an officer who has any practical knowledge of Nova Scotia—any knowledge, in fact, except what may have been gleaned from Blue Books. Consequently, there is no *direction* of emigrants to this Province. It is the Northwest that attracts their attention. A live Nova Scotian at the High Commissioner's office or at one or more of the principal emigration agencies could do good work in directing British tenant farmers to this Province.

I have not much hope that we can attract back from the United States any large number of those of our people who in the last quarter of a century have gone to that country, though I would like to see the attempt made. Those who have settled there—chiefly in the industrial centres—who have become American citizens and are doing well, will not return. A recurrence of hard times in the United States, as in 1893 and 1894, would probably impel some to return, more particularly from the industrial centres, where hard times usually strike first and hardest;

but the difficulty is to get such people to settle down to farming. For eighteen years our people were indoctrinated by politicians with the idea that prosperity and development depended upon fostering manufacturing industries. The consequence was that many young people turned their backs on the farms and crowded into the labour markets of the manufacturing centres—with, in the long run, disastrous results for themselves. Of course, there has been a great improvement in industrial lines during the past three years, but there is still too much congestion in the trade and industrial centres. These things will in time right themselves, but a good many people must, in the meantime, have some bitter experiences. The policy of promoting the development of our agricultural industry in its various branches is a wise one. Given successful and prosperous farming communities throughout Canada, and a good foundation will have been laid for the prosecution of other industries.

NO. 6.—HALIFAX.

DEAR SIR,—For quite a number of months now, consecutively, the newspapers, without distinction, that are located so profusely over this, as over the other provinces, have contained items by the scores respecting developments in lumbering, mining, manufacturing, steamboating, freighting, etc. You can obtain from their pages every week, columns on the aggregate, similar to the slip which I am enclosing to you, taken at random as a week's summary for a city journal. Without looking minutely into the matter, the impression has come to me that the large amount of extra employment these are affording must have materially checked the exodus which prevailed in some years past.

A misconception is likely to arise and to be perpetuated because of the passenger lists to the States about this time of year being swelled with the names of Provincialists, male and female. In the vast majority of cases these are former residents of the States,

who came home in winter in large numbers, when industrial inactivity reigns across the border; these are from fish-settlements who have "laid up" for the winter and are on their way to Gloucester and other outfitting ports, where they have berths awaiting them.

The exodus, if you may call it thus, that has been most notable of late (say for a year or two) has been to the Northwest and to the newly-discovered mining regions under Canadian control. The best class of exodists have gone this way, and it is not unusual to hear of quite prominent men pulling up stakes and following Horace Greeley's advice, especially now that we have a "great west" of our own. I might refer you to Sir Hibbert Tupper, ex-Minister of Justice of Canada, and ex-Premier Peters, of P. E. Island, as among the comparatively young men who left their respective provinces and gone whither they may "grow up with the country."

In general, I feel quite assured that the emigration from Nova Scotia to the United States has been steadily decreasing in volume for the past two or three years; and that very much of what exodus there has been, has been in the direction of the western territories of Canada, while many have gone from the Maritime to the Upper Provinces, in connection with business opening, etc., principally in the case of commercial travellers, young clerks, etc., etc.

In your April and May numbers, in discussing the immigration policy of Canada, you have been arguing that the Government should do something to transplant the surplus population of the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario, to the Northwest. I think this should be part of a general immigration and migration system.

The Maritime Provinces are developing room and employment for many settlers, of a class that the old country (Great Britain and Ireland) have a surplus. These provinces were largely invigorated and expanded by the emigration from England, Ireland and Scotland, which poured in by shiploads

between 1840 and 1850, and practically ceased about the latter date. Our young people will of course go West, as do the young people of the United States. We want matured emigrants to fill the vacuum and keep up and increase the population.

My idea would be a concerted immigration policy, between Federal and Local Governments, and on a larger and more systematic scale with regard to the capacity and requirements of the older as well as the newer provinces. In regard to population to a country like Canada, with every resource under the sun for livelihood, the expression, "the more the merrier," will fully apply. A thickly populated centre will get along far better, in degree, than one that is sparsely settled.

I enclose you one or two extracts from papers just at my hand, of issues only a few hours, or at most, a few days old. They show that there is a boom on, and also deal with the question of the exodus in somewhat the same way as I think I have outlined it, although there is no connection between the sources of the views.

You are at liberty to use these in any way you like, anonymously or over my signature, or publish it in part or in whole, as it may suit you. It has been jotted down hurriedly, and do not pretend to be any exposition of the subject.

No. 7.—NEWSPAPER COMMENT.

Halifax Chronicle: It would be a very desirable thing if some effort could be devised to secure a return wave to the Maritime Provinces of the exodians to the United States during the past fifteen or twenty years. There are two recognized difficulties in the way. First of all, the great majority of those who have gone from the Maritime Provinces have settled in the cities, towns and manufacturing districts, and whether they are doing well or not it would probably be difficult to induce them to return to their native land to engage in farming. In the second place, the Maritime Provinces cannot offer the same farming advantages as

the prairie lands of Manitoba and the Northwest offer, except with regard to cleared and partly cultivated farms in the market. Still, we believe that if a systematic plan of operations were devised and one or two live agents put in the field in the New England States, reasonably satisfactory results might be achieved in inducing former exodists to return to their native land and settle on farms. This is a matter on which the Governments of the Maritime Provinces might put their heads together and ascertain if a practical "plan of campaign" could not be devised. The effort is worth making, and we have no doubt effective co-operation on the part of the Dominion Government could be secured.

Hants Journal: From almost every corner of our little province and from other sections of the Dominion young men and women are leaving us for the United States. The exodus is an old song, and it is no use for politicians to seek to make capital out of it. Legislation will not stay the outflow to any great extent, although something might be done in that direction. There is a tendency in these days to flock to cities and other centres, and our cousins over the border are just as much troubled over the problem as we are. Many from the Eastern States move west, and the gaps left are often filled up by young people from the Maritime Provinces. In the city of Haverhill, Mass., where the Rev. McLeod Harvey was lately settled, there are now not less than 650 Nova Scotians. If, then, we cannot wholly stay the present exodus, or even reduce it to a minimum, is there no way by which we can offset it? In the way of protection of home interests the Dominion Government could render valuable aid in diminishing the exodus from Quebec and Ontario by placing an export duty on pulp wood and nickel, and in this way very largely increase the output of the manufactured article in Canada, and provide labor for thousands who annually leave their own land to seek it elsewhere. We in this province by the sea might do something more in the

manufacturing interest, and lessen our importations from Western Canada. Gold mining might be more fully developed by capitalists, and cautiously operated, and thus bring more employment to our people. Farming, however, is a more stable occupation, and a more extensive cultivation of the soil would certainly tend to increased and more permanent prosperity. True, we cannot compete with our western neighbours, who can produce to a much greater extent than we can. In the matter of dairying, beef producing and fruit culture, we have great room yet for expansion to the benefit of our province. There are many abandoned farms throughout Nova Scotia, much land that could be tilled. Why not hold out some inducements to our young men to settle down on those lands? The Dominion Government is spending a good deal of money to bring emigrants into our Northwest. Could not a grant, even though it might be small at first, be given to each of the Lower Provinces to help retain as well as increase our population and promote our welfare. If, for instance, a worthy young man could be induced by a small grant for the purchase of some stock, to settle down in our own country, would it not stimulate and encourage him to take hold. If our own young men could not be induced to do this, then our immigration agent could, by holding out an inducement, draw some worthy ones from abroad to occupy vacant lands. The professional ranks are, to some extent, being overstocked, and we should endeavour to stimulate and encourage young men to enter upon the honest occupation of Eden. It is no use deploring the exodus; it will go on. Our wisest and best policy is to seek to some extent to offset it. How this can best be done should be a matter of serious inquiry and consideration.

Vancouver Province, B.C.: Rev. C. S. Stearns, of North Jeddo, N.S., had a short preliminary interview on Saturday with Premier Semlin at Victoria in connection with the emigration project

that brings him to this coast. Messrs. William Marchant and P. C. MacGregor accompanied and introduced the visitor, who explained that he represents some two hundred families in North Jeddo alone, who are looking to British Columbia, and will probably come here to take up homes if suitable locations can be secured for the prosecution of the agricultural and fishing industries in conjunction. The populations of several other Nova Scotia communities are also watching with interest for the results of Mr. Stearns' visit to British Columbia, and likely to follow the example set by North Jeddo. Rev. Mr. Stearns will pay a visit to the West Coast and afterwards have another talk with the leader of the Government.

NO. 8.—THE DEPARTMENT.

The two following letters from the Department of Immigration outline the policy with regard to Canadian citizens who desire to become farmers of land which they shall own themselves:

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OTTAWA, 9th May, 1899.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 6th instant I beg leave to say that the pamphlets issued by this Department for immigration purposes are not circulated in Canada except on request. Our literature is circulated in Great Britain and Ireland and on the continent, in different languages, through the office of the High Commissioner for Canada in London, and in the United States from the Department here and through our United States agencies.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FRANK PEDLEY,
Superintendent of Immigration.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
OTTAWA, 4th May, 1899.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 28th ultimo, addressed to the Minister of the Interior, regarding residents of Ontario who desire to move to the

Northwest, I beg leave to say that I am sending you under another cover an assortment of literature from the perusal of which you will ascertain the advantages offered for settlement in Western Canada.

The following are replies to the questions asked in your communications :

(1) Any settler over 18 years of age, who has not already made a homestead entry in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, or any woman over that age, who is the head of a family, is entitled to a grant of 160 acres of land on the payment of an entry fee of from \$10 to \$20, according to whether the land has been entered for before and cancelled or not.

(2) It is customary for the Depart-

ment to sell a quarter-section to a settler adjoining his homestead, the price being charged being \$3 per acre, one-quarter of which has to be paid down and the balance in three equal annual instalments with interest at 6 per cent. per annum.

(3) No aid is given in the way of transportation or otherwise, except that the machinery of the Department is placed at their disposal in the way of furnishing them with all necessary information by our officials in the west and in giving them the benefit of our Land Guide Service.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your obedient servant,

FRANK PEDLEY,
Superintendent of Immigration

THE TARES AND THE GRAIN.

DEAREST, if oft I grieve thee and offend,
Believe me 'tis because I love thee so,
Whose slightest look or word hath power to sow
Deep in my heart the seeds of joy or pain.
These, sending down their roots, do cruelly rend
Or sweetly permeate my soul ; attain
Unto its very depths ; wonderously grow,
And bear their instant fruit of tares or grain.

Therefore, when I do grieve thee, pray forgive
What seemeth, mayhap, perverse jealousy,
Fierce petulance, or cruelty's studied art !
These are the tares. Impute not blame to me.
Consider but nor tares nor grain could live
Did their seed fall in an indifferent heart.

Jas. A. Tucker.



THE BARONY OF DORCHESTER.

A Letter to the Editor.

SIR,—A paragraph about the revival of the Barony of Dorchester by the Queen, conferring it on the great granddaughter of Sir Guy Carleton, 1st Lord Dorchester, recalls some interesting facts connected with our first Governor-General, his wife and their descendants.

Sir Guy Carleton married the Lady Maria Howard, youngest daughter of Thomas Howard, Earl of Effingham, and by her had nine children. Of their seven sons, five died on active service in the army, one, a midshipman, was killed on board his vessel, and one became a clergyman.

Sir Guy's wife was twenty-nine years his junior, and the story of how he came to marry her is not without a flavour of romance. He had originally desired to marry her elder sister, the Lady Anne Howard, whom he duly obtained Lord Effingham's permission to address. Upon a certain morning Lady Anne was summoned to the presence of her father, who presently admitted Sir Guy and then left the pair "with his kind blessing." But when the Lady Anne returned upstairs her youthful companions with one voice proclaimed "Nance has been crying." "And well I might," tearfully replied the Lady Anne, "for I have had to refuse Sir Guy." "Then you have refused a man too good for you," indignantly cried the younger sister.

Family story has it that a common friend, who was present during the sisters' dialogue, took occasion later on to hint at its tenor to the rejected suitor, who "reddened to his powder, but made no answer." It seems, however, not improbable that his discovery of the younger sister's girlish partiality availed to catch his heart "on the rebound." At all events, in the following year the General once more came a-wooing, and on May 22nd,

1772, he was married to the Lady Maria.

It was a tribute to his worth that the elder sister, Lady Anne, while refusing his hand had opened her heart to him by confessing a secret attachment between herself and Sir Guy's aide-de-camp, his nephew, Christopher Carleton. It is pleasing to be able to record that the General not only bore no ill-will to his successful rival, but exerted himself in behalf of the two lovers, bringing his great influence to bear on Lord Effingham with such persuasiveness as to procure for them leave to marry, and during all their lives he ever proved himself their true friend and benefactor whether they were in England or formed part of his military family in Quebec City.

How much Sir Guy Carleton's wife loved him is a tradition in the family. General Riedesel, in writing to his wife, describes Lady Carleton as an imperious dame, but her husband was the centre of her life. With him there was no display of self-will. After a model married life of 36 years, when death separated her loved one from her, she took the separation so much to heart that she never allowed his name to pass her lips nor suffered any allusion to him to be made to her during the 29 years she survived the idol of her soul. She even carried the sentiment so far as to refuse to give any one access to his papers, deeming everything of his too sacred to be touched by unfamiliar hands. Twelve years after his death she destroyed all his correspondence in the presence of her grandson, afterwards Guy, 3rd Lord Dorchester, and father of Hon. Mrs. Lier-Carleton, for whom the Queen has just revived the Barony extinct by the death of the last male heir. Lady Dorchester said to her little grandson, "You shall help me now to put away all belonging to my

friend that nothing of his may ever fall into mean hands."

Accordingly she directed her old man-servant to make a bonfire upon the lawn before Hackwood House (Kent) where she was residing with her daughter Maria, Lady Bolton, and between this bonfire and Lady Dorchester's sitting-room the grandson and the old retainer trotted to and from and fed the flames with manuscripts that one must sorrowfully surmise to have been of considerable historical interest to Canada and the rest of the Empire.

During his life time Lord Dorchester gave, as I have said, six of his sons to the service of his country.

One, the eldest, a youth of 20, died of fever after the battle of Lincelles (1793) during the revolutionary war, the allied armies of the English and Dutch beating the French on the occasion.

The second son offered up on the altar of his country was killed in the following year in the action of Catteau April, 1794.

The third son to be taken off was the sailor boy of the seven. He was a middy of 13 years of age on board H.M.S. *Phæbe*, when being sent aloft in a gale he fell to the deck and was picked up a corpse.

The fourth to die was the third son of Christopher, who died a lieutenant-colonel, in 1806, in Madras Roads, from fever contracted on active service and complicated with the results of imperfectly healed wounds.

When the grand old man came to die in 1808, at the age of 83, he and his wife, while they mourned the loss of four of their seven sons, had still three left. Two of these were actively engaged in fighting for their country. One of them, George, was desperately wounded at the taking of Badajos by the French. He recovered, and three years later was shot dead while leading his regiment in the unsuccessful assault on Bergin op Zoom, on March 11th, 1814, on which occasion General Graham attempted to take the place by storm, but was defeated; the retreat

of his men after they had forced an entrance having been cut off, the slaughter that ensued was terrific. Colonel George Carleton met his death at the Cavalier of the Antwerp gate, having in his hand the very sword with which his gallant father, in September, 1747, had cut his way in safety through the same gate.

In connection with the death of this son of the 1st Lord Dorchester, there is a statement of interest to believers in telepathy. The assault was made at 10 o'clock at night. Shortly after that hour Colonel Carleton's fourteen-year-old daughter, Henrietta, awoke (at Windsor, England) crying "Papa is killed." Her mother noted the time of the child's outcry, and brother-officers afterwards confirmed the accuracy of the coincidence. The impression was so vivid that the girl never forgot it; when relating the occurrence to a member of the family 66 years after it happened, and she was an old lady of 80 years of age, her emotion was painfully keen.

The sixth son to give up his life at the call of his country was Dudley, who, like Christopher, was born in the Chateau St. Louis, Quebec. He served in the peninsula, where the hardships he experienced so undermined his constitution as to cause his death at the age of 31, in 1820.

When the youngest son of Lord and Lady Dorchester, born in 1792, came of years to make his choice of a profession his duty, he, from heredity and environment, coming as he did from a fighting family, desired with all the strength of his young warm nature to follow in the footsteps of his father and his brothers, and to make a career for himself in the army. His father was dead and his mother a widow with many sorrow-creases on her heart. She had lost four of her sons; the other two were exposed to the same danger of sudden death. She felt that she had done her duty to her country in suppressing the strong maternal instinct and in bearing bravely up against maternal fears. The sorely tried mother is said to have pleaded on her knees

with her youngest boy "not to leave her sonless." The mother's tears and persuasions prevailed. Relinquishing his ambition he entered the church and lived to the age of 77, being for over 50 years the Rector of Nately-Scures

(Hants), the burial place of Guy, 1st Lord Dorchester and 1st Governor-General of Canada; of his brother General Thomas Carleton, 1st Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, and their descendants.

OTTAWA, Aug. 1st, '99.

George Johnson.

"FRANCIS PARKMAN AND HIS WORKS."

A Letter to the Editor.

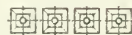
SIR,—I have neither the ability nor the desire to enter into a controversy with Dr. George Stewart about the works of the late Francis Parkman, which form the subject of a very eulogistic article from his pen in your July number. Dr. Stewart admits of Parkman that "he has his critics, chief among whom is the Abbé Casgrain, whose notes are entitled to respect." I question, however, whether any of the Abbé's criticisms equal in gravity the severe arraignment of Parkman and his methods contained in Mr. Edouard Richard's "Acadia," of which Dr. Stewart makes no mention. Richard's book was written during Parkman's lifetime, but unfortunately, for reasons mentioned in an explanatory note in the Appendix, it was not published until after Parkman's death. This Richard regretted, as he desired that it should be read by Parkman, so that he might make such reply as he could to the serious charges against him, contained in the book. These charges are outlined in "The Introductory Remarks" at pages 9 to 13, and are more fully dealt with in Chapter XXXIII. and in the explanatory note above referred to. I shall not cumber your pages with quotations, as the

English edition of Richard's book is available to your readers who care to look into the matter for themselves. I may say, however, that he unhesitatingly charges Parkman, when writing of the Acadians, with "systematic attempts, unmistakably and continually renewed, to falsify history"; and he adduces what he at least considers indisputable proof in support of his accusations. He charges, in particular, that Parkman knew of, but ignored, the valuable information contained in the voluminous collection of documents made by the Rev. Andrew Brown during his residence in Halifax, from 1787 to 1795, the originals of which are in the British Museum, but copies of which have been in the archives of the Historical Society of Halifax for several years.

I have never seen an adequate reply by any of Parkman's friends to Richard's indictment, and I was disappointed that such an appreciative reviewer as Dr. Stewart did not even allude to it in his article. Perhaps he might be induced to take the matter up in another article, and deal with it as such a serious accusation deserves. If he can show that Richard's charges are unfounded, he will be doing a friendly act for Parkman's reputation.

Ottawa.

M. J. Gorman.



CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

As might have been expected, the Southern lack of faith in the ordinary processes of law, which took the form of the lynching of negroes, has extended itself in other directions. It was solemnly asserted that this violent form of justice was only awarded for one crime—and this in spite of the fact that incidents were constantly occurring that belied the plea. Wholesale lynchings took place where the accusation was robbery unaccompanied by violence and where there was not a scintilla of evidence against some, at least, of the victims. One negro was shot dead, and members of his family wounded, because he dared accept a postmastership from the Federal Government, and the Government does not appear to be strong enough to protect its official or secure the punishment of his murderers.

But Judge Lynch is not confining his attention to black men exclusively. At Talullah, a place in Georgia, a physician had incurred the enmity of an Italian, and he was subsequently fired at and severely wounded. Five Italians were accused of the crime and were taken from the hands of the officers and put to death. There is no pretence that, even though guilty, their crime was one deserving death. The doctor's injuries were not fatal. But what makes the crime of the mob most shocking is the statement that four out of the men lynched could not possibly have had any hand in the shooting. The Italian Government demands reparation, and a monetary salve will doubtless be applied, but that will neither restore life that is dear to all men, nor restore to the standing of a civilized state the community in which such happenings are not sporadic but common.

Canadians may very well pray to be saved from a Pharisaical holier-

than-thou attitude towards our neighbours across the border, but even the more courageous of their own prints in the North deplore the condition of affairs of which these are the symptoms. It is singular that among a people whose fathers declared in the instrument that gave the States birth that among the inalienable rights of man were life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the former should be held so cheaply. The fourteenth amendment to the constitution, passed in the days succeeding the rebellion, provided among other things that no State should "deprive any person of life, liberty or property without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws." The shocking incidents which we are considering are completely subversive of these fundamental laws. The fifteenth amendment reads: "The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State, on account of race, colour, or previous condition of servitude." This provision has been virtually erased from the constitution by the action of all the Southern states and attempts are now being made by some of them to practically embody the disfranchising principle in their State constitutions.

In a score of smaller ways all over the great Union this weakness of the law, and defiance of it, is manifested. The idea seems to be abroad that it would be a sign of pusillanimity in a community if any crime that rouses its indignation were left to the regular operation of the law. The writer of these pages was in Ottumwa, Iowa, three or four years ago. The day before, a white man had been lynched in broad daylight for a crime that roused the wrath of the citizens. It was the subject of general conversation, and on

all hands it was evident there was a feeling of pride that Ottumwa had not lost its spunk, as it was called. Had they left the wretch to the due execution of the laws there can be little doubt that the whole community would have hung its head in shame. They would have deemed that their citizenship had lost all its virility. The fact is that in many parts of the United States the individual carries his dispenser of justice in his hip pocket, and, metaphorically speaking, it may be said of the communities that they are provided with a hip pocket too.

Why is it that railway trains are "held up" in the United States; that small towns are captured by bands of mounted robbers and their banks or stores looted; that the members of two rival families go gunning for each other, while law and order look on with merely a spectator's interest in the little unpleasantness? It cannot be imputed to sparseness of population or any special geographical conditions, for all these are reproduced in Canada without any of the same consequences. Compare Dawson City with Skagway, the one under Canadian law, the other under American. In the former, the biggest gold camp on the continent, painfully remote from the seat of authority, we have order as perfect as in the streets of Toronto. Skagway, for many months, was terrorized by a ruffian known as Soapy Smith, and his suppression seems to have been too arduous a task for the ordinary law, so it was necessary for a citizen to shoot him through the head. Had Mr. Smith tried his escapades in Dawson City, he would have found himself in a jail inside of twenty-four hours, with a certainty of a somewhat steady job cutting cordwood for the police barracks after his interview with justice. That would have taken all the romance out of it.

Without inviting comparisons for the sake of exalting our own self-righteousness, it can surely be said that here is a weakness. Whence does it

arise? Is it inherent in democratic institutions? Has the rage for popular acclaim and the fear of running counter to the stream strangle the civic virtues? Where is that one on God's side, which Wendell Phillips declared was a majority? No voice is raised in the South against these enormities, and only a few far-off protests in the North. The Governor of Georgia addresses the people of the State in a document which is one-half condemnatory and the other half exculpatory.

There is no desire to minimise the appalling nature of the problem with which the white South has to deal, but barbarism has never yet been put down by barbarism. Talk about higher civilization! How can we distinguish a crowd of white men gathered about a human being, slowly slicing and hacking him with their knives from the Red Indian torturing his victim at the stake. What Georgia and other Southern States need is a profounder faith in the efficacy and majesty of the law. Let the law be enforced against negro and white if it needs an armed and mounted officer patrolling every mile of road throughout the South. Expense should not stand in the way of getting these States back into civilization.

General de Gallifet, M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Minister of War, appears to be a martinet on a large scale and, perhaps, in the better sense of the word. He is acting on the principle that if you must seize the nettle the only way to escape stings is to seize it firmly. Gen. de Negrier forced the issue whether the military or civil authority should be paramount in France and the Minister of War accepted the challenge with a promptitude that must have astonished the challenger. De Negrier's influence and popularity with the army might well have made a less daring Minister pause, but *la vieille moustache* probably felt that if the army is supreme in France it would be just as well to know it at once and a better opportunity than that offered by Gen. de Negrier's utter-

ances for settling the question could hardly present itself. Well, the General has not only been deposed but virtually humiliated and the crash of arms has not followed. The civil power is in the ascendant and for the time being the courage of one old man has saved the Republic.

The army is likely to suffer a further shock in the acquittal of Dreyfus. The whole trial was very stagey, very Frenchy. One even got a little tired of the prisoner's parrot-like repetition of his declaration of innocence. Cases off the stage are not settled on declarations of innocence, but on credible evidence. The whole affair from beginning to end irresistibly suggests a lot of children playing at the transaction of serious business. The Ester-

hazy disguises, the veiled lady, the clumsy forgeries with no adequate object in view, followed by the petulant suicides of some of the terrible infants, has all a resemblance to a children's make-believe play.

Gen. Alger has been sacrificed to public clamour, and there are signs that Gen. Otis will be the next victim. It is claimed that by next October there will be 46,000 American troops in the Philippines. According to some authorities, even this number will be quite insufficient to accomplish the work required of them, but that number of Americans, active and resourceful as they are everywhere, will make it very interesting for Mr. Aguinaldo during the forthcoming winter.

John A. Ewan.

CHARACTER.

LIFE is a garment woven through
 With deeds of good or ill ;
 And golden is the cloth we weave
 When life with good we fill.
 Within the warp and woof each day
 Some right or wrong infold ;
 And character's the pattern stitched
 Upon this cloth of gold !

George Edgar Frye.



EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE second of Charles Lewis Shaw's articles on "The People of Parliament Hill," which appears in this issue, is well worth a careful reading. Mr. Shaw has pictured political Ottawa as it has never been pictured before. He has recognized the humour and the pathos of the life at the foot of the throne and has put these features into words as with a forcibleness which is decidedly unusual.

✱

It is a question whether Canada, as a nation, possesses the quality of appreciating literature, at least Robert Barr considers it an open question. He will discuss the subject in two articles in the November and December numbers. We venture to predict that these contributions will be the talk of the whole country, and because of our faith in their power we venture to speak of them some time in advance.

✱

The spelling of the term "coureur de bois" in Mr. Johnson's article in this issue is not what the readers of this magazine are accustomed to, "des" being used instead of "de." Mr. Johnson thus explains his preference:

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE,

OTTAWA, July 24th, 1899.

MR. J. A. COOPER:

DEAR SIR,—In answer to yours of 21st inst. asking my authority for using *des* instead of *de* in the phrase *Coueurs de[s] bois* I have to say: 1st. Undoubtedly the authorities who first used the expression used *de*. This they did because they desired to express to the Sovereign the idea that some Frenchmen on the banks of the St. Lawrence were getting into the habit of going off to the woods, not merely for the purpose of hunting and securing peltrie, but also with the intention of adopting the nomadic life

and marrying Indian women. They wished to stigmatize these Frenchmen as *runners into* the woods rather than praise them as runners or rangers through the woods. In fact, they wanted to stop all the fur-hunting indulged in by the young fellows, as it was against their interest to have any but themselves dealing with the Indians.

2nd. When, subsequently, things changed, and the Frenchmen left their wives and children and went into the woods with the one specific object of securing furs and returning with them to their homes, the use of the form *des* conveyed the new change better than *de*.

3rd. Many persons cling to the old form as they find it in the ordinances of the early days. So great a purist as Dr. Taché invariably employs the form *de*. But the younger generation use *des* and do so because if they are writing the expression for readers in France, they wish, above all things, to be precise, and *coureur de bois* might mean a figure of wood dressed up to represent a traditional character—a *wooden* man in fact, just the opposite of the extremely active individual intended to be brought before the mind's eye by the phrase *coureur des bois*. They wish to discriminate and they find that the form *des* enables them to do so.

4th. I think that both forms are right, but that the new form, for the reasons given, is gradually superseding the old.

Those who like to see the phrase exactly as it was originally will use *de*. Those who wish the form to have that preciseness which it is the boast of Frenchmen their language supplies beyond other languages, will abandon with more or less of reluctance, according to temperament, the *de* and adopt the *des*.

Yours faithfully,

GEORGE JOHNSON.

Mr. Douglas Brymner, on being appealed to, has this to say in defence of "de":

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
(ARCHIVE BRANCH.)

OTTAWA, 31st July, 1899.

MR. JOHN A. COOPER :

DEAR SIR,—As I do not pose as an authority on all subjects I content myself with giving authorities.

In the 17th century Talon and Nicolas Perrot give "Coureurs de bois."

In the 18th, Charlevoix does the same.

In the 19th the Jesuit Father Tailhan in his notes, 1864, to Nicolas Perrot, gives the same spelling, so does Garneau, 1845, and in his fourth edition, 1882.

Sulte, in the index to Garneau's history, 4th edition, 1883, gives "coureurs de bois." I cannot find any French authority that gives any other spelling.

Parkman and Kingsford corroborate this as they both give "coureurs de bois."

I might multiply proofs, but these should be sufficient.

Yours truly,

DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

✱

Just at the present time, when the gaze of every Anglo-Saxon is turned toward South Africa, periodicals from that colony are more than usually interesting. Before me lay the May and June issues of *The Cape Illustrated Magazine*, published by Dennis Edwards & Co., Cape Town. This monthly, which is now in its ninth volume, contains forty-eight pages of reading matter, mostly stories. Politics are eschewed, except the politics of dress; but the few illustrations indicate that photography and drawing are not among the lost arts in Cape Colony. The price is sixpence, and the advertising patronage is meagre.

✱

It may safely be said, nowadays, that a country is known by its magazines. With this thought in mind, one can easily picture South Africa. The towns are new and not large. The

trees on the streets are small and do not cast much shade. The roads are paved only in a few directions. The farming settlements are scattered and indicate a lack of comforts. Even in the towns, private libraries are small and meagre, while public libraries exist in only one or two of the larger towns. Everything is new, and nothing is crumbling to decay. On every hand are undeveloped possibilities, shining with the dim light from a possible brilliant future—for South Africa, founded by the persistent Dutch and the progressive British, will some day have a national spirit of its own, a national glory which will help to illuminate the civilized world.

✱

The leading article in the June number of this periodical gives force to this idea of the crudeness and newness of South Africa. It is entitled "Trying to Garden Up-Country," and is written by a lady living in Griqualand West. I was glad to find this article and hear of Griqualand, because—a very boyish reason—in my collection of postage stamps I have a solitary specimen of a Cape of Good Hope stamp surcharged in the centre with a capital "G". Just now they are not gardening in South Africa; they are wearing furs in Cape Town and carrying umbrellas and shivers farther now. The spring comes in October and November. In Griqualand, this writer mentions, they have a "second spring," when the rains come in January and February.

One of the earliest paragraphs in this article runs thus :

There is scarcely a farm homestead "up-country," or a house in village or town without some attempt at a garden. Maybe it is only a sun-scorched geranium in a pot on a windowsill, or a stunted little syringa tree growing near the door, but something there always is. If unlimited water is to be had—running water with which to flood the garden beds—anything can be got to grow in our glorious climate. But when the plants have to be watered by hand with a watering-pot, or, as I once heard a Dutchman express it, "When you have to throw the flowers with water," it is a long, hard struggle even to keep them alive during the terrible heat of summer. No one who has not been out at

midday in a South African December or January can imagine the heat of the sun or its awful drying power.

That is the best short description of South Africa as a place to live that I have ever read. The cool days of the Canadian spring, when the buds are bursting on tree and shrub, the wild flowers peeping through the leafy carpet, the broad stretches of green meadow, soon to be white and yellow with daisies and buttercups, suddenly become dearer and sweeter. Even the hot days of our July and August become more endurable, for our sweet peas, geraniums, petunias, cannas, dahlias, asters, and all other garden flowers, flourish with very little attention.

When one reads on and learns about the *voet gangers*, the dark tiny locusts that invade the wheat and oat fields, requiring to be fought for days or weeks by every person available—fought not with fire and water, for these they disdain, but with waving flags, then Canada as an agricultural paradise becomes more real. About once in ten years we have a dry season, when grasshoppers are troublesome and when the ground dries up, but the harvest is only lessened, never fully destroyed. Occasionally in our northern sections we have an early frost which may destroy ten per cent. of Manitoba's wheat crop, but that is only a small part of the whole. We have a blessed country—although too often we forget it and neglect to be thankful and happy.

✱

Here are the first few lines of a piece of native poetry in this same issue:

When the weary days are hottest,
In the long, long months of drought;
When the shadeless veld around us
Lies desolate, drear, burnt out;
When the tired eyes are aching,
From the pitiless glare around,
And as far as sight can wander,
No gleam of green is found;
When the brazen sky above us
No welcome storm-cloud shows,
And the daily cares seem hardest—
Then my Dream-River flows!

But there is a brighter side to South African life, although it need not be touched upon here. My object in making these quotations was simply to show the difference between the climates of Canada and South Africa.

Now as to the Boer. In the May number of this same magazine there is an article on "The Racial Question in the Transvaal" by a writer who seems to have a very thorough grasp of his subject. A few sentences may be quoted:

There yet remains the indubitable fact that the Boer is not what he was when he left Europe. Physically he has improved, partly for the reason that the country of his adoption deals kindly with the lung disease which, in Europe, plays havoc with the tall men. . . . The Boer's hardiness may be further sought in the fact that he is descended from sailors and soldiers of fortune, as were Van Riebeck's followers almost to a man—well inured to bodily hardships, which their sons were forced to undergo in turn by the very nature of the country in which they found themselves.

It is on the mental side that the Boers have deteriorated; the reason being that he has bred a large nation from a comparatively small number of families, spread over a large area of ground, thereby necessitating much in-breeding during the first few generations. Apart from the few orphan girls and the Huguenot settlement there has been no appreciable infusion of fresh blood from over seas. . . .

Finally, as to the cruelty of the Boer. Evidently the Boer's cruelty is bred in the bone. He certainly is selfish, un pitying, and cold-blooded, and from that comes much of the strength he has retained in spite of his undoubted retrogression. That strength he has used, hitherto unsuccessfully, against the strongest of his stubborn breed; but the Boer must learn that the Englishman is the stronger and better man of the two. . . . The Transvaal Boer must learn that the continuation of his greater cousin's success is due to the fact that he can govern gently and quietly, yet still govern. He must understand that Saxondom will keep on expanding and progressing, and that he, if he persists in retrogression, may find a worse fate than that of throwing in his lot with these his more fortunate brethren—must understand that his joining hands with the English does not mean a mixture of two variant nationalities, but a mere side issue in the ultimate consolidation of the greatest, the strongest, and the whitest race on earth—a race whom even an atheist must call the chosen of some Power.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

"NOTHING BUT NAMES."

IT is fitting that in the issue of THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE containing a second article on "Canadian Place-Names" by George Johnson, there should be a short review of the volume, "Nothing But Names,"* by Herbert F. Gardiner, the broad-minded editor of the *Hamilton Times*. Much information concerning Canada's early history is now being put into books, pamphlets, magazines and archives so that it may be preserved for the benefit of future generations. The men who are collecting this information for the pure love of their country are worthy of much more praise and reward than the wily and ignorant politician who helps to keep the country in a constant state of excitement; yet their reward will be little else than the satisfaction of knowing that they have performed some small services for the good of the nation which may some time be great and grand and glorious.

Mr. Gardiner's book is "an inquiry into the origin of the names of the counties and townships of Ontario," and each county group of townships is considered under the title of the county, and this divides the work, which comprises nearly six hundred pages, into some forty-eight sections. Taking Huron County as an example, we find that Usborne, Tuckersmith, McKillop and Hullett townships were named after directors of the Canada Land Company, although the author does not point out in a general way that this tract of land was at one time almost wholly the property of that company. Goderich Township was named after Lord Goderich, an Eng-

lish statesman, who had much to do with Canada during the rebellion period, and was Premier of Great Britain in 1833. His son, the Marquis of Ripon, was chairman of the High Joint Commission which drafted the treaty of Washington in 1871. These details and many more are given under the name of the township in this book, Colborne was called after Sir John Colborne, the bluff old soldier who saved Upper Canada from anarchy in 1837. Grey township perpetuates the name of Charles, second Earl of Grey, under whose premiership England's common people received a new Magna Charta in the shape of the Great Reform Bill of 1832. Howick was called after Earl Grey's son, Lord Howick. Morris recalls Hon. William Morris, who died in Montreal in 1858, and several other persons of that name who have made their marks in Canadian history, Turnberry perpetuates the name of the Scotch castle which Robert Bruce captured in 1307. Wawanosh is, as the name indicates, an Indian name, a chief of the Chippewas having been so called. Ashfield is a reproduction of the name of a village in Suffolk, England.

It is interesting to note that the names of places in Ontario have, with a few exceptions, been conferred within the last hundred and ten years. After the Peace of Versailles, when Great Britain lost her southern North American colonies, the region then made a province, under the name of Upper Canada, contained less than 2,000 European dwellers gathered around the fortified posts on the River St. Lawrence, Niagara and St. Clair. It is also interesting to recall that Haldimand, the Governor of Canada, wrote in 1783, from Quebec, that

* "Nothing But Names," by H. F. Gardiner, M.A. Toronto: George N. Morang & Co. 361 pp., cloth, gilt top.

Canada would be of little service as a commercial country and it would be useless to incur expense in defending it. With such information it is small wonder that Great Britain gave away what is now Michigan, Illinois, Dakota, and the States directly west of Ontario, and actually contemplated giving away what is now Ontario because it was thought to be unfit for settlement. Truly, the British Government was poorly advised in the closing years of last century.

A notice of this very valuable volume may fittingly be ended with the following quotations from the introductory section :

"Ontario's township and county names have been taken from the names of places in England, Ireland and Scotland, from the names and titles of British statesmen, many of whom had official relations with the colony; from the soldiers and sailors who helped to acquire or to preserve Canada for the British crown; from King George the Third and his fifteen more or less interesting children and their titles; from the Governors, Judges, and other officials who have lived and laboured in Canada; while not a few of them were named after men whose chief title to distinction was their persistence and success in land-grabbing. Then there are scripture names, botanical names and names of animals; Greek names and Latin names; French and Spanish names; christian names as well as surnames; names of men eminent in science; and names of wild Indians."



'POSTLE FARM.*

In studying history it is customary for Canadians to give greater attention to that Great Britain and of Canada than to that of any other country. It is reasonable that such should be the course pursued by our educationists. The favoured historical study of the United States school and even of the United States home, is the history of the United States. In Germany, the history of the Fatherland, of the great Kaiser and of the exploits of that wonderful soldier-statesman, Count Bismarck, has the most affectionate attention.

In reading fiction a similar rule ob-

tains in almost all countries where fiction is read. The Britisher reads British fiction; the German loves stories of the Rhine; the Frenchman desires novels dealing with the historical personages of France or with the modern society in which he plays a part; the citizen of the United States deifies the authors who are his own countrymen. In Canada, too, native authors receive much consideration—not so much as they deserve, perhaps; certainly not so much as they desire and claim.

Nevertheless, the reading of foreign fiction—foreign is hardly the proper term, but it will do—is instructive to the great mass of the reading public. It is instructive because it combines in a light form the study of history, description, travel, biography and national characteristics. To the student of literature, it means that and much more. "Postle Farm," by George Ford, for example, gives a fairly good idea of Devonshire scenery and of the manner of life and speech which distinguishes the farmer of Devonshire from all other men. When to this value is added that of containing a discussion of a problem which is common to all peoples, the story becomes more than something to be read and then to be forgotten.

'Postle Farm is essentially a love story, not the ordinary mawkish suprasentimental love story, but, nevertheless, a story in which the central figures engage in love-making. For example, Mr. Ford gives us his idea of love at first sight, and says :

"When a woman is particularly beautiful, a man's love for her is more or less conceived at first sight. He desires her as we all desire the beautiful, though often but imperfectly understanding wherein the beautiful consists. Provided he discovers no violent temper or hateful fault—or sometimes in spite of these—the little root of love, planted at that first meeting, blossoms and bears fruit, especially in the young and inexperienced heart."

When men met Cathie Lythcott they at once began to like her because she was beautiful. Her beauty obscured her reputation for having "an evil eye." And when, after her long

*'Postle Farm, by George Ford, author of "The Larramys," etc. Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

struggle to overcome the crudeness of her Devonshire speech and the uncouthness of her dress and manners, when at last she convinced those about her that she had a will and a mind of her own, one of her friends expressed the admiration of all by saying :

"If she were a man she would work her way up to a premiership. As a woman I suppose she will merely make a brilliant match."

The author does not describe in any great detail Cathie's beauty. When Temple Frobisher first met her, her "magnificent scowling beauty repulsed him, yet he had to look . . . meeting the dark glance of the brilliant eyes." Again the author speaks of her in the following language: "The magnificent design of the Creator was written on the face of this woman, and no man looking on her could doubt it. There was that on Crazy Cathie's face that gave the lie direct to the carking materialist, and opened for earth a sudden vista of heaven."

These are, however, vague descriptions. But her beauty was such that Temple was sorely afflicted, as almost all men have been, "trying to govern thoughts that would not be governed, to rule actions that would not be ruled." She was only a poor, ignorant farm girl; he was of the blue-blooded aristocracy. "He loved when love was impossible—loved her madly. Separation was the only solution; separation was bitter as death. Sin stared him in the face—and conquered."

'Postle Farm was so named from the row of twelve time-honoured elms that shadowed its thatched dwellings. Some superstitious or imaginative person had called them the twelve apostles, and Apostle Farm after many generations became 'Postle Farm. The farm itself was on the sides of a ridge of hills, and along its western boundary flowed a tidal river which brought up "the salt sea breezes twice a day and the whiff of the brown seaweed." On this farm Cathie grew up. Her mother was dead; her father had never been known to the neighbourhood. Her "Grandfer," a fine-featured, blue-eyed old man, loved her and guarded her. His

daughter Annie, his brutish son-in-law Miah, and their little boy made up the family. While still very young, Cathie seemed possessed of an extra sense. She had premonitions and saw spirit pictures. One day she saw "the Shinin' Lady," and felt that some harm was about to befall her little nephew. That day he toddled off to the pond, when his mother was busy, and was drowned. The mother became furious with Cathie.

"You done it," she shrieked. "You she-devil! You gawked in's vire! You cast avil eye on un! Go to damnation with yer tricks!"

Before anyone could check her, she hurled herself on Cathie and flung her madly backwards. The child fell heavily on the sharp edge of the fender, and lay still.

For a fortnight Cathie remained unconscious. Then slowly the light filtered back. She spoke rationally, ate and slept, rose from her bed and performed the ordinary duties of the day; but her mind was a blank. She could recall nothing of her little cousin, nor of what she had learnt at school. She could remember no one's name; she met old familiar friends as strangers.

From this time forward Crazie Cathie was handicapped in her life's struggle. Some years afterward she met Temple Frobisher. He was struck with her beauty and attempted to teach her the ways of his people—the gentle folk. She had a great ambition to learn and developed rapidly. Temple became very fond of her and desired to marry her. Between them lay the impassable gulf which separates the classes. Unwilling to lose his inheritance by such a union, he desires to take her away with him. Her strong sense of right and wrong, her ambition and her will save her, and Temple's dishonourable plan fails.

Her education is continued under the double pressure of her anxiety to improve herself for improvement sake, and her desire to make herself worthy of the lover who has, for the time, deserted her. The grandfather dies and she then learns that she was not his granddaughter but the rightful heir to the Frobisher estates. The closing scene between the newly-discovered heiress and her former lover who had

expected to inherit the estates she now receives is a fitting finale to the story.

The book is a brilliant achievement and shows that the author is more than a polished imitator—he is a sincere student and an earnest workman in his chosen field.

NOTES.

"A Pauper Millionaire," by Austin Fryers, is an interesting though impossible tale. No millionaire—no United States millionaire—could possibly be so huge an imbecile as this man was. Nevertheless the story is well told and some of the London scenes and characters especially well described. The author points his moral, that people with money do not understand the difficulties of those without it, and yet he does not fill more than three or four pages of the entire book with abstract discussions. There is thus a sprightliness in the telling of the story which makes it an excellent summer novel. (Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.)

Robert Barr is the prince of Canada's story-tellers. Gilbert Parker aims to be a literary dramatist, and with him form is a great deal. Robert Barr aims apparently to be a story-teller. His latest book "*The Strong Arm*," is a collection of German tales, mainly about Count Herbert Von Schonburg, the first six forming a complete narrative. Among the other ten stories to be found in the volume, none is of greater interest or dramatic power than "*The Count's Apology*," which has already been published in the *CANADIAN MAGAZINE*. Mr. Barr has caught the spirit of the warlike men and courageous women of the mediæval period and makes them live again in his tales. This restless, rollicking period, when might was right, when even the churchmen were castleholders and army commanders, when the possession of a fortified stronghold and a body of armed retainers made a man an absolute sovereign—this period gives full scope to Mr. Barr's faculty for free-and-easy story-telling and for the accumulation of stirring incident. Further, when description is required, Mr. Barr's gives

in a manner which if not stately is never tiresome and seldom, if ever, uninteresting. (Toronto: William Briggs.)



"A Gentleman Player," though an historical novel is, in aim, something more; it is an attempt to picture the early days of the English play-house when Ben Jonson played at the Blackfriars and William Shakespeare and Lawrence Fletcher at the Globe. The story opens with a description of the first presentation of Hamlet (1601) and is exceedingly valuable in pointing out the crude appliances which the players used in their stagings. Moreover it will bring home to many people in Canada, the fact that Shakespeare did not need to go abroad to find support and appreciation for his literary ability, but that the English people welcomed him gladly. Of course, there were croakers, but the people high and low attended the open-air theatres and applauded the players. The chief character in the book is not William Shakespeare, however, but a player in his company by the name of Hal Marryott. He is sent on a secret mission by Queen Elizabeth, and on this journey he is pursued and hampered by a beautiful woman whom he pities and admires. Their romance is the romance of the book and, as Roger Barnet, the pursuivant, said of Romeo and Juliet, "a piece of rare love-making." The long, five-day chase over rough, frozen roads, when horseback was almost the only method of travel, is well described, and in such a way that one gets an almost complete picture of English domestic life in the Elizabethan period. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)



Carlton Dawe is one of the newest novelists. Japan, China, and the Pacific Ocean seem to be his chosen districts. His latest novel "*The Voyage of the Pulo Way*," is a sea adventure off the coast of China, which bears new names and new settings but exhibits the same old style of deceit, revenge and escapade. The story is.

only average, but perhaps Mr. Dawe may do better when he gets money and leisure. (Toronto : The Musson Book Co.).



The August *Bookman* says : The great success of a new book like *When Knighthood was in Flower* is usually attended by all sorts of "faked" stories; and the reading public, who is a party to the conspiracy, lightly finds entertainment in them and as lightly forgets them. But when an erroneous statement to the effect that the novel which we have just mentioned had been rejected by several well-known firms before it was finally accepted and published by the Bowen-Merrill Company finds credence in the literary columns of so important a sheet as the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, one feels that it is time to protest. As a matter of fact, *When Knighthood was in Flower* was never rejected or declined by any publisher. Mr. Charles Major, the author, first sent it to one of the leading New York publishers, an old and conservative house, who promptly accepted it. Their acceptance, however, included directions to the author to cut out a scene in the story which they characterized as indelicate if not indecent. The scene objected to, we may say, is that in which King Henry the Eighth comments on the marriage of Brandon and Mary Tudor when the King learns that his sister was married "with her golden hair flowing from her shoulders"—really one of the dramatic climaxes of the story. Mr. Major declined to cut out or modify the scene in any way and withdrew the manuscript. It was next submitted to the Bowen-Merrill Company, and very shortly afterward was published by them.

Perhaps *When Knighthood was in Flower* is one of the exceptions which prove the rule. Certainly in the case of *David Harum* as to whose selling qualities there would seem to be no sort of doubt, it was far otherwise. Six well-known firms had rejected the book before Messrs. D. Appleton &

Company, about the end of December, 1897, accepted the manuscript promptly, and aroused the author from a despair which was really becoming tragic when we remember that he was then lying on his deathbed. It is pathetic, indeed, to learn that Mr. Westcott's health rallied somewhat for a short time after receiving the good news. The manuscript, however, was accepted conditionally, and we are not surprised to learn that at first the author positively refused to comply with the conditions. It is said that had the book been printed from the original manuscript it would have numbered over five hundred pages. With a reluctance that can be well understood Mr. Westcott at length gave his consent to the proposed alterations. He looked forward to the joy of reading the proofs and seeing the book in the hands of the public, but this was not to be. It was six months after the death of its author that *David Harum* appeared.



Mr. Arthur J. Stringer, whose forthcoming book, "The Loom of Destiny," will be published by Messrs. Small, Maynard & Company in the autumn, is a Canadian by birth, and a graduate of Oxford, 1898. Mr. Stringer has been engaged in journalistic work in New York for about a year, and has taken a place among the promising young writers of the day. "The Loom of Destiny" is a collection of short sketches dealing with child life in the slums. Some of these sketches have appeared in *Ainslee's Magazine*. Mr. Stringer is also known through his poetry, which is frequently to be met with in the leading magazines. Two books of his verse were published in Canada several years ago.



"Black Rock," by Ralph Connor (of Winnipeg) is soon to be brought out in the States by the Revell Co. Mr. Gordon, whose pen-name is now so well known, is at present in rather poor health, and is taking a prolonged rest.

IDE MOMENTS

MY CLERICAL FRIEND.

A few days ago I mounted a Tally-ho with a friend from the East, to whom I was desirous of showing the beauties of our city. My friend sat on my left, and I found myself flanked on my right by a gentleman in clerical garb, evidently a Catholic priest, if one might judge by the cut of his vest and his Roman collar. He was a portly, dignified man, with a clean-shaven, intellectual face, a typical American in countenance. He soon gathered from my conversation with my friend that I was a resident of the city of Toronto, and in a well-bred manner commenced to ask many questions connected with this country. Did I think there was much annexation sentiment in the country? He seemed astonished to learn that, in my opinion, there was none at all. What was Canadian sentiment with regard to the Cuban and Philippine campaigns? I replied that I thought that the U.S. people had the sympathy of Canadians in the matter of the Cuban campaign, but that there was a general feeling that the United States had not treated the Filipinos, and Aguinaldo in particular, in a very chivalrous manner. I further added that I thought that the Americans might have taken a leaf out of England's book in dealing with such a matter, and might have treated the Filipino leaders with some consideration.

My clerical friend grew heated, and at once commenced to lose some of his courtly manner.

"Where," said he, "has England treated with such races in this way, certainly not in Africa with the Der-vishes."

"True," I replied, "but these were savage, uneducated, fanatical races; I understand that the Filipinos are a

superior race, and that education is fairly well diffused among them."

The cleric grew more excited. "What is your authority for such a statement?"

I replied that I had read so; and then, thinking to clinch the matter, I gently remarked that the Roman Catholic Church had held power and authority, and had taken matters under her charge in the Philippine Islands for nearly three hundred years, and that it was reasonable to suppose that she had educated and civilized the natives to a considerable degree. This, I thought, would prove to a gentleman of his cloth and sect a clincher.

He stopped suddenly, and wagging his forefinger in front of my face, said slowly and impressively: "My dear friend, you do not know what you are talking about. Neither the Roman Catholic Church, nor any other, gives a damned bit of education to anyone more than it is obliged to."

My astonishment was so great that I nearly fell off the Tally-ho, but when I recovered my breath, I managed to say: "But, my dear sir, pardon my mistake, but I made sure you were a Roman Catholic priest."

"Priest! ———. No! I am the correspondent for the New York ———."

I had hoped that he would have ventured some explanation as to why a gentleman of his atheistic tendencies wore the clerical garb, but I have not yet been enlightened.

H. H. G.

THE STRONG TREMBLE.

Courage is probably the most contradictory quality in human nature. I knew a man once, one of the pluckiest officers in that plucky regiment, the old Black Watch, who had a mortal



ONLY FOR THE RICH.

YOUNG CURATE—Do you believe in the doctrine of Calvin, my good woman?

MRS. KELLY—No, yer riverince, doctoring of any sort costs too much for me, a poor widdier.

dread of cataracts, rapids, in fact swift water of any kind. Imagine this man dashing through one of the worst and longest cataracts of the Nile in a thirty foot whaler in the retreat of the River Column after the fall of Khartoum and the death of Gordon. Shooting a long-drawn out Nile cataract is trying to the nerves at the best of times, but when vague reports have been reaching you for three hours immediately prior to the attempt of its terrible character and every other rock along its two mile course is adorned with the remnants

of a shattered boat, while you being an officer are the only man in the boat doing nothing, it is altogether conducive to worrying thought.

This officer, who came within an ace of getting the V.C. in a previous campaign, asked the Canadian voyageur who was steering, what he should do if they struck a rock. He wanted to be useful. The Canadian felt the rush of the torrent beneath him tumbling around, above and beside the ugly black rocks of the Soudan, at the rate of fifteen or twenty miles an hour and said, laconically, "Swim for it."

And the officer unloosened his shoe strings and the buttons of his tunic. The boat dashed within a foot of a cruel-looking boulder and off went his coat. Two wrecks a little further down and the subaltern was ready for bed. It was too much of a strain to expect him to sit and do nothing and he kept on undressing. A fierce pitch and a blinding dash of spray brought off his shirt and the boat glided into the calm water at the foot of the cataract into the assembled brigade of 3,000 men with the man who had distinguished himself at El Teb coyly curled up in the storm as naked as the day he was born. For it was the last boat of the column.

C.L.S.





FROM A PAINTING.

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IN DEFENCE OF MILLIONAIRES.

By Adam Shortt, Professor of Political Economy in Queen's University.

THERE is at present a decided attitude of hostility on the part of many respectable organs of public opinion towards men of great wealth and consequent power, commonly styled millionaires. In the thorough conviction that this attitude is largely based on mistaken ideas, however natural, that it is obstructive of progress and injurious to many of the best interests of society, I have ventured to make the following observations on the position of millionaires and popular opinions regarding them.

There can be no reasonable objection to a criticism of millionaires, or any other element in the community, provided the criticism is fair and enlightened. On the contrary such criticism accomplishes much, for, even if outwardly resented at the time, it cannot be conscientiously ignored by the objects of it. Even to prove it inapplicable to themselves they must remedy the defects pointed out. But ignorant, unreasonable, or merely envious criticism is simply resented and despised with a fortified conscience. Such criticism by arousing in those who are the objects of it a strong sense of injustice suffered, tends to close their eyes to those real weaknesses and defects which properly call for reform.

Again, in meeting attacks based upon ignorance or malice, those attacked feel justified in using whatever means of defence are available; suiting the

weapons of defence to those of attack, meeting reckless and unscrupulous action with like action, and offsetting vexatious legislative attacks by legislative bribery.

In the interest of the common good what seems to be called for is a better understanding of the place and function in society of men of great wealth, and of the true grounds upon which they may be judged either beneficial or injurious to the best social interests.

A characteristic feature of the Anglo-Saxon element, and of its assimilated immigrants in North America, is the setting forth of equality as a great social and political ideal. In some respects the ideal is admirable and has done good service. But for this very reason, among others, its importance has been greatly exaggerated and its limitations ignored.

As a practical ideal it was first directed against the stereotyping class-distinctions of Europe. Those distinctions, it was thought, chiefly accounted for the historic inequality among men. With their removal and the consequent throwing open of every occupation to every individual it was fondly hoped that a general equality would be secured, and with it an introduction to something like the millennium. The results, though truly beneficial, were not what were expected. A new form of inequality simply took the place of the old.

In America all things were made possible for all men, but this very speedily brought to light the fact that all men are not capable of all things. It is true, that, under the circumstances, every dormant ambition tended to be awakened. But the lines in which these ambitions were to be gratified were naturally determined by the social atmosphere of the country, and this was of narrower range than that of Europe. The freedom of making trial brought many competitors, and the resulting inequality has been in some ways more pronounced and more keenly felt than that of Europe.

Thus the original expectations from the freedom and equality of America have been justified only in this particular, important though it is, that the general average of comfort and intelligence is higher here than in Europe, though in some respects the cultured classes of Europe may have attained to a more complete life than is yet common in America.

But while the American has abolished the outward accident of birth, as determining the station to which the individual is called, he has strongly emphasized the inner accident of birth, or natural capacity, which determines the station to which the individual can raise himself. Thus, in abolishing inequality of one kind we have simply promoted inequality of another and much more permanent kind. Ignoring this fact, a great many people still cling to the belief in equality as something that ought to be; and, in the teeth of all experience and the very structure of human nature, they still persist in coupling equality and freedom in popular social ideals. Ignoring also many other forms of inequality, popular interest is centered chiefly upon the growing inequality in the possession of wealth. The forces which were formerly directed against birth and privilege, are now directed against ability and success where they find expression in increase of wealth.

The millionaire is by no means in danger of being abolished by these attacks; because, in the first place,

his forthcoming is in the line of economic progress; and, secondly, the very persons who preach, write and legislate against him, when it comes to practical everyday business, not only foster him but even go very much out of their way to do so. So little have many of them rationalized their action, that is, connected what they think and say with what they do, that, not content with giving men of wealth the same rights and privileges as other citizens, they grant them special favours, afterwards not unfrequently cursing liberally those who make successful use of them.

As I have said, the millionaire is the normal outcome, in business life, of that freedom to seek self-realization regardless of social status, which is one of the chief characteristics of America. It is, however, a popular fallacy that free competition permits of the fullest possible realization for each individual. As a matter of fact, all that free competition expresses is the opportunity to make trial of one's powers; but the success of some means the failure of others, comparative or absolute. In America all may enter in every race. This accounts for the fact that America is at once the most speculative of countries, and yet the one where mere luck counts for least and ability for most. Fortune may account for isolated successes, but in modern life success must be sustained, and fortune is capricious, while ability backed by experience is certain.

These conditions, again, account for the remarkable proportion of successful men in America who have risen from humble beginnings and made their way against those who started with the advantage of acquired wealth and position which, in other parts of the world, represent an immense handicap.

This peculiarly fluid economic condition gives great scope for the operation of natural selection. It greatly stimulates division of labour, or specialization of function, which again calls for more perfect organization of the specialized parts. In highly devel-

oped organization, both in mechanism and human agency, we have the most characteristic development of modern business, shared in most completely by the Anglo-Saxon world, and particularly America.

But increased organization permits the individual to operate with larger and larger forces over an ever-widening field. Here we have at once the opportunity and the necessity for the millionaire. The men who successfully manage such a system must have at their command millions of capital, and even small percentages, above or below the line which divides success from failures, mean immense gains or ruinous losses.

Here it may be observed that it is one thing to have command over millions of capital, and quite another to lavishly consume wealth in gratifying one's personal desires. A man becomes a millionaire by recapitalizing the greater part of his income. As far as personal expenditure goes, the capital which the millionaire accumulates and invests might more properly be said to belong to the men who are employed by it, than to the nominal owner, whose relation to it is practically only that of accumulator and manager. The contrast, therefore, so commonly drawn, between the millionaire as a man suffocated with wealth and luxury, and his employees as having nothing but their incomes, is utterly fallacious. When it comes to income for personal enjoyment the invested millions do not count. They are simply the common fund from which alike employer and employed obtain the means of living, and in many cases it will be found that the personal expenditure of employees is greater than that of the employer. A man might be a multi-millionaire in G.T.R. ordinary stock and yet not enjoy an income from it equal to that of a common section man on the road.

That the capital fund stands in the name of the employer or stock-owner, merely indicates that he has the right to manage or dispose of it, a right which must be vested in some one. If

anyone cares to say that capital would have been accumulated, invested and managed quite as well under the direction of the employed or their delegates, the only reply which can be made here is that that system has had equal opportunity for development with the present, and has been frequently tried by picked groups, but has not as yet proved itself equal, much less superior to the prevailing system. The real question is not how much wealth stands in this or that man's name, but how does he manage or dispose of it; for while his position is fortunately not due to popular suffrage, yet he is none the less responsible for his use of it.

Destructive as speculation is commonly supposed to be, there is in it little loss of wealth to the community. It is simply passed from one control to another, and, in the long run, it usually reaches the most capable hands. The millionaire who buys and sells stocks or produce is popularly looked upon as a kind of gambler. But those who succeed on the stock or produce exchange are, in proportion to their success, the least speculative of all. Everything that man attempts from philanthropy to war is speculative, in that the results are more or less uncertain. But while mere speculation may occasionally succeed, yet in the long run the operations based upon a close study of the facts and the most accurate information obtainable, will be successful. The millionaire in this region, instead of being the speculator, is the one who profits at the expense of the speculator, and this is no loss to the community as it tends to discourage the mere gambling spirit.

A really great and serious loss of wealth, both to the individual and to the community, occurs where the public usually looks for great benefit, namely in the process of competition.

Under free competition, where the lists are open to all, where great quantities of wealth are available for investment, there is required extensive organization, great outlay in preparation and considerable time for a test to be made. It is not possible to know what the re-

sult is to be until vast quantities of raw material and human energy are cast in moulds from which they cannot be withdrawn without losing the greater part of their value. Competition is the very antithesis of co-operation. Co-operation means the economizing of means towards a definite end. Competition means the striving of several independent units to serve the same end or secure the same object.

In days of simpler economic structure and isolated action, the unsuccessful competitors simply withdrew, with slight loss, and tried their fortunes elsewhere. But in these advanced times, with the steady growth of business corporations, and the organization of industry on the grand scale, the number of competitors has narrowed while the interests involved in each have enormously increased. Failure now means loss to hundreds, even thousands, and great waste of capital, which is none the less to be deplored because wealth is more easily reproduced than formerly.

Being brought face to face with the growing disadvantages of competition and the increasing advantages of organization, the narrowing list of competitors, containing men of insight and foresight, perceived the advantage of agreeing to merge competitive businesses in a still higher and more wide-reaching organization.

At first they sought the end without sacrificing the independent existence of the original competitors. But this being found unworkable, the movement passed through the various stages of agreements, pools, combines, trusts, and has now reached the stage of practically all-embracing companies, in which the identity of the individual business is finally lost in an absolute corporation with shares and bonds open to public subscription.

The last eighteen months have shown the remarkable spectacle of all the world rushing to become shareholders in these Midas-gifted trusts, so called, most of whose stocks have been thoughtfully expanded to meet a crying public want. Thus does the foolish public gratuit-

ously prepare bait for the millionaires by representing the trusts as industrial monsters capable of gaining no end of profit. Then many of the same foolish public eagerly swallow this very bait, straining the nets of the millionaires in landing their catch. When afterwards they begin to realize where they are—but, of course, that time has not yet arrived. Still, we shall hear from them in the course of the next year or so, when their opinions of millionaires and trusts will be abundantly recorded in terms of wisdom and righteousness.

Apart from these incidentals, the whole growth of economic organization, the subsequent development of the millionaire, and the final effort to avoid the ruinous waste of independent competition, are simply stages in the economic triumph of man over nature. This victory secures the supply of an increasing number of wants with a decreasing proportion of human effort. In promoting this development the millionaire may not have been actuated to any great extent by philanthropic motives, but he was for the most part sufficiently enlightened to see that his interest in the development of his enterprises lay in the direction of the public interest. Thus has the rise of millionaires and the rise in the standard of living for the average citizen gone hand in hand. Wherever there is a country with few or no millionaires there is a country with heavy taxation in proportion to means, of ill-developed industries, low wages, exorbitant profits, extortionate rates of interest, and, quite generally, of little return for human effort.

But it may be asked: What, then, becomes of the selective process of competition, of the free trial by which men of capacity are discovered and brought to the front? In reply, it may be pointed out that the removal of competition between highly developed corporations does not imply the abolition of competition between individuals. The intensity of competition may indeed be lessened—a point to which I shall return immediately—but the competitive selective process, even before

the movement to abolish competition between industries, had been in process of transfer from competition between businesses to competition within businesses. Competition for promotion within industrial corporations under business management differs from competition in all establishments based upon popular suffrage, in that the element of personal or extraneous influence has little place in the one, while it is a predominant element in the other.

Again, there is no reason to suppose that when men are confined within the limits of great organizations they will never be able to find that outlet which the millionaires themselves found before outward competition came to be suppressed. Millionaires, as a rule, have not obtained their millions in independent action, but in co-operation with others. In every great enterprise certain individuals are leaders. This is to the advantage not only of the leader but of his associates as well. Moreover, leadership in such extensive enterprises is possible only when the organization is so perfect as to give a large measure of freedom and responsibility to many subordinate chiefs of departments. Such men are able to find as full and free expression as parts of a great business as they would have been able to get as heads of smaller independent establishments.

As to the great body of the workers, their position is but slightly altered. Whether their employer is a millionaire or not does not affect their work or their position. They commonly find in the great corporations, better masters, more permanent positions, and more certain pay than in smaller businesses. Their various unions, long since fully organized, will look after their interests, and will be as likely to meet with just and fair consideration at the hands of great corporations as at the hands of great combinations of corporations, which have already been formed to offset the unions. A strike has just as much power to stop the earnings of one great corporation as of a dozen smaller ones, for even trusts live by earnings.

Again, the attack on millionaires be-

cause of their alleged greed and sordidness is entirely beside the mark. The modern millionaire is the very antithesis of the ancient or mediæval miser, who isolated his hoard from the world and gloated over it in private. The modern millionaire, in every normal case, has really no special interest in money, commonly possessing but little of it, and being best pleased when he has least on hand. His interest is creative, and is akin to that of the scientific enthusiast, the statesman or the artist. Each must have means of expression, but their interest centres, not in the means, but in the ideal to be realized. But it may be said, the millionaire monopolizes so much means, and crowds so many others out of the field of self-realization, that many must forego that which is the highest object of human life. To this the answer must be both yes and no. Yes, as far as regards the number who can find in business alone a large and full field for the expression of their higher qualities. No, as regards the increasing opportunities for finding other outlets for the higher life. One of the special evils which has resulted from the free competition of American business in the past has been the complete absorption of so much talent in the rush and stress of business competition, much of it being wasted in the process. In the changes which are at present taking place in the economic life an increasing check is being put upon miscellaneous and wasteful competition, and, incidentally, upon the opportunity and attraction for men to make business the whole object of life.

As already pointed out, there will still be much scope for expression, even within the larger corporations. But while income is derived from invested capital, greater freedom from business care and anxiety will result, with corresponding opportunity and inducement to find one's creative and realizing expression in other lines.

It is inevitable that, for lack of sufficiently definite and recognized standards of the higher life, we shall have to pass through a stage of frivolous

and abortive experiment on the part of many wandering souls vainly seeking adequate expression. Here there will be much room for sympathetic and constructive criticism.

In the face of the criticism which is commonly bestowed upon men of wealth, the attitude of the intelligent freeholders of towns and cities towards them, is of interest. Let it be rumoured that a millionaire or wealthy corporation might possibly invest a large amount of capital in any of our towns or cities. Do we find the citizens holding up their hands in dread, or the newspapers filled with protests and warnings at the thought of such a grasping, monopolizing power coming into their very midst? Oh no! there are rejoicings and mutual congratulations on all hands. Indeed, they will not merely welcome this terrible engine of oppression without any handicap, but, rather than lose it, in proportion to its size and power, they will offer freedom from taxation, free land, free power, if they have it, and increase their own burden of taxation to give a bonus in cash. Need it be said, in the face of such characteristic tendencies, that the millionaire is in no immediate danger of extinction?

Unlike the prophet, the millionaire is chiefly honoured in his own locality and among his own people. So far as he is in danger from active hostility, it is from legislative bodies which cater to abstract popular prejudice. Yet these bodies are so irrational in their methods, that with one hand they hold out bonuses, privileges and protection in business for those who are capable of taking advantage of them, being most naturally the millionaires, and with the other they threaten with destruction all who dare to successfully take advantage of them.

Another mighty objection to the mil-

lionaire is that in him we have the embodiment of that terrible bogey, the one man power. This really means the dominance of men of exceptional capacity, force and power. As a matter of fact the world never has got on, and never will get on without the one man power, that is, without leadership in every department of life. Wherever it has been necessary to get rid of a one man power that had become intolerable, another one man power has been called in to do the work. The characteristic change in this line, from ancient to modern times, has been from vague and general leadership to discrete and special leadership, with corresponding development of organization to keep the leaders in contact and harmony with each other. Mere abstract prejudice against one man power is vain and meaningless. It all depends on the one man; he may be a statesman or a demagogue, an independent business man or a shark. As to which we are to have will depend very much upon our character as a community.

The millionaire, at any rate, will abide with us. He may not be a saint above all men, but neither is he unique as a sinner. His rise has been natural and inevitable. He is simply the latest expression of a development which has been in process for more than a century past. The question which now faces us is not, shall men of great wealth and power be permitted to exist, but what kind of men should they be? In what spirit and with what sense of responsibility shall they exercise their rights and fulfil their obligations?

In the gradual solution of this question there is ample scope for the critical exercise of public opinion. But to claim respect the criticism must be enlightened and sympathetic.

Adam Shortt.



A BILL OF COSTS.

THE lessons of experience are proverbially valuable, and whether from selfishness or modesty the dearest are seldom exposed for the benefit or entertainment of the public. For that reason the fearful and wonderful architecture of a lawyer's bill of cost is known only to the initiated and to the profession. One bill lasts a man his lifetime, if he is wise, and though he may occasionally con over its items in the privacy of his chamber, he is reluctant to tempt, by his confidence, the laughter of the cynical or the pity of the sympathetic. The man who is living to profit by the subjoined experience has or had a tender nature craving sympathy, and he could not understand why every exhibition of his itemized misfortune provoked the laughter of his friends. He bought a house in Toronto for \$2,400, and instructed a lawyer to examine the title and oversee the transaction, with the following result :

	Cost.	Disbursements.
Attending interview with you when instructed to act for you in connection with purchase of premises—Street . .		
Attending agents and obtaining copy of agreement.50	
Attending at Registry Office and going thro' abstract index to ascertain length of search, when found the title has to be picked out of 400 or 500 entries and that about 60 entries relate to this parcel.	1.00	
Deputy Registrar agrees to furnish abstract for \$10.00.		
Attending to see you and get authority to order abstract.50	

	Cost.	Disbursements.
With you attending at Registry Office when after explanation instructions to order abstract.50	
Paid for abstract.		10.00
Perusing and examining abstract.		
Attending at Registry Office and examining about 60 instruments appearing on abstract and originals, etc. .12.00		
Paid Registrar.		2.70
Drafting requisitions on title (7 fols.)	2.10	
Revising and settling same.	2.00	
Engrossing in duplicate. .140		
Attending to serve — & Co.50	
Having received draft deed, perusing and examining same. . . .	1.00	
Letter to — & Co. returning approved. . .50		
Having received from — & Co. answers to requisitions on title, perusing and considering same.50	
Attending at Registry Office and examining two or three instruments referred to and paid.50	.20
Attending office of Nip & Tuck to examine title papers in their possession when informed by Mr. Nip that they will only allow inspection on payment of \$5.00. .50		
Letter to — & Co. replying to their answers to requisitions on title.50	
Having received letter from — & Co., let-		

	Cost.	Disbursements.		Cost.	Disbursements.
ter to them in reply.	.50		date of Mrs. G——'s marriage when referred by him to Mr. M——.	.50	
Attending interview with you and explaining position and stand taken by —— & Co. as to requisitions, when suggestion made to get agents to press for their commission and see whether Mrs. Vendor would pay the fee required by Nip & Tuck to secure examination of papers.	.50		Letter to —— & Co., as to requisitions that must still be answered	.50	
Attending agents and advising them of position.	.50		Attending M. Shylock and arranging for a loan at 4½ per cent. for balance required by you to pay whole purchase money in cash	1.00	
Having received from agents \$5.00 to pay Nip's fee for examination of papers, attending at his office to inspect title deeds when found that he is out of the city, his partner is unable to say for whom mortgage is held in connection with which they hold title papers.	.50		Attending interview with —— & Co., as to declarations as to dowers	.50	
Attending at Registry Office and searching on adjoining property when found that Mrs. —— is mortgagee.	.50		Attending interview with you as to position, and as to the amount of cash you will be able to pay50	
Paid search.	.25		Attending to bespeak and for tax certificate and paid.50	.40
Attending to advise Mr. Tuck, he will let me know if he can find title papers.	.50		Attending to telephone, —— & Co., as to making discount on purchase money if all paid in cash and as to closing.		
Attending telephone —— & Co., and you advising of position.			Drawing mortgage in duplicate from yourself and wife to Mr. Shylock.	4.00	
Attending office of Nip & Tuck and examining deeds and evidences of title in their possession.	2.00		Attending interview with you and Mrs. —— when mortgage executed and discussed whether you will accept present tenant or prefer to have premises vacated, etc.	1.00	
Attending interview with Mr. Tuck as to D. G. ——, when found that his widow is still living, and that G. died only four or five years ago.	.50		Letter to —— & Co., to arrange for surrender of present lease.	.50	
Attending J. —— as to			Having received letter from —— & Co., that under terms of agreement you must make your own arrangements with tenant, attending interview with you and Mrs. —— and advising of position taken by —— & Co.	.50	

	Cost.	Disburse- ments.
Attending agents and examining original agreement when found that same did not refer to tenancy as a monthly one.50	
Attending — & Co.'s office and examining declarations, tax receipt, insurance policy, lease, etc., and adjusting amount of purchase money to be paid.	1.00	
Attending City Hall to learn if water rates had been paid.50	
Attending Mr. Shylock and obtaining cheque for amount of loan. .	.50	
Having learned from you that water rates unpaid, attending and advising— & Co. when they agreed to allow same to be deducted from purchase money.50	
Attending to search executions against Mrs. Vendor and paid. . .	.50	.30
Attending — & Co., with cheques and obtaining deeds, etc. .	.50	
Attending at Registry Office, making subsequent search and registering deed and mortgage.50	
Paid registering deed. .		1.70
Paid registering mortgage.		1.00
Paid subsequent search		.25
	\$43.50	\$16.80
	16.80	
	\$60.30	

It will be seen by a perusal of the above that the telephone was answered twice without charge. It should also be told in justice to the compiler that he threw off some odd dollars and

cents in the final settlement. The serious part of the affair is that the man who has paid so much for his experience and his title has an absolute guarantee of the former only. A part of the title is guaranteed by the barrister who attended so many things, and although his ability and financial standing are manifested in his bill, he may be frozen in the Klondike or shot in Manila by the time some ex-widow arises to claim a dower he may have overlooked. Another part of the title is guaranteed by an official of the Registry Office and his bondsmen, all of whom may be playing the race-track or the wheat pit in an alien city by the time a possible oversight is discovered. Infinite pains have been taken to provide insecurity. If the man of sad experience wishes to sell, some other lawyer will be obliged to go over the whole work again on behalf of the purchaser, who will learn in his turn the mysteries of a bill of costs. That will virtually impose a tax of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on every transaction in addition to the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. paid Vendor's agents. And for that heavy impost there is no security of title. If this work were done by the Registry Offices, as it should be, one thorough search would be sufficient. To answer subsequent inquiries it would be necessary to search only the instruments subsequently registered against the property. That would entail but little work and could be paid for by a small fee. Relegating this essentially public duty to private individuals, necessitates the repetition of a long search with every transfer. The same investigation is made again and again, each time by a new lawyer on behalf of a new purchaser. Instead of being able to go to the Registry Office and find out for a small fee the condition of any title, a purchaser must call in a legal expert and pay for work that has been done many times by others of his profession. The folly of that system can be explained only on the grounds of a desire to make unnecessary professional work. Another serious defect is the insecurity of these costly titles.

The province should accept the responsibility for its work and not shift it to temporary officials. If safety demands that officials in Registry offices be held responsible for their errors, that responsibility should be to the province, and not to individual clients. The province should make good the occasional errors of its employees, holding them responsible, if need be. There is no justification for leaving the victim

of a blunder to fight out an uncertain action at law against officials and their guarantors, who may be worth much, or little, or nothing, as far as this world's goods are concerned. When once the titles were searched up to date by Registry officials, the work of such offices would be no greater than at present, and there would be no more investigation of ancient records to bring forth endless uncertainty and costs.

Toronto, Ont.

S. T. Wood.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF JAMAICA AND JAMAICANS.

By T. H. MacDermot, Kingston, Jamaica.

JAMAICA in the year 1655, A.D., passed out of Spanish hands. It has ever since remained a possession of Britain. After 244 years of British rule, there remains, to a population of about 700,000 souls, an island wonderfully beautiful, healthy, rich in natural resources, and, despite the pessimistic talk so prevalent concerning it, anything but poor in the means by which these resources may be developed and employed. It possesses fine and well extended roads. The railway, first begun in 1844, has been four times extended during the last fourteen years. Departing from Kingston (on the south coast), it crosses the island, now, in two directions; and presents a total length of some 250 miles. The island possesses some excellent harbours, and many others that need but man's helping hand to render them safe and commodious. The ports are visited yearly by between 600 and 800 vessels. Nine hundred schools, supported by government grants, supply elementary education to the masses. Churches of all denominations are well in evidence. Lastly, the island has a government which, if rather dull and undiscerning, is strong and stable, thoroughly well able to maintain order and ensure security for all its subjects. The people themselves are generally

sober, good natured and law abiding.

These favourable observations must, indeed, be at once qualified by the following remarks: A tax of fifteen shillings per wheel and eleven shillings per horse damps the enterprise of those intelligent peasants who wish to improve their methods of transport. The railway company is blamed for imposing too high rates on the carriage of produce. The line is also condemned by many as being laid through barren and unfertile districts. The education supplied in the government schools is held to foster a false shame of manual labour, with the result that the country swarms with applicants for clerkships; and is lamentably deficient in good tradesmen. The revenue, amounting to £600,000 per annum, is chiefly derived from an import duty of twenty per cent. ad valorem. This duty is attacked by three parties. The first condemns it because it makes the necessities of life dear to the poor and to the middle classes. The second party condemns it as being badly adapted to secure reciprocity with the United States. The third objection to it comes from those who want a tariff arranged specially to foster local industries. There is, also, a land tax, collected in a confusing and irritating fashion; and a house tax which, in so

far as it concerns the lower classes, is generally detested and condemned. The local government, not devoid of good intentions, but with little energy or enterprise, and saturated with languid conservatism, hesitates to impose an income tax, and, though condemning the house tax, permits it to continue. It acknowledges the disadvantages of a high tariff, but leaves the matter untouched, save for an occasional tinkering that provides variety but not reformation. As a consequence, the collection of the revenue proceeds amid a continual clamour from those who see in the tariff arrangements a want of logic and consistency, and, in the house tax, a weight that depresses the peasant aspiring to improve himself socially, and not unwilling to do better morally.

The shrill outcry of these critics, the government has learned, is not to be feared. The attack made on its policy is sure to be bright and bitter, but it is just as certain to be brief. The fatal defect in West Indians is their inability to unite even when affected by a common grievance. Hot tempered, impulsive, and talkative, they are ill-equipped for the give and take, for the ready but discreet compromise, necessary in the formation of parties which are to be permanently influential with governments. In Jamaica a great many call noisily for the imposition of heavy duties to protect home industries. Others demand a system of free ports, and declaim against taxing the necessities of life. The authorities are abused to-day for not encouraging foreign capitalists to settle down in Jamaica, are soundly rated on the morrow for selling the country to monopolists, and for favouring foreigners to the detriment of the native born. The big landowners state their case with an extravagance that is so amusing that one forgets, for the time being, its untruthfulness; and the gentlemen who have small holdings, or want them, reply with counter extravagances and quotations from scripture, referring with grimness to their fate "who add field to field."

The government receives the abuse levelled at it with calm courtesy, and remains "as you were," stolid, honest, but a little stupid. Jamaicans, as a Jamaican has said, are a race of critics and dictators. Each man is prepared to prove the government to be wrong at any given point, and rotten in motive throughout; and each man is convinced that he can set things to rights. When he finds that his friends don't agree with him, he generally retires with much parade from "interference in political questions." In expressing themselves, Jamaicans display brightness, but it is very easily changed into bitterness. They speak at times with admirable clearness, but lack staying power. They display penetration, but are wanting in discrimination. In repose, their politeness is pleasantly in evidence, but excitement will lead them to plunge into appalling exhibitions of rudeness and bad taste. They almost all make the mistake of taking it for granted that, because you have proved your opponent to be wrong, you have proved yourself to be right. Men, who are demanding what is substantially the same thing, will remain perpetually divided on points that are trivial to the last degree.

The mixture of races in the island's population presents another interesting phase of the situation. Of 700,000 people, less than 100,000 are whites and browns. The remaining 600,000 are pure-blooded negroes. This large body of citizens remains almost entirely unstirred by, and little interested in, political questions. This is true of the blacks outside Kingston. In Kingston the case is somewhat different. To anyone making a serious attempt to understand the present condition and future prospects of Jamaica, the condition of the blacks is of supreme importance. The 15,000 whites, and the Hinterland of brown men, are interesting mainly, in fact solely, because of their relation to their 600,000 black fellows. In every sense, save the conventional sense, we white men and our brown cousins are, all the earnest

minded among us, servants of the blacks. It is as our actions and opinions relate to them that they will stand applauded or condemned by the future historian. To-day we lead; to-morrow we advise; and on the day following we are co-workers together with our black countrymen. Here, in a nutshell, lies the history of the whites and browns in Jamaica.

At this point it may be well to review briefly the history of the Jamaican negro. The English began the importation of slaves in 1674. The whites became in a short time, what they have remained, and I don't hesitate to say, what they must remain, a mere fraction of the entire population. The numerous laws passed by the Jamaica Assembly during the 17th and 18th centuries, aimed at preventing the whites from falling below a certain proportion of the population, and show how well the 20,000 white men appreciated the danger of policing 250,000 slaves. The rebellions of 1684, 1760 and 1831 showed the danger was anything but imaginary. The loss entailed on the country by the outbreak of 1760 was calculated as exceeding half a million. The rebellion in 1831 cost us £666,000.

Slavery for the 250,000 blacks was probably not quite the hell it was painted by missionary agitators such as Rev. Mr. Bleby; but it certainly was not the paradise pictured by its defenders. Class the negro with the cow and the horse and slavery remains tolerable, and even desirable. Once admit him into your thoughts as a man; and slavery becomes illogical, wicked, and unbearable, a system condemned alike by morality, religion and common sense. We do not need here to enter upon any detailed consideration of slavery. It will be sufficient to point to three of its effects. The present high rate of illegitimacy (exceeding 60%) comes to us, in no small degree, as a legacy from those days of a bad past when white overseers were valued, among other things, for contributing their bastards to increase the slave gang of the estate. From slavery

also comes, to a large extent, the black Jamaican's deeply implanted habit of imitating the white man. Lastly, slavery has bequeathed to us the tendency to form and maintain socially and otherwise two separate and irreconcilable camps, the white and the black.

The emancipation, opposed not wisely but too well by the planters, came in 1838. The freed people were practically left by the planters (who were then the brains and nerves of the community) to pursue any path they could or would stumble along. Years followed, full of political agitation, strife and tumult, but these things were confined to the rank of the white men only. The franchise as far down as 1865 was the possession of less than 2,000 persons. Gordon (who was subsequently hanged as a rebel) saw that a new power would be in the hand of the man who brought the blacks into the political field. His attempts to wed his thoughts to acts came unfortunately for him at a time when industrial and social grievances were dangerously exciting a people generally stolidly slumberous. There was a nasty outbreak at Morant Bay, suppressed with terrible severity by an able Governor who, on this occasion, lost his head amid the clamour of the panic-stricken whites. The consequence of these events was that Governor Eyre was ruined; and Jamaica lost her representative system of government, becoming a crown colony. The idea now followed out was that of dealing, through Imperial officials, with the entire population, but chiefly and above all with the condition of the blacks. The whites and browns lost by the change, lost long held rights and privileges; but the blacks gained immensely. Governor Grant, able, firm, bold and relentless, a soldier at heart and a born administrator, was sent by the Queen's Ministers to carry out their new policy towards Jamaica. He surveyed with care the problem set him, decided on his programme, and proceeded to carry that programme through, at great expense, say his enemies, but, with a

thoroughness and success that no man, informed on the subject will deny. The leading principle of crown government in Jamaica was that the blacks were equals of the whites in theory, and that they should have every opportunity given them, and every assistance, to make that equality true in fact. Hence, good roads were pushed to and through remote townships and villages; a service was established that placed within reach of the poor, cheap and competent medical aid; postal facilities were cheapened and extended; the courts were reorganized to make them accessible and absolutely trustworthy. In fact, a complete change was effected. Grant moved with brutal directness to accomplish his purposes, and the hatred he excited among the whites and browns, whom he ignored whenever they opposed his projects, remains to this day an almost frantic feeling.

"I am the Government," he said, smilingly, to the members of the Nominated Board whom he kept at his elbow to advise but not control him. "I am the Government," he said; and the saying was exactly true.

Eighteen years after 1866, the Island was ready, and certainly very eager, for a return to representative government. It received a part of what it coveted—a part that has been a trifle changed since 1884, but which has not, in any true sense, been enlarged.

The Legislature of Jamaica consists of members who sit by right of their office, members who sit as nominees of the Governor, and members elected by the people. When the elected members vote together they can block any financial measure advanced by the government; but, without the Governor's permission, no measure can even be introduced, much less discussed, that aims at affecting the raising of revenue. The Governor has also the power to increase the government side by adding new, nominated members. He can thus outvote the opposition, whenever he declares a matter of "paramount importance." He took this course re-

cently in attempting to pass a new tariff bill, but met with such unexpected and decided opposition from public opinion that he withdrew the four nominees.

The industrial history of the Island, during the years over which we have been glancing, may be easily summarized. Even before emancipation, the sugar industry was showing signs of waning prosperity. Emancipation introduced the new difficulty of securing reliable labourers; for the negroes, generally, partly from the invitation that circumstances presented to them, and partly because the planters dealt with them stupidly, preferred "squattling" to working for their old masters. The adoption of Free Trade in England in 1846, struck the deadly blow to the Jamaica sugar industry. Thenceforth it steadily and cantankerously descended the slope of decay. Speaking roughly, the planters have clung to the sinking industry, as tenaciously as certain English politicians have stood by the sick man of Constantinople. But, fortunately for Jamaica, through other agencies, another great industry has been opened up to her inhabitants. More and more attention has been paid to minor products, and to the export of oranges, bananas, and pine apples to America and England. Begun by the enterprise of a few Americans in 1868, the fruit trade has risen by leaps and bounds. These new developments of industry have garrisoned our island against ruin; though, hampered as they are by certain restrictions, they have not insured to us that general and permanent prosperity for which, under favourable circumstances, one may undoubtedly look as their outcome.

The American tariff, variable, and tinged with an underlying hostility to the British West Indies, renders our fruit trade with New York insecure and unsatisfactory. To reach for distant England's friendly markets, we need direct steamers, rapid and specially equipped. Negotiations with the United States, often attempted, have but recently received one more rebuff. The rebuff emphasizes the fact of its

being the imperative duty of the Imperial Government, and of the Jamaican Government, to do everything possible to connect the Jamaica producer with the London market. It is also absolutely necessary that great and radical improvements should be made in the methods now in vogue for preparing Jamaican products for despatch abroad.

To foster these improvements, to deliver to the people careful instruction in the science of agriculture, to bring within their reach the best agricultural implements and the best agricultural methods, to inspire the people with a spirit of determination, energy and enterprise, to make them realize fully what it means to compete for a place in the world's markets with the skilled and intelligent workers of other countries; to do all this, and more, this is the manifest duty of the Jamaican Government, and in attempting to do its duty it should have the support of every branch of the church in Jamaica, institutions that have far and away the greatest influence with our black population.

There remains one subject to which in an article such as this reference should be made. This is the possibility of developing commercial intercourse between Jamaica and Canada. Readers of *THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE* have quite recently had this matter brought before them in an article by Mr. William Thorpe, entitled, "A New Link of Empire." The proposal to connect Jamaica with Canada has two sides, the political and the commercial. About the latter there can be only one opinion held by those who understand the present position of Jamaica. There are excellent reasons why the two colonies should inter-trade largely, and much more largely. The Island has products which the Dominion is pre-

pared to take. The Dominion has certainly products which Jamaica is continually in need of; such, for instance, are flour, timber and fish. Exactly the same can, of course, be said of Jamaica and the United States, of the United States and Jamaica; but Jamaica has begun to distrust the States commercially, and very rightly does she do so. The past explains the origin of such mistrust, the present excuses it; and it will be surprising indeed if the future does not justify it. Canada, on the other hand, by the generosity recently shown towards the West Indies, and by her great-hearted attitude towards the Imperial idea, has begun to inspire in Jamaicans a feeling of confidence and affection.

It is a happy omen that the most important enterprise undertaken in Jamaica for many years now, namely, the establishment of the electric car service, has been carried through by Canadians.

Jamaica, while working to win the English market, should work as sedulously to develop her commercial intercourse with Canada. Every step that will be help on the one end or the other should be taken firmly and courageously; for it is in these new directions that the Island, turning her back on the United States, must seek prosperity. But "the Canadian connection" needs a better "display" and advertisement in Jamaica than it has yet received.

As to the political connection, referred to in Mr. Thorpe's article, whatever is to be the final word on that point, there should be at present a careful refraining from any attempt to force the pace. In any case, no matter how much tact and discretion are shown, it may prove, in the end, that such a connection is unpopular and impracticable.



A SKETCH OF THE BAHAMAS.

By E. B. Worthington.

IT was during the month of January last, that we, valetudinarians left "Our Lady of the Snows" to seek change and rest in a warmer climate. Jack Frost gave us a good send off, registering thirty degrees below zero the day previous to our departure, but two days out from New York, when crossing the Gulf Stream, we were obliged to discard our woollens for lighter clothing. Less than four days' steaming brought us to Nassau, the capital of the Bahamas, otherwise called the "Isles of June."

These sunny isles, notwithstanding their importance, are but little known to the world at large, so a short sketch of their position, formation, history and climate may not be out of place. Roughly speaking, they extend for seven hundred miles from the south-east coast of Florida to the north-west coast of San Domingo. The nearest of the Bimini group lies only fifty miles off Florida. Great Inagua and Turks Island (which latter is generally classed with the Bahamas) lie to the north of San Domingo.

The Bahamas comprise several hundred islands called cays, the largest of which is Andros, about a hundred miles long and forty miles broad. Some are only reefs and sunken rocks over which the sea dashes at will. The word cay (commonly, but incorrectly, pronounced key) is derived from the Spanish *cayos*, a small island, hence the American port Key West.

The islands are all of coral origin, built on the peaks of gigantic mountains which have their bases in the deep. Geologists estimate that it took the small marine architects some four hundred thousand years, or at the rate of one-sixteenth of an inch a year to build these reefs. What an example of patient endeavour!

The Bahamas enjoy the distinction

of being the first land of the New World on which Christopher Columbus set foot. At that time the islands were inhabited by a peaceful race known to history as the Lucayans and numbering about fifty thousand souls. They received the Spaniards as gods. In return for their trustfulness they were transported by the Spanish Government to Hayti and the Spanish Main to labour in the mines. In less than fifty years from the time of their discovery this once happy race had been exterminated by their relentless masters; but to-day traces of their existence in the shape of carved stone articles may be found in the numerous caves throughout the islands.

About the year 1600 the islands were taken possession of by the English, and Charles the Second granted them, under letters patent, to a number of noblemen. But other gentlemen also had their eyes on these pleasant lands. The buccaneers seeing that the islands were in the track of the rich Spanish galleons, and favoured by nature with every advantage that a pirate's heart could desire, usurped and set at defiance the charter of the King. They appropriated the Bahamas exclusively to their own designs until the second decade of the eighteenth century. The cays were indeed a pirate's paradise. He alone knew the location of the countless submerged reefs, the narrow, tortuous channel through which to dash and elude his pursuers; the islets on which to hide his booty and where to replenish his exhausted stores of provisions and obtain fresh water.

From a small beginning the pirates gradually acquired tremendous power. With small shallops they committed correspondingly small depredations. In their palmy days they fitted out great fleets of the highest tonnage and became the terror of the Spaniards.

From these islands were sent out expeditions which captured and laid in ashes the rich cities of Granada, Puerto del Principe, Porte Bello and Panama. The booty was enormous.

During this time the islands enjoyed a very precarious existence, being taken, sacked and retaken by the Spaniards, English and buccaneers half-a-dozen times.

At last in 1718 the English Government resolved to put an end once and for all to piracy in the Bahamas. A British fleet was sent to Nassau which captured the place; a government was established and law and order for the first time began. In commemoration of this event the seal of the colony has since borne the words, "*Expulsis piratis, restituta commercia.*"

During the Revolutionary War, an American fleet captured Nassau, but was only able to hold the town for a few days.

Again, in 1781, the Spaniards took possession, but two years later were expelled once more by the English. At the termination of the American War of Independence large grants of land throughout the islands were given to United Empire Loyalists from the Carolinas who settled there with their slaves.

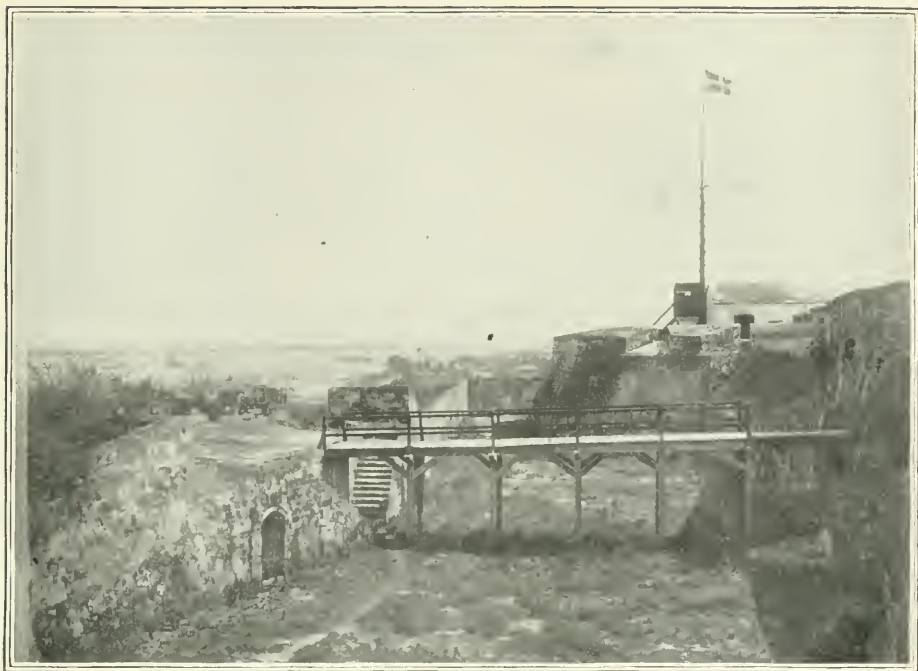
The mace now in use in the Bahamas Legislature was carried from South Carolina by these Loyalists to their new homes. The period of greatest prosperity enjoyed by the islands was during the years of the war between the Northern and Southern States, when, owing to their position, they became the headquarters of the blockade runners to and from the Confederate ports. During the conflict 397 vessels reached Nassau from Southern ports, and 588 cleared from there with contraband of war bound for Confederate ports. These were indeed palmy days for Nassau; things were on the boom. The streets were almost paved with gold. It was even better than old buccaneering days. In place of an annual deficit, the government soon rejoiced in a handsome surplus, and built the Royal Victoria Hotel at an

expenditure of a quarter of a million dollars in order to have a place where they could fittingly entertain their Southern friends. Oh, the irony of time! Then, the patriotic Northerners were secretly fitting out swift blockade runners with which to supply their friends the enemy with munitions of war, and at the same time to make fortunes for themselves. To-day, the wealthy Northerners fare sumptuously at the Royal Vic, the same hostelry erected expressly for the Confederate refugees.

The Bahamas is said to have the most salubrious and equal climate in the world, with a temperature more even than in Maderia, Nice or Algiers and other world-wide health resorts. According to official records, the following is the average daily temperature taken at 9 a.m.: November, 74 deg.; December, 73 deg.; January, 70 deg.; February, 71 deg.; March, 72 deg.; April, 75 deg. Even in midsummer the temperature is no more trying than in our large Canadian cities, and heat prostration is almost unknown. Whites and blacks pursue the even tenor of their several occupations even at mid-day. The rays of the sun, no matter how direct, are nearly always tempered with a breeze from the sea. The rainy season is in August and September. Throughout the winter days sunshine is almost perpetual; and should a shower spring up, as it were by accident, it is only a sunshower, and the clouds quickly roll by, as if ashamed of themselves. A gentle dew falls nightly on the earth, giving it moisture.

The principal exports of the Bahamas are: Sponges, fruit, sisal, pink pearls, shells, turtles and woods.

The chief industry is the sponge fishery, which is controlled by the Jews of New York. About a thousand small schooners are employed, manned by blacks. These men are born sailors, of superb physique and hard as nails. They are not navigators in any sense of the word, but have a *local* knowledge required to traverse those waters which no seamanship can replace. They sail and steer among the dangerous reefs



THE BAHAMAS—FORT CHARLOTTE.



THE BAHAMAS —REGATTA IN NASSAU HARBOUR.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, NASSAU, FROM GEORGE ST.

and sunken islets as if they bear charmed lives. There are few lighthouses or sea marks in the Bahamas, but on the darkest night the darkey is perfectly at home on the sea; he can *smell* land, and knows when to lay-to in the "white water," but in the "bold water," as he calls the ocean, he puts on all the sail his little craft can bear.

The most fearless and intrepid seamen of them all are the men of Andros. Never will an Andros skipper allow his schooner to be outsailed if he can help it; the vessel does not belong to him, and he would far rather sail her to the bottom than be overtaken. "De veather side for de man, de lee side for de shark" is his motto in a race. With a wreck of a compass, swung in an old cracker box, a broken-down lantern to guide the man at the tiller, if too dark, are all the instruments of navigation he possesses, and even these are but seldom put to use. If he be four or five points out of his reckoning, it matters little—his time is his own. When he uses compass, more than likely it is

not at all square with the position which he occupies at the stern. They have narrow escapes indeed. The Bahamas would be a grand recruiting ground for the Royal Navy. These men are almost amphibious, and though not particularly intelligent might be taught many things requisite to a man-o'-war's man; anyhow they are obedient and readily subservient to discipline.

The schooners are fitted out and provisioned at Nassau and are worked on shares by the owner, captain and crew. There is no necessity for diving after the sponges, as in the Mediterranean, for the water is as clear as crystal, and one can readily see the bottom at twelve fathoms. A sea glass is made by knocking out the bottom of a pail or box and inserting a piece of glass in its stead. The box is placed on the surface of the water, glass downwards, and the ripple of the wind on the surface is thereby stilled, allowing objects at the bottom of the sea to be distinctly seen. A long pole with an

iron hook on one end is used to pull the sponge to the surface. The sponge is a very low form of marine life, and is covered with a dark, rubber-like substance. After taking, they are exposed on the deck for some days, in order that the sun may kill all animal life, and when "they can't smell any smeller" are tied to ropes in the krall, an inclosure made with sticks stuck into the sand on the beach, where every tide may wash and cleanse them. Afterwards they are beaten, to get out all minute shells, sand and other matter. Nassau has a sponge exchange, where cargoes are sold at auction to the highest bidder. They are then trimmed and exported, being crushed into a very small space by means of presses. The trimmings are used in the orange groves, being placed on the ground to the depth of several inches under the trees, in order to retain moisture and impede evaporation. There are many grades, such as wool, velvet, reef, grass and glove. Those from the island of Abaco are considered the best.

Perhaps the next most important industry is fruit growing, but it can be scarcely classed as an industry, because

there is so little attention given to its cultivation. Orange trees, of course, are grown from the seed, but in order to save time and get better results you merely stick a young "sour" in the ground, graft a "bird" (which may be either sweet orange, grape fruit or lime) on it when the plant is sufficiently advanced, and sit down and await the result. Nature does the rest, for the natives, black and white, know and care little about fruit culture.

On the island of New Providence there is not much soil. It is surprising to see an orange tree growing, as one would at first suppose, on the bare rock; but upon close examination you will see that the rock has many holes and crevices into which the wind has blown dead leaves and other decaying organic matter, which, with the disintegrating limestone on the edges of the crevices, make the best of soil for orange trees.

There is a great future before the colony as an orange producing country. Florida, after the "freeze" of last winter, is, as far as oranges go, dead; people will no longer put their money into groves there.

They have literally been "frozen



GEORGE ST., NASSAU, FROM GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

out " too often and ruined. The "crackers " of Florida are even now turning their speculative eyes to the land where snow and frost are absolutely unknown. With little or no care, fine, large, juicy oranges of the best brands grow on every island. What wealth is in store for the enterprising, who with capital will devote careful and systematic attention to the growing of this fruit ! A fairly large export business is now done, which might easily be increased ten-fold.

tot will toddle to the foot of a tree and point upwards for a nut.

There are in all about thirty different kinds of fruit in the islands ; in this number are many apologies for fruit, such as the Jamaica apple, the sappodilla and the soursop, the taste of which is a cross between harness oil and Coate's thread.

Quite a little attention is at present being given to the cultivation of coffee and the castor oil bean with good results ; tobacco can also be readily



THE BAHAMAS — QUEEN'S STAIRCASE.

The only fruit to which much attention in cultivation is paid is the pine-apple. A great deal of money is made out of pines : vast tracts of land in the large island of Eleuthera are given over to their production, and here they grow to an enormous size.

Cocoanuts are largely grown, and it is said that a good tree will produce a nut for every day in the year. A pick-aninnie will leave its mother's breast for a jelly (or young) cocoanut ; the little

grown, but the people are too apathetic and unenterprising to cultivate it.

The third article of importance to the welfare of the Bahamas is the sisal plant. A few years ago, before its value was understood, it was regarded as a pest ; in fact, much in the same light that the rabbit was formerly looked upon in Australia. To-day a large amount of capital, furnished principally by England and Newfoundland, is employed in its cultivation ; immense

tracts of land are covered with it, and hundreds of blacks are engaged on the plantations.

A former Governor, Sir Ambrose Shea, previously of Newfoundland, became satisfied that the plant could be turned into a blessing instead of a curse to the colony, and it is almost solely to his efforts and enterprise that the Bahamas owe one of their staple products. He had some of the rope made and sent to Newfoundland, where

by black women and girls, who cut the leaves off the plant and do them up in bundles of twenty-five. They are paid so much a bundle. The bundles are then taken by donkey carts to the factory, which is generally situated in the centre of the plantation and consists of a stationary engine run by kerosene, and one or two machines.

The spikes are first cut off the leaves which are then passed into the "shredder." Here the outer covering is torn



THE BAHAMAS—A SISAL PLANTATION.

it was tried by the fishermen and pronounced satisfactory.

The sisal is very much in appearance like a large century plant, but has only one spike which is at the tip of each leaf. The centre stalk grows to a height of twenty feet or more, and is lopped off on some plantations, perhaps for the benefit of the plant. The sisal is set out in long rows and requires but little care or cultivation as it grows readily on rocky ground with but a few inches of soil. The field labour is done

off, reduced to a pulp, which passes into the waste and is carted off to the dump. The fibre—about two or three feet in length—comes out a beautiful yellowish white, and is pulled out of the shredder by a girl; another carries the dripping mass into the field and hangs it in the sun on the drying frame. When thoroughly dry, it is carried again into the factory, sorted and arranged in lengths and pressed into bales of four or five hundred pounds. The bales are shipped to New York



A SPONGE YARD.

and there prepared for use in the self-binding machines on the wheat fields of the West. It has also lately been adopted in the Royal Navy. The rope has not quite the strength of Manila, nor is it as lasting in the water, but its elasticity is far greater. Owing to the war in the Philippines the price has lately risen and is now five or six cents per pound, which nets about three cents per pound profit. The producers have no difficulty in disposing readily of all the sisal they can grow; in fact, the supply does not equal the demand. On most of the plantations the mill runs only about four months of the year, not having sufficient plants under cultivation to supply it. The cost of production is comparatively small, and the only machinery required is the shredder, and labour is very cheap.

The Bahamas are sometimes

poetically called "the Land of the Pink Pearl." These beautiful gems are found in the conch shells, and are generally exported to Paris, where they are much in favour. They are quite rare, and a single fisherman will break ten thousand shells without finding a pearl, while another one may discover one at once. The value of the pearl depends on its watering and size. The colony presented H.R.H. the Duch-

ess of York, on the occasion of her marriage, with a pink pearl valued at a thousand pounds.

The colony is also one of the greatest shell exporting countries of the world. Beautiful shells of all sizes, hue and variety are shipped in great quantities, including tortoise shell. Green turtles are also exported.

The woods produced are principally mahogany and dye woods from Andros and some of the larger islands.

The capital of the Bahama Islands is Nassau, on New Providence, a city



THE SPONGE EXCHANGE.

of about sixteen thousand inhabitants, one fifth being white. The city is called after the Prince of Orange, and the Island was so named because it was the refuge of a shipwrecked crew, who in gratitude called it New Providence to distinguish it from the town in Rhode Island. Seaward of Nassau half a mile distant and along the whole front, lies a cay, known by the euphonious name of "Hog Island," given to it doubtless on account of the rapacious tendency of the boatmen who

and is sawn out into blocks, which soon harden by exposure to the air. No foundation walls nor cellars are required, for frost is unknown. There are but a few inches of soil on the island, and the houses are built on the solid rock. In this equitable climate the buildings last for many generations.

The streets are smooth and hard as asphalt. Should there be a hole, broken rock is put in and covered with powdered limestone; the first rainfall



THE BAHAMAS—TRIMMING SPONGES.

ferry visitors across for a *consideration*.

Inside the parallel of water ride the white painted smacks fitting out for the sponge fishery. Nassau is built on the side of a low range of hills, which gradually slope to the water's edge; it has many fine public and private buildings all built of the creamy coral limestone. There are several quarries near the city, from which the stone is taken. No arduous drilling nor any explosive is required; the limestone is quite soft

wets it and then the sun completes the work, baking it as hard as iron. The streets are easily kept clean and there is little or no dust. New Providence is a paradise for bicyclists; there are many beautiful rides, and the main roads generally skirt the sea shore, where there is always a pleasant and refreshing breeze, and no hills to climb. A wheel may be hired for a moderate sum. Here under the coconut palms, orange and almond trees,

or through groves of cacti fifteen feet high, one can ride. It is delightful to take a spin in the cool of the evening beneath the tropical sky brilliantly sparkling with stars.

High stone walls are everywhere; about every house; about every plantation. No matter how far one rides into the country still stone walls. The walls are finely and most beautifully built, cemented over, and were constructed in old slavery days. In many places they are capped with broken bottles, whose cruel, jagged edges defy the boldest urchin.

Nassau is a remarkably healthy place, though without any system of sewerage or water works: all decaying and objectionable matter seems to be readily absorbed by the porous rock.

Fresh water may be found anywhere, and every dwelling has its own well in its own back yard; the water is wholesome, but strongly impregnated with lime. If it were not so the place would be a perfect hot-bed of typhoid fever germs. A few of the wealthy people use rain water for drinking purposes, which is collected on the roofs of the houses and runs through pipes into tanks in the yards.

The Bahamas, of course, are part of the British Empire. The people are loyal. The blacks know when they are well off; they are well treated and enjoy equal liberty and rights with their white neighbours. Altogether they are much superior to the niggers

of the Southern States. Lynch-law is unknown; no concealed weapons are carried, and the darkies are wholly respectful, law-abiding citizens. Indeed, there is little crime throughout the islands, with the exception of petty theft. The blacks have a most wholesome dread of the law which is administered simply, speedily and justly.

A happy, contented, careless people are they; taking no thought for the morrow, for nature has dealt lavishly with them. Physically they are a re-

markably fine race, tall, slim, well proportioned and supple. What strikes a stranger at once is their swinging gait and easy carriage, doubtless acquired from the habit of carrying burdens on the head. A little tot will strut along the streets with a bundle of sticks as large as itself balanced on its pate.

For young and old this is the universal way of carrying articles. Then the constant swimming and diving of the young men and boys develops the muscles and

adds symmetry to the body. A deformed black is a rare object in the Bahamas. Some of the men, and women, too, particularly of the "Out Islands," are perfect giants in stature. This may perhaps be due to the infusion of white blood dating from old slaving days, and still going on. As they express it, "*De white folks came and married into our families.*"

They are of all shades, but no mat-



"UNDRESSED KID."

ter how black a Bahama nigger may be he generally has a straight nose. The squat nose, thick lips and coarse features of the negro are rarely seen.

The whites are mostly the descendants of the old United Empire Loyalists, slave dealers, wreckers and sea-kings. A native white is known as a *conch* (*konk*), to distinguish him from a stranger, who is a "foreigner," whether British or American. The *konks* seem to be an unenterprising race, content to put off until next week what should be done to-day. A young man's sole ambition is to clerk in a Bay Street store at twenty bob per week. A merchant of Nassau will in the evening lock his money up in the safe—in the morning it is still there—he thanks God, and is content. He will not take the labour or risk entailed of investing it for the welfare of himself and the community; so the colony is backward and unprogressive, only awaiting outside capital and energy to develop its rich and varied resources.

The American visitors seem charmed and captivated with the darkies,

young and old, and make use of them in many ways. They are greatly surprised to see such a well-behaved, respectable lot of negroes, and such a thoroughly model colony so close to their own passion-swept shores.



ON THE WAY TO MARKET.

The coloured people, young and old, of these islands are very interesting. They are fairly well informed, as education is compulsory for children between the ages of five and twelve years; books are furnished free of charge. In the public schools, white and black, copper coloured, quadroon and octoroon, one with another, sitting elbow to elbow, without distinction of shade, are grounded in the three R's; with singing, calisthenics and marching. Well conducted scholars they are, too, learning their duty towards their neighbour; "To honor and obey the Queen and all who are put in authority under her."

The native quarter is Grantstown, a suburb of Nassau. Here the blacks live in little huts generally of three or four rooms. Every dwelling has its own enclosure and is surrounded by fruit trees; the huts have no window

panes, but shutters hung on hinges, which are generally left open to admit the air. Grantstown is picturesque in the extreme. Here are the most lovely little lanes imaginable, where one may walk in the cool shade of all sorts of tropical fruit trees with beautiful plants blooming on every side. The road to the Bailleu Hills is especially lovely and interesting.

The natives are the best behaved people in the world. One hears no bad language, is never molested or even *talked at*; but it is always, civilly, "How are you to-day, boss?" or "Fine day, sah!"

When Saturday night comes around the natives hold a market in their own quarter. The principal street of Grants-town is used for this purpose and the merchandise is set out for sale early in the evening. A box or table serves for a counter; a few smouldering pine sticks give a fitful light, or a wealthy trader may have a candle protected from the wind by being placed in a small box. On the counter is set out perhaps half a dozen kinds of vegetables, such as a few yams, tomatoes, red peppers, sugar cane sticks: never anything more than would cover a good size whist table. Another will go in for sweets, having bennie and cocoa-nut cakes.

The market extends for perhaps a mile, the little boxes or tables arranged on either side of the street. The whole market would not contain more merchandise in value than forty or fifty dollars. This is no exaggeration; we frequently bought out a whole stand for sixpence and distributed the effects among our young friends, for one must have at least a dozen boy guides while doing Grantstown.

Here the whole population gathers—not evidently to buy—but to promenade and chatter and crack jokes in a high treble. The vendors do not seem anxious to dispose of their wares, for should they not sell them they can eat them, so it is as broad as it is long. In the meat market, a building by itself, were displayed a few goats' heads, goats' feet and small shreds of meat;

every negro who came along handled and pinched the aforesaid meat, doubtless to improve its quality and to make it more tender.

The American visitors, much to the distaste of the resident clergy, spoil and demoralize the black population, particularly the youngsters, with the pernicious habit of wholesale tipping. Their carriages through Grantstown are always followed by a dozen or so kids, turning somersets, dancing and yelling about for pennies. The Americans always go there with a handful or so of small change for this purpose; it teaches the boys to be beggars and makes them lose their self-respect, but it is difficult to resist their importunities as they are so cute and cunning.

There are many fine churches in Nassau, probably more than in any other place of the same population, and the blacks are great church goers. The Church of Eng'land is the established church, and surpliced choirs of boy darkies are common. They are born singers, and the services are fervent and hearty and as high as the most ritualistic could reasonably desire. Other denominations are strongly represented. Visitors often go on a Sunday night to the "Shouters," a palm-thatched church in Grantstown. Here the preachers and congregation work themselves into a perfect frenzy. Should the exhorter's ideas agree with those of the congregation, the latter do not hesitate to give expression to their feelings by saying "Dat's true," "Yes," "Amen," etc.

On week days, if there is whistling in the street, it is generally a hymn-tune, and the darkies bring sayings from the scriptures into their everyday conversation, sometimes in the most amusing manner. For instance, two boatmen quarrelling about a fare, one said sarcastically to the other, "Let not your heart be troubled, dat is my boss." Again, a darkey in a large cart attached to a small donkey was belabouring the animal, crying, "Get up, Jehu," when perceiving us looking on, he added, "Yes, Foss, an

my name am Nimshi, 'cas I driveth furously." They are most punctilious in observing the first day of the week ; no manner of work is done on that day. You will not be importuned to sail or row. The New York packet, if there be likelihood of making port on a Sunday, will slow down, for the captain well knows he cannot have his boat unloaded until Monday. Another instance : it was during a long cruise of several weeks among the cays ; we had the shark hook trailing at the stern—one day was like unto another, as we had lost track of time, but it was Saturday evening. The darkey captain came aft, hauled in the line, took off the bait, threw it overboard, and said in a matter-of-fact way, "Ve vont vant dis any mo', boss, 'til Monday mawnin'."

The women and men, attired in their Sunday best, go to church, and spend the rest of the day promenading up and down the streets. They are got up regardless of expense, and in the most ludicrous manner, perfect caricatures of fashion ; the ladies in the most gorgeous of colours, all furbelows and starch with night-mares of hats. If Eve is a *black* nigger, her hair is plaited into the smallest of braids on the top of her head as tightly as can be, for she is ashamed of her wool ; if a *white* nigger, she is proud of her tresses and wears them *à la mode*. One must have some pretence to Caucasian ancestry to be in society. The men, of course, have not such a large range in clothing, but it is considered the correct thing to wear a plug hat, Prince Albert, and red slippers, or nickers and golf-hose of the most dazzling plaid ; or a white duck suit, black silk sash, white crush hat with flaring bandana. This is only on the Sabbath ; old clothes and bare feet on week days are good enough for the best.

What strikes a visitor to New Providence is the absence of song birds. We saw humming birds and a few other insignificant little creatures, but nothing that could give more than a chirp or two. It is different in the Out

Islands, where the mocking bird makes it cheerful enough. However, what New Providence lacks in songsters is made up a hundred-fold by the domestic fowl. Here the crow of the rooster attains a vigour and continuity elsewhere unknown ; he certainly does his level best to rectify Nature's mistake. The only song birds of Nassau are shut up in coops in every back yard with turkey gobblers and ducks, all unconsciously awaiting slaughter in due time and turn. As soon as night has fairly set in, they begin to "salute the coming morn," and keep it up "till daylight doth appear," making Nassau anything but a land of dreams. But you grow used to everything—even mosquitoes—that only buzz and never bite.

There are many intensely interesting places to visit in and about Nassau. There is the Queen's Staircase, which is an open tunnel or subway cut out of the solid limestone, about seventy-five feet deep, and half as wide, extending for about a hundred yards. It was constructed in the olden days to allow troops to approach the shore unseen from Fort Fincastle, and also to serve as a protection to them from being shelled by vessels in the harbour. There are in all three forts, Montague at the east, Fincastle at the centre, and Charlotte to the west of the harbour. The largest and most important, Fort Charlotte, was constructed by the Spaniards with slave labour. Its glory has departed, being now used as a signal station ; but one can see by the portcullis, moats, subterranean passages, dungeons and dismantled ordnance, how formidable a place it once was. There are several hundred yards of underground works, which may be explored by the aid of torches, a well several hundred feet deep, powder-houses, prisons and barracks, all hewn out of the coral rock.

Every visitor to Nassau must, of course, see the Phosphorescent Lake, otherwise called Waterloo Lake, which is about three miles from the centre of the town, and is a small pond about four feet deep, formerly used for stor-



THE BAHAMAS—ON THE ROAD TO FORT CHARLOTTE.

ing turtles. It is at its best on a dark night. We get into a boat and are rowed around by a darkey; at every stroke a flash of golden fire eddies around the oars. The pond is fairly alive with fish which dart to and fro as the boat approaches, leaving a trail of light in their wake. We put our hands in the water, splashing it about, and the same phosphorescent glow appears. A negro swims out from the shore towards us; he seems, as he gets nearer, to be swimming in a molten furnace; the water is brilliantly aglow all around him. It is indeed a brilliant and wonderful sight.

A visit to the Sea Gardens at the "Narrows," above Hog Island, must not be omitted. We take a glass-bottomed boat in tow of the sail boat, and after a pleasant sail anchor and get into the small boat; the bottom of this being of glass and below the surface of the water, the waves are quieted and we are enabled clearly to distinguish the floor of the sea. We are rowed

about the gardens in every direction, finding new pleasures to behold at every move. The gardens are about eight to fifteen feet deep. Lady Brassy, in "The Voyage of the Sunbeam," says: "If you can picture to yourself the most beautiful of coral, madrepores, echini, sea weeds, sea anemones, sea lilies and other fascinating marine objects, growing and flourishing under the sea, with fish darting about among them like the most gorgeous birds and butterflies conceivable, all in the clearest of water, which does not impede the vision in the least, and resting on a bottom of the smoothest white coral sand; if you still further imagine a magnificent blue sky overhead, and a bright sun shining out of it, even then you will have but a very faint idea of the marvellous beauty of the wonders of the sea on a coral bank in the Bahamas."

When we spied anything special that we wished for, we had only to point it out to the diver, who stood up in the bow and down head foremost he would



THE BAHAMAS—ON THE ROAD TO BAILLEN HILLS.

go ; break it off the bottom with a hatchet he carried in his hand, and return with it to the boat. The "Gardens" near Nassau are not what they once were ; every skiff carries divers and they are being rapidly denuded of their beauties. We saw other "Gardens" in the Out Islands which were far more beautiful than those near Nassau.

There are several *ceibas* or silk cotton trees growing in the public places of the city, remarkable for the tremendous size of their roots, portions of which spread in every direction from the trunk.

The rocky soil on which they grow seems to have pressed back the roots which would have entered into the too small crevices, making them hump up like the backs of a drove of camels. There is lots of room for the scholars of a small school to play hide and seek among the folds of a silk cotton tree.

By far the best thing in the island we thought was the daily bathe. Up Bay Street we go to the landing, where we

always find a boat or two manned by stalwart darkies, who are ready to pilot us over to Hog Island, about half a mile straight across. Charon always greets us with "How is you to-day, boss?" or "Wery vindy, sah." It is a lovely row ; the air is always fresh ; the sky and water bluest of the blue and the latter so clear and sparkling that we can plainly see the bottom. The water is coloured in streaks of sky blue, vivid light green and alternate dark patches. The colour of the water here is really something marvellous ; sometimes it is of the brightest emerald, but I think that a robin's egg green, describes it best ; it is as brilliantly coloured a few feet from us as at the horizon ; there is nothing like it anywhere—there cannot be. Should an artist be so bold as to convey an idea of the wonderfully vivid colour of these waters on his canvas, people would say that it was unnatural. The harbour is dotted with vessels belonging to the sponge fleet ; their masts as they congregate along the wharfs look

like the spears and pennants of a vast army of the olden time; then the town itself rising slowly on the hills, with its white coral limestone buildings edged in with palm trees, presents a sight long to be remembered. It is indeed a pleasant land.

Well, we land at Higgs' wharf, which is in fact no wharf at all now, but in the old days of sixty—sixty-five, was a scene of great activity, where fortunes were quickly made and as quickly lost. The "ways" for drawing up the vessels and repairing them; the old machine shops, steam boilers, etc., are still here, useless and rusty, but forming a relic of the old Blockading Days. We land and walk across the Island—only a few hundred yards—under the cocoanut palms, orange, grape fruit, sappadila and ponciana trees. The grove is groaning under the weight of the golden, yellow and brown burdens. We come to the fruit stand, and here Mr. Higgs is welcoming his guests. He is a genial old party, very popular and making lots of cash. On his tables are spread out all the fruits of the Island in great plenty. "Help yourself," says Mr. Higgs, and we all fall too. The fruit is just from the tree, luscious, delicious, full of life-giving glame. Mr. Higgs and his assistants, Dennis, a smart kid of fourteen, and a black (to gather the fruit) stick short pointed pieces of wood through the oranges and then neatly and deftly peel them, leaving a shank or butt at each end of the fruit where the stick goes through. We hold the ends of the stick in each hand and go for the orange like children at a sugaring-off in the woods of Canada, suck the juice, throw the pulp away—and repeat. If there is a crowd, Mr. Higgs says heartily, "Gents, help yourselves while I look after the ladies." Then you select a stick yourself, harpoon a golden beauty, and after peeling a few oranges, become quite an adept. After we have all the oranges, and cocoanut milk we can stow away—and the milk is not what one gets up north—out of the stale hard nuts, but cool and refresh-

ing, we go to "Mammy" for our bathing suits and towels. Out she hands them as accurately as a hat boy in a large city hotel. Then we adjourn to the dressing house, where we discard our hot flannels, and on to the beach. What a beach it is, surely the finest in the whole world, with its pure crystal water, salt and refreshing, its breakers which come rolling in and tumble us about, the beautiful light green of the ocean, but above all, the sand, which is so soft and gently yielding to the feet, the coral sand, formed by minute, infinitesimal particles of shells, crushed into millions of pieces.

After a deliciously cool bracing bath, we walk up and down the marvellous sand and let the sun get in his work. Then a good rub down in the dressing room, and rehabilitated, once more to the fruit stand. All this for a bob! Old Higgs never made much out of Canada! Another delightful row to the town. This was a daily occupation while in Nassau, and used up about two of the pleasantest hours one could imagine.

One advantage about the Bahamas is that there are no taxes; there is a tariff for revenue only, averaging twenty-five per cent, but no imposts whatever on land. The legislature is composed of the council, chosen by the governor, and the assembly elected by the people; the sessions are at night. There is no municipal body to supervise the affairs of the city of Nassau, the legislature attends to this. We had tickets for the opening of parliament and heard the speech from the throne; it related chiefly to revenue, the sisal industry and the Falgher hotel deal. The revenue for the past year amounted to £74,307, expenditure £62,453, giving the fine surplus of £13,770. Mr. Falgher, who represents the Florida Hotel system is building a gigantic hotel in Nassau, at a cost of close on to one million dollars. The site chosen is the old barracks formerly occupied by the West Indian regiment. He has also purchased the Royal Victoria hotel from the government, and controls the win-

ter service between Nassau and Miami, in Florida. He stands in a fair way of soon becoming the uncrowned king of the island, his intervention in the affairs of the colony cannot but conduce to its material prosperity, whether to its advantage in other directions, remains to be seen. The governor was escorted by a guard of honour composed of marines in scarlet tunics and white duck trousers from H.M.S. *Indefatigable* and *Pallas* (which had that morning arrived from Jamaica), and the Bahamas Constabulary. The latter are uniformed like the Royal Artillery, and are a clean, neat, well set up, soldierly looking lot of men of exceptionally fine physique. The Imperial garrison was withdrawn some years ago. Nassau, being such a quiet, orderly place, the constabulary have little to do but parade the streets and show off their fine figures and uniforms.

English jurisprudence is in force in the colony, and the law of primogeniture, of course, prevails.

The currency is English, and the retail business so distinctive of the natives is shown here also, a sixpence is a "shilling" with them. Unfortunately, we did not find this out until we had been in the colony for some days, and of course were paying double. The custom probably originated from the natives having so little cash, they imagined they could deceive themselves into being so much the richer by calling a sixpence a shilling. A penny ha'penny (three cents) is called a "cheque."

We attended the regatta, which is an annual affair, held during the month of March. It occupied the whole of the day, and was observed as a general holiday, everybody attending who could possibly do so, and each race was keenly contested. The most amusing event was the walking of the greasy pole. The pole projected out from the stake boat some thirty feet, and twenty feet above the water, and was generously covered with ship slush; at the end was a ham securely fastened for bait. The first negro to compete

began by locking his elbows and knees around the pole, slowly working his way towards the coveted prize. It was a slippery journey, but at last he reached the goal. This was but a trifle towards securing the ham. It was impossible for him to release his hold by his elbows and knees without falling, so he could not use his hands, but expedients were not wanting. He commenced to gnaw the ropes, it took a long time, but that negro had lots of courage. His muscles quivered with the exertion, his mouth, eyes, nose and wool were a mass of white slush, but his jaws kept on. At last the ham hung over the pole by only one cord. He dropped from his position, caught the ham dangling below and hung suspended, then putting his whole weight thereon, jerked away. At last perseverance and nerve were rewarded, and negro and ham descended into the deep, only to bob up serenely together a moment later. Eureka! he got it, and a deafening shout burst from the vast crowd.

When we first arrived at Nassau we went directly to the only hotel in the place; on the steamship folders it stated that the rates were from \$2.50 per day upwards, but we found the rates from \$5.00 up, with extras extra. This was too rich for our blood. We had come for a change and rest, but if we stayed there the waiters would take the change, and the landlord the rest. We intended to remain some months away, so decided to find a cheaper resting place; besides we had not come so far to put up at an American hotel in the West Indies, where nearly all the food is brought from New York. We decided to eat the food of the country cooked *à la pays*. So we found a nice private boarding house, where we lived like fighting cocks on the fat of the land. Delicious fish, fruit and vegetables at every meal; no meat, as that had to be brought from New York in large refrigerators. There are no cattle on the island to speak of; it is true there are sheep, but they are few and far between, and what there are look



THE BAHAMAS—CEIBA OR SILK-COTTON TREE.

more like foxes, both in colour and shape. Milk is used in the condensed form. In cooking, the custom is to fry everything in grease, whether it be chicken, fish or duck, even turkey. The blacks are splendid cooks. At the first meal in our new quarters, the food seemed so strange, we hardly knew what to begin on, but being pressed to try some fried *grunt*, we assented, thinking we were here on safe ground; to our surprise fish was set before us instead of pig, as we expected.

"Keep to the left." These words on the street corners meet your eyes at every turn. It signifies to the driver that he must pass a vehicle from the opposite direction by keeping to the left, as in England. People are buried on the same day as they die, even among the wealthiest whites: the graves are hewn out of the lime stone or the coffin laid on the top of the rock and bricked over.

Among other excursions to the Out Islands, we had a most interesting trip

to Watlings Island, otherwise known on the Admiralty charts as San Salvador. This island is now admitted to be the real land fall of Columbus. Up to a few years ago, the island, now known as Cat Island, had the honour of being known as the San Salvador of Christopher Columbus, but a British officer closely following the diary of the great explorer with the modern charts, effectively demonstrated to the world, that Watlings was in reality the first place seen. His arguments, I believe, were as follows: First, Columbus stated that he rowed around the northern end of the island in one day. This is quite possible to do at Watlings, as the island is only about fourteen miles in length, but impossible at Cat Island which is some eighty miles long. Second, Columbus described a large lake in the centre of his island: there is none on Cat Island, while there is a most beautiful land locked body of salt water on Watlings. Again, Columbus after leaving San Salvador sailed in the direction of Cuba: had he started from

Cat Island, it was a thousand to one that he would ever have reached Cuba alive: the chart shows the sunken rocks and reefs of the Exuma Sound between these two islands as thick as mosquitoes, while from Watlings there is a fine open channel in the direction of Cuba.

Though Watlings is only one hundred and eighty miles from Nassau, so buffeted about by contrary winds were we it took us eight days to reach our destination, while we returned with a favourable breeze in thirty-two hours. There were twelve of us all told, six whites and six blacks, on the *Western Queen*, a professional sponger of seventeen tons, thirty feet long by fifteen beam. For days we ran against the strong currents and head winds, not making a mile an hour. Often we would sail for hours in the shallow white water, with the bottom of the sea clearly visible at six fathoms as we passed. Our mission was to take on a load of oranges. The blacks had the forward cabin in which were stored the packing boxes, and we six whites had the aft cabin, six by ten feet actual measurement. Our food was substantial, but not diversified: our choice for breakfast, dinner and tea, was hard tack, sow belly, grits, and salt horse. We were obliged to sleep on the food cases, and the cockroaches and ants, swarming over us in their hundreds, made night hideous. It was impossible to remain on the small deck with the sea running mountains high without being drenched to the skin, so we were crowded in the cabin, night and day, during most of the time. Owing to the carelessness of the cook, we were without water for the last two days of our trip. Alone on the broad Atlantic with our little craft driven hither and thither, the crew evidently out of their reckoning, we asked the captain, "What if we miss Watlings and run past it?" He answered, "Bermuda is de next lan'." We knew he was mistaken in his geography and South Africa was the next station. At last, one midnight we made Watlings, and lay-to till morning, when we landed.

The whole population came down to the beach to shake hands and hear the news, for they are far out of the beaten track of civilization and get a mail but a few times a year. There are only half a dozen whites on the island. Once on shore and getting on to our *terra firma* legs we did Watlings thoroughly. It is by far the most beautiful island of the Bahamas: the soil is rich and the vegetation luxurious in the extreme. Here all fruits of the tropics grow to perfection. It seemed to us after our long voyage in that stuffy little boat, and the untold hardships we considered we had suffered, to be a perfect paradise. Our medical friend, a Florida cracker, joyously exclaimed as he waded ashore through the surf, "Why, this is just like New York. The more experience I had in being tossed around in that thar sponger, the more I was inclined to admire Christopher Columbus and his grit." Watlings indeed made up for all the discomfort of getting there and we fairly revelled in the delights of the island. We rowed through the beautiful lagoon, which is the haunt of innumerable ducks, cormorants, flamingo-snipe and other birds: we did not want for fresh fowl, nor fish either. We also captured a number of iguana or immense lizards, of which the blacks were very fond. One day we devoted to visiting the Columbus monument on the north-east side of the island. We hired some thoroughbred little Spanish stallions, and had a delightful gallop for five miles along the hard sandy beach. Our guide said, "Yes, boss, I vas dar, when Mistah Vellman put up dose stones: he took out a land compass, and he say, 'I vant to find de mark of Columbus on the rock:' den he take de sight and go straight to de place and ve digs down couple feet an ve find de figure X on de rock. Dat vas de mark Columbus himself mak, an dar ve place de mon'ment." The monument stands about ten feet high and is made of jagged coral limestone: it overlooks the sea from an eminence and directly in front are precipitous rocks where no landing would

be possible. The inscription is as follows :

ON THIS SPOT
CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

FIRST SET FOOT UPON THE SOIL OF
THE NEW WORLD.

—
ERECTED BY
"THE CHICAGO HERALD,"
June, 1891.

Our Florida friend after striking an attitude and apostrophising the monument, said: "It never seemed to *soak into me* what an important event that thar discovery was," but noticing the difficulty of the landing place, added, "Say, friend, this is a regular gol-darn fake. Columbus would have broken his blasted neck if he had landed here; he was no sech fool; he want going to land right here, when thar's lots of good beach way down yonder." Notwithstanding his incredulity, he knocked a big chunk off the monument as a memento and carried away all the old drift wood (the more worm-eaten the better) that he could lay his hands on in the vicinity.

The natives of Watlings and Cat Island are very superstitious; in the latter island particularly obeism has a strong hold upon them.

During our cruise, we landed on Cat Island near Columbus Bluff, and a fire dance was performed in our honour. There was a large fire built on the sandy beach, and at the sound of the tom-toms the natives gathered from all directions. A tom-tom is made by taking a flour barrel and drawing a goat's skin tightly over the head. The drum is warmed before the fire, and when manipulated by one of the drummers, gives out a hollow sound, weird in the extreme. The performers, men and women, dance in turn; when one stopped exhausted, another would begin. The motions were full of grace and snake-like. The dancer, for the time being, would glide up to the others, all apparently fascinated by the beating of the tom-toms and the subtle

actions of the dancer, then bound away as near the fire as possible. The idea seemed to be to charm or hypnotize one another.

Near Columbus Bluff there are large caves filled with ammonia, accumulated by the bat droppings of ages. This is very valuable as a fertilizer and is taken away by the ship load. It was on Cat Island that the Spanish war vessel, *Maria Teresa* went ashore last fall, while being towed homewards as a prize by the Americans. Our Florida friend wished to capture her name plates as a souvenir, but the captain of the *Western Queen* would not wait. When we left Cat Island we passed Rum Cay, noted, not for its liquor, but for the large quantities of salt exported. Here, on one of its reefs, the wreck of H.M.S. *Conqueror* can be plainly seen.

The Bahamas are bound to show up sooner or later as a great fruit-producing centre. Quite a number of young Englishmen have taken up cays, where they lead a sort of Robinson Crusoe existence, devoting their time to the cultivation of fruit and other tropical products, which have a ready sale. There are no noxious reptiles or insects, but a few snakes, which are quite harmless.

There is a future before the islands, but under what flag their destinies will be cast it is hard to foretell. There is no steamship communication between the different cays; even the mail boats are but sailing vessels. The Bahamas are rather neglected by Great Britain and the other colonies of the Empire, in that there is no steamship communication between them but via New York. This is not as it should be. Owing to their proximity to the shores of the Great Republic, some of the whites have a hankering after annexation, but the blacks will probably never consent.

Quite a profitable trade might be worked up from Canada in grain, hay, flour, cheese and manufactured lumber, which is now altogether controlled by the Americans.

A DAUGHTER OF WITCHES.

LAST INSTALMENT.

By Joanna E. Wood, Author of "The Untempered Wind", "Judith Moore", etc.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Sidney Martin, a young Bostonian, is visiting the Lansing farm. Mr. Lansing is a widower, but has living with him his daughter Vashti and his niece Mabella, two very charming maidens. Lansing Lansing, a cousin of both these girls, is in love with sweet, honest Mabella; while Sidney becomes enamoured of the proud, stately Vashti. But Vashti is in love with her cousin Lansing, or "Lanty," as he is called, and she is deadly jealous of Mabella's happiness. In this state of mind she accepts Sidney's attentions, and ultimately decides to marry him. She makes him promise, however, that he will never take her away from Dole, the little village close at hand, and asks him also to train himself for the position of successor to the Rev. Mr. Didymus, the present Congregational minister and sole clergyman of the village. Vashti's idea is that as wife of the minister she will be mistress of Dole with all the power for which her flinty, worldly soul craves. And when this "Daughter of Witches" so influences this nature-worshipping young man that he consents to enter the holy profession, she feels that her hour of vengeance will not be long delayed. Two years afterwards, at the death-bed of the Rev. Mr. Didymus, Sidney and Vashti are married. Lanty and Mabella had been united some time previously. As minister of Dole, Sidney won the adoration of his people with his sweet and winning sermons. But slowly and steadily his wife weaves about him her hypnotic meshes until she has him almost absolutely under her control. Then her day of vengeance seems at hand—she is preparing to pour the vials of her wrath on her friends and relations. She hypnotizes her husband one Sunday and causes him to preach a lashing sermon which deeply offends his congregation.

CHAPTER XV.

ON Monday Dole watched the parsonage gate narrowly, but when Sidney at length came forth he found the little street silent, the doorways dumb, the windows as expressionless as the patch upon a beggar's eye. But silence is often eloquent, speech lurks behind closed lips, and the beggar's patch is frequently only a pretence; as Sidney advanced, the children, playing marbles or hop-scotch in the shade of the houses, rose and ran within, the doors were closed by invisible hands as he drew near, upon the window blinds he could see sometimes the silhouette, sometimes the shadow of a peering face.

Dole had its preacher beneath its most censorious microscope. Beneath the lens of prejudice virtues are distorted to the semblance of vices, but beneath the lens of personal disapproval faults become so magnified that the virtues dwindle to mere shadows, and finally vanish. Furtive scrutiny is nearly always condemnatory, and is in its very nature a thing abhorrent; to a sen-

sitive spirit it is simply a sentence of death. The chill of it fell upon Sidney's spirit and weighted its wings as with leaden tears. Coming after the curious circumstance of his people's abrupt departure from the church, Sidney could not but connect their present manifestation of coldness with his sermon.

What had he said, he asked himself, with an agonized effort to force his memory to serve him; but like a spoiled, indulged servant memory had become a saucy menial and refused to do his bidding. It was impossible for him to dream however that it was the substance of his sermon which had offended them; he had never spoken aught to them but words of peace and hope. It was the spirit doubtless to which they objected. Could it be that, detecting the false ring in his faith, they had turned upon him, as one who had led them from out the wholesome wind-swept places of their stern creed, to the perilous shelter of an oasis of false hope, where they would be crushed in the wreck of the palms of peace, whose stems had no stability, but had sprung

up mushroom-like out of human love, instead of spiritual faith?

Sidney turned away from the mute condemnation of the village to the bosom of the hill, and presently found himself over the crest, and in the hill-side pasture where Lanty's young horses kicked up their heels and tossed their heads, in the arrogant freedom of two-year-olds.

Sidney paused and held out his hands to them, uttering little peculiar calls, and they came to him, at first fearfully, then more confidently, and at last with the boldness of happy ignorance—they did not know yet that man's hand imposes the bridle and the bit.

Sidney had a great fascination for dumb creatures whose instinct distinguishes the real love from the false so much more surely than does our reason. As Sidney stroked their velvety noses, and talked to them, and let them lip his hand, a singular expression overspread his face. For suddenly there faded from it every mark and line imprinted by experience.

The retrospect and dream of love faded from out his eyes and was replaced by the innocent look of the child who enjoys the present moment and anticipates the future with unshaken confidence, the look of one who has neither desired, nor felt, nor yearned, nor suffered. It was a strange thing—such a transformation as one sees sometimes when Death smooths out the furrows and gives back to the worn body the brow of babyhood—signing it with the solemn signet of eternal peace which never shines save above eyes closed forever. And when our mortal eyes behold this chrism we tremble and call it unearthly, as indeed it is. And this halo shone upon Sidney's countenance as he fondled the young horses, and talked to them as to brothers.

At length the glory faded from his face; little by little as a fabric falls into its old folds, his face resumed its normal expression; he patted the outstretched noses all round.

"What piteous eyes you have, poor fellows!" he said, and left them

stretching their glossy necks over the fence to him, and pressing their broad breasts against it, till it creaked and cracked.

Dole maintained its attitude unchanged till Wednesday. Upon that day Sidney, passing from the post office, with some books under his arm, met Mrs. Smilie, who, going over to exchange views with Mrs. Simpson about matters in general, and the preacher and the witch's ghost in particular, had left home very early, intending to return before dark.

There would be no more lonely twilight walks taken in Dole for some time to come. The ghost had been seen by several individuals, all testified to its height, its black robe, its white face. Truth to tell, Vashti, dreading to be questioned about her husband's views, had kept herself close within doors all day long, and had taken her constitutionals in the dusk. Did she intentionally play the part of spectre? Perhaps. Nor indeed is it to be wondered at if she grasped at any distraction from her own thoughts, for Vashti Lansing was beset with terrible fears. Working with material she did not understand she had wrought havoc in her husband's brain. His mind had given evidence during the last day or two, not only that it had partially escaped her control, but his own.

Vashti's soul fainted within her. How would it end?

Since the Sunday she had avoided any suggestion of making him sleep.

Alas! she had played with fire too long.

Sidney paused to speak pleasantly with Mrs. Smilie, but that good woman did not wish to compromise herself in the eyes of the neighbours by seeming to "side" with the preacher, before she had any idea as to the probable state of the poll. "It will be the first division in the church since long before Mr. Didymus's day," she soliloquized as she proceeded on her way. "I don't believe there would be any division if Temperance and Nathan and Mabella and Lanty wouldn't act up stubborn—but them Lansings!"

These reflections took her as far as her friend's house. The afternoon wore on and Mrs. Smilie was thinking regretfully that it was time for her to get home, and Mrs. Simpson was persuading her to stay with much sincerity, for her larder was full, and Mrs. Smilie was primed with the latest gossip, when there came the sound of voices to the two ladies, and the next moment Mr. Simpson entered accompanied by Mr. Smilie. This solved the problem, both should stay to supper. Mrs. Simpson bustled about with the satisfaction of the housekeeper who knows she can load her table, and presently they sat down and enjoyed themselves hugely over the cold "spare-ribs" and hot biscuits.

After the table was cleared they sat talking some time.

The hour for "suppering up" the horses came, Mr. Simpson rose and Mr. Smilie said they might as well be going, and went with him to get his horse. As they opened the door a faint, yellow glare met their eyes. It lighted up the moonless sky weirdly, and growing every moment brighter, was at length pierced by a long spear of lurid flame.

"Wimmen!" shouted old Mr. Simpson. "Come on; Lanty Lansing's being burned out!"

The two men and women fled along the quiet road in utter silence. A strange hush seemed to have fallen upon the scene, as if all nature's voices were silent before the omnipotent flames which leaped ever higher and higher, as if threatening even the quiet skies. The men and women felt themselves possessed by that strange, frosty excitement which thrills the bravest hearts when confronted by unfettered flame. In the country, fire is absolutely the master when once it gains headway, it roars on till it fails for lack of fuel. As they passed the few houses along the way they paused to cry in short-breathed gasps, "Fire! Fire!"

Some of the house doors were open to the night, showing their occupants had gone forth hastily; some opened

and let out men and women to join the little party of four. The Rangers passed them on horseback, and, as they came within sight of the house, they saw dark forms already flitting before the fiery background, living silhouettes against the flame. It was the great old-fashioned shed which was burning, but the summer wind was blowing straight for the house, and three minutes after the Simpsons arrived a flicker of flame shot out from the coach-house cornice, caught the gable of the old house, crept up it, and fled along the ridge pole like a venomous fiery serpent. Mabella came rushing up to old Mrs. Simpson.

"Will you take care of Dorothy?" she said; "Lanty isn't here—oh isn't it terrible?" and then she fled back to show the men where the new harness was in the house, and to try to get her sewing machine and a few other of her housewifely treasures. All the neighbourhood was there working with mad energy. These people might gossip and backbite and perhaps misjudge each other sorely, but no need such as this found deaf ears. They knew what such a catastrophe meant, how vital a thing it was, and wild with the energy which is born of hopeless struggle, they strove to cheat the fire-fiend's greedy maw. Ab Ranger and young Shinar were rolling out the barrels of flour from Mabella's well-stocked storeroom when, high above the noise of the flames and the excited hum of voices, there came the sound of wildly galloping hoofs. The next instant the roan, with Lanty on her back, took the high fence as though it were in her stride, and Lanty, flinging himself from the saddle, rushed to the burning house. He could see for the moment neither wife nor child, nor did he know if the neighbours had arrived in time. He was distraught with apprehension. His wild ride since he had first seen the glimmer of the fire had seemed to him as hours of agony. He ran hither and thither through the crowd uttering incoherent demands for wife and child.

Mabella appeared in the doorway.

The flames lit up his face, distorted with anxiety and terrible fear. A great throb of relief made his heart leap, and released the sanguine blood which rushed to his head.

Maabella and Dorothy were safe—why was he idle?

He leaped towards the doorway, but Maabella, labouring under a deadly apprehension, a terrible fear, had seen his face and been seized by a panic.

"Lanty! Lanty! Don't go in!" she cried.

"Not go in!" he said, and held on his way.

Then a terrible resolution came to Maabella; she had fought bravely to keep up appearances, to hide her husband's delinquencies, now she must betray them to save him. Was she, for paltry pride, to risk letting him enter the burning house in that condition? A thousand times no! He was too dear to her. She caught hold of young Shinar, the strongest man in Dole.

"Oh Tom!" she cried, "hold Lanty—don't let him go in. *He is not himself.*"

Her voice, shrill with fear and agony, rose above the duller sounds, and pierced every ear there.

Lanty gave an inarticulate sound of grief and wrath and self-reproach. The next moment he felt Shinar's hand upon his shoulder, heard a persuasive if rough voice in his ear, but what it said he did not know, for a wild, blind rage possessed him, and he flung off the hand with a curse. But Shinar would not let him go.

Lanty struck him viciously, and the other man called between his teeth,

"Here, Ab—help me hold him."

Ab Ranger came, but it took another yet to hold Lanty, who, perfectly sober, was at length mastered by sheer weight and held helpless, whilst his neighbours strove to rescue what of his goods they could. And then for a little time hot-headed Lanty, moved beyond himself, raved and cursed, and gave colour to any supposition his neighbours cared to adopt regarding his condition. Maabella approached him fearfully, yet

her heart was high with the courage which had enabled her to keep him from harm's way. But Lanty with an oath bade her begone. Horrified, she fled to where Mrs. Simpson held Dorothy, and clasping her child in her arms fell upon her knees, crying, from which position she was raised by Sidney's gentle touch. He was white faced and terribly excited.

"Have you seen Vashti?" he asked Maabella when he had drawn her to her feet.

"No," began Maabella. "I—"

"Here I am," said Vashti in even tones from near where they stood. "I have been here some little time, but Maabella has been too busy to see me."

Then she turned away and went over to where the men still held Lanty.

"What's the matter?" she demanded, her great eyes blazing, her face white as death.

"Lanty ain't himself," said Ab Ranger.

"You are crazy!" said Vashti contemptuously.

"Maabella said——" began young Shinar.

"Let go of him," said Vashti almost savagely. "How dare you! Lanty is as sober as I am. The idea of you daring to do this thing! They ought to be ashamed, Lanty!"

The detaining hands fell from him. He gave her a look of passionate gratitude, the one sole recompense Vashti Lansing ever received for the love which had ruined her whole life. The young men slunk away. Lanty felt a terrible reaction sweep across him, and fell a-trembling with real physical weakness.

He remembered his repulse of Maabella.

"Vashti," he said, "go and ask Maabella to come to me. I said something ugly to her. I want her to forgive me."

Vashti went with seeming readiness. Lanty rested white and trembling, alone, before the flaming ruin of his home. Presently Vashti came towards him slowly.

He raised his head.

"Where's Mabella?" he asked.

"She's all right, isn't she?"

"Yes, but Lanty I'm very sorry, she won't come."

"Then she can stay," said Lanty heart-brokenly. "If she has the heart to hold out now she can stay; can I come home with you, Vashti?"

"Yes, of course," said Vashti. "I'll call Sidney and you go home with him. I'll explain to everybody that you are all right. You had better go and not get them all asking questions."

So she brought Sidney, and the two men went away together. As they turned their backs upon the scene there came a terrible crash. They turned and looked.

The roof-tree of Lanty's home had fallen in. He resumed his way with tears brimming his eyes.

Vashti no sooner saw them depart than she hastened over to the group about Mabella. Temperance was holding her in her arms.

As Vashti approached, the group gave way a little.

Mabella looked up.

"What did Lanty say?" she asked eagerly. "Is he ever going to forgive me?"

Vashti answered softly and with seeming hesitation, "Don't take it too hard, Mabella, but he has gone home with Sidney."

Mabella comprehended the words and sank, a dead weight, in Temperance's arms.

Vashti went about in her quiet way, speaking to the oldest women, explaining, or was it only hinting? to them in confidence, how incensed Lanty was against Mabella, how angry Mabella was because of Lanty's words, how Sidney had taken Lanty home to wrestle with him, and how Mabella and Dorothy were going home with Temperance.

Some of the men said they would stay all night, and watch, and gradually the others departed, but even before they separated that night they had found, by the corner of the barn, the point where the fire had been

lighted; kerosene oil had been poured upon broken-up shingles, taken from the bundles laid there ready to reshingle the barn when the work grew slack; more than that, Ab Ranger found a box of parlour matches, a luxury little used in Dole; the box was marked with oily fingers.

Who had done this thing?

Mabella, numb with her despair, was taken home by Nathan and Temperance. The tired men whispered together as they lay upon couches improvised of the saved bedding, and watched the embers glow and flicker up into flame, and die away, and leap up again and again.

Vashti was conducted home by the village people.

They stood at the gate watching her run up the little garden path, and open the door of her home; she waved to them from the threshold, and they knew she was safe from the ghost, and as the groups diminished and separated the units composing them drew closer together, for a great fear had laid hold upon Dole.

At length all found sleep, and some from exhaustion, some from despair, some by reason of great grief slept well, but none of them all rested so quietly as did an inert white-faced figure which lay upon the road to Brixton, opposite Witches' Hill in Mullein meadow. A sorrel horse sniffed at the prostrate shape, and whinnied in the night, but it was not till nearly noon the next day that the dead body of Hemans the machine agent was found. His hands and clothes were covered with kerosene oil, in his pocket was another box of parlour matches.

His neck was broken.

The burning of Lanty's home had been terribly avenged.

Vashti Lansing, actuated by the spirit of unrest which possessed her, had taken her big black shawl about her and fled swiftly through the by-ways to Mullein meadow. She had no fears of the night. Her dark spirit was akin to it. In its mystery she saw a simulcrum of the mysteries of her own soul.

And as she sat upon the stones of

Witches' Hill and felt the summer wind raising the heavy locks of hair upon her brow, a sense of peace and rest, fleeting, but inexpressibly precious, came to her. Some strange influence made her turn her head and she saw a tongue of flame shoot up like a flaming dart of defiance hurled from earth to heaven. It was Lanty's home! As the thought formulated itself in her brain she was aware of the soft thud, thud, of galloping hoofs coming towards Mullein meadow.

This was the guilty one fleeing from his work.

To think thus was to act. She fled across Mullein meadow to the Brixton road, climbed the fence and crouched in the shadow. As the horse drew near she recognized it in the starlight; knew its rider, and knew her guess was right. Every one knew Hemans' malignant nature, and his enmity towards Lanty was a matter of common report.

The horse was almost abreast of her. She sprang out of the gloom, threw up her arms, the black shawl waved uncertainly about her, the sorrel reared, the man gave a scream of fear and fell upon the stony road striking upon his head. Vashti gathered her shawl about her and fled towards the light which was broadening and glowing against the dusky sky.

Thus Dole was not kept long in suspense as to who had set fire to Lanty's buildings. The circumstances of his death were hidden from them, but it intensified the superstitious fear which brooded over the village to an agony to think Hemans had been found with his neck broken, exactly upon the spot where young Ranger and Mr. Simpson had first seen the ghost of the witch.

By the afternoon of the following day, Mabella Lansing and the baby Dorothy were installed in the little two-roomed cottage, which alone, of all the buildings upon Lanty's property had escaped the fire. She had refused all offers of shelter. She would not even stay with Nathan and Temperance.

"I am Lanty's wife," she said, "and as long as there is a roof belonging to

him I will live under it. I made a terrible mistake, but some day he will forgive me."

Within her own heart Mabella, great in her love and trust, thought it would not be long till he came to her; she remembered those silent moments in the past when Lanty had made mute acknowledgment of his fault, and she had bestowed voiceless pardon. Mabella knew when she and Lanty met there would be no need for words, and she felt the moment would be too sacred for any other eyes, be they never so loving, to witness.

The first day passed; she saw Lanty at a distance working in the fields. Friday came but did not bring him, and she grew nervous and frightened; the day passed, and the night, but she was growing more and more nervous; she started awake with terror many times during the night; she fancied she saw a face at the window; she thought she heard footsteps round and round the house.

Saturday brought her many visitors, Vashti among the rest. Vashti talked to her about the finding of Hemans' body, the ghost, and the terror which the village lay under, and then departed.

As Saturday waned down to night a sick nervous fear oppressed Mabella; she lit two lamps and tried to fight off her terrors. The ticking of the clock seemed to grow louder and louder. Dorothy tossed in her sleep. Mabella had kept the child awake to cheer her till the little one was thoroughly overtired. The tension became almost unbearable. She rose, frightened at the sound of her own footstep and took Lanty's violin from the shelf; she could not play, but she thought it would comfort her to pick at the vibrant strings which were so responsive to Lanty's touch. She seated herself beside the lamp—her back to the front door, and facing the door in the rear. She thought she heard a noise behind her—she turned swiftly to look over her shoulder—she caught the shadow of a face at the front window—her eyes dilated. There came a sound from the rear door,

and a breath of air. She forced her eyes to look. A tall figure, wrapped in black and with gleaming eyes, stood between the lintels. The fiddle fell; its strings breaking with a shriek. Mabella gave one scream of terror, "Lansing—Lansing!" and darted toward the cot where the child lay—but ere she reached it the front door came crashing in, as Lanty dashed his shoulders against it, and before Mabella quite lost consciousness she felt his strong arms about her, and knew that nothing could harm her.

With Mabella in his arms Lanty rushed across the little kitchen to the empty portal of the rear door, and looked forth, and in the starlight saw his cousin Vashti with head down, running like a hunted hare for home.

"I know you!" he cried in a clarion-like voice—and Vashti heard.

Lanty eager, yet ashamed to seek Mabella's pardon, had held lonely vigil without the little cottage; it was his footstep which had so terrified her. It was the fleeting shadow of his face which she had seen. As she looked around he had withdrawn out of sight, and was crouched beside the window when he heard her cry of "Lansing—Lansing!" Only twice before had she called him thus. Once when she came to his arms in Mullein meadow; once during the terrible day when Dorothy came to them, and when Lanty heard it the third time it was as a chord made up of the greatest joy, the greatest agony of his life; he would have crossed the river of death to answer it.

Mabella opened her eyes beneath his kisses. She looked at him, and put up her hand to stroke his face. He caught it and pressed it against his eyes.

They were wet.

"Don't, my dear," she said. "You break my heart," and then the tears so long repressed gushed from her own eyes—and Lanty and Mabella were each other's again—and forever. And when they were a little calmer they talked together, and each learned how

the other had chosen Vashti as an ambassador of peace.

"Poor Vashti!" said Mabella, a swift comprehension, denied to the stupidity of man, coming to her woman's heart.

"Poor Vashti!" echoed Lanty contemptuously. "Poor Vashti indeed! Just wait."

"Oh Lanty," said Mabella with a sob in her voice, "don't *you* condemn her; that would be too cruel."

Lanty said nothing; he had his own thoughts. But the joy of their reunion dwarfed all other interests and peace rested in their hearts.

And Vashti? She had shown no mercy; she expected none. That Lanty would make her name a hissing in Dole she did not doubt.

But so strange is human nature, that Vashti Lansing, confronted with the prospect of shame and mockery for herself, turned to thoughts of her husband. She dreaded the ordeal of the service of the next day upon him. A vague but omnipresent sense of uneasiness, quite apart from dread for herself, weighed upon her. She took a lamp and went into Sidney's room softly; she bent above him. With the stillness of deep sleep upon him he lay very quiet. the delicacy of his clear-cut countenance enhanced rather than modified by the white pillow, and as he slept he smiled. To natures such as his, which harbour neither dislike, distrust nor condemnation of any living thing, sleep is indeed beneficent.

As Vashti looked, slow tears globed her eyes, but did not fall. They were, in all honesty, tears for her husband, not for herself. She bent nearer him and touched him with her lips—perhaps the only time she had ever done so of her own volition.

"I must see him through to-morrow," she murmured—then turning away she left the room. What did she mean? It is hard to pierce to the core of such a woman's soul; but in her great eyes there was the look of one so weary that the prospect of Eternal Sleep seems sweet.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next dawn drew from out the dark, bright with the portents of a perfect day.

All the hollow heaven was blue as a turquoise stone.

Vashti faced the sunny hours, which yet loomed so black for her, with that courage and calm which grows out of over-much torture.

Pain becomes its own anæsthetic in course of time—and this numbness had crept over proud Vashti Lansing. She had made others suffer much, but they all had their compensations. Who can say how much she suffered herself?

As the hour for the service drew near, Sidney became very nervous. Vashti tried vainly to console him, but all her soothing words failed to impress him. It was as if she strove to grave an image upon quicksilver.

At last she said to him gently :

"It will be given thee in that hour what thou shalt say."

His face brightened.

"Of course it will," he said simply. "That has happened to me before."

They left the house together. The sun seemed to be more radiant in its revealings than usual that morning, and as Vashti walked down the path its radiance seemed to linger and dwell about her. "A gold frame about the dearest picture upon earth," said Sidney, his loving eyes alight with the adoration of first love. And as he saw her that morning she was very beautiful.

Passing the common height of women she had grown more statuesque and slender, the lithe plastic grace of her girlhood had fixed into a gracious, womanly dignity. Her great grey eyes were profoundly mysterious. They looked out desolately from her tragic face, as the altar lamps of a desecrated temple might shine upon the waste places.

They arrived at the church a little late.

The congregation was already assembled—and such a congregation! Never in all the annals of Dole had

there been such an one. The village had simply emptied itself into the church.

Lanty and Mabella were there, the light of perfect peace and love upon their brows.

Ann Serrup and her baby sat in Mrs. Ranger's pew. That good woman, trembling before the shadow of the "judgment" she was always prophesying, had secured Ann apparently to offer in evidence of good faith, if need arose.

Nathan and Temperance occupied one end of their accustomed pew, crushed into the corner by the overflowing of the unprecedented assembly. And seated in the middle of the church, well back, but just in a line from the pulpit, sat a stranger.

A man with a strong square head, rugged face, and grizzled hair and beard.

A workman, one could see at a glance, and poor as the people of the congregation, but yet there was a subtle difference.

His face was more sophisticated in suffering than theirs—his poverty more poignant—for he knew, which they did not, what poor people miss. He had looked wistfully up the highways he might not tread, they looked only upon the hard road they had travelled.

He peered yearningly into paradises of learning whose gates are closed to the man whose hours are spent in toil; they did not lift their eyes beyond the little circle of their immediate needs. He craved to "reach the law within the law"; they sought their own personal salvation.

And as Sidney rose the eyes of this man dwelt upon him as one might look upon a master who had betrayed him, whom yet he follows afar off.

Sidney rose in his place.

A shaft of golden light wavered about the old-fashioned square panes of the window, and, finding the centre of one, pierced through it, and streamed in lucent radiance straight above Sidney's head.

Some in the congregation thought it was like the flaming sword that drove

Adam from Paradise, and the old workman, watching the preacher with an infinitude of yearning in his eyes, gave a deep-chested sigh and thought it pity that nature's golden illumination was just a little higher than Sidney, just a handbreadth beyond him.

With hands outstretched above them Sidney uttered the usual words of his invocation, and then gave out the hymn. There are unwritten canons which govern the selection of sacred songs, and in Dole the clergyman had been wont to begin the service with words suggestive of humbleness, or pleading, or an acknowledgment of the Deity they were addressing, or at least a filial expression of confidence in a Father's love. But Sidney had chosen another hymn than any of these—one of those yearningly sweet songs which here and there redeem the hymn-books—usually chosen at the end of the service; he took it as the keynote seemingly of his sermon :

"Oh love that wilt not let me go."

The congregation sang it wailingly. The preacher rose again and taking for his text these words "Love, the fulfilling of the law," closed the Bible and resting his folded hands upon it began to speak to them, so winningly, so tenderly, that his words smote the flint of their hearts as Moses' rod did the rock. It is one of the terrible tragedies of our imagination to think that the act which saved the wandering querulous tribes alive, condemned the weary old patriarch to view the promised land only. Our souls rebel against the thought, the dispensation seems too bitter, and it is hard to reconcile ourselves to the idea that Sidney, giving the cup of Living Water to these people should himself die athirst—because he had neglected some outward forms. For surely no one could dream but that Sidney's whole life had been one long act of worship.

The old workman had never known before how beautiful the gospel of good tidings might be made. He felt it necessary to steel himself against its insidious charm. Humanized by Sidney's subtle sympathy, and presented to them

as a panacea for all human ills, it was little wonder that the old workman began to realize to the full the hold the Christ-word has upon those who believe—though their hearts be rived and strained by earthly cares, though their souls be carded like wool and woven with worldliness, yet there remain ever the little grains of love—the tiny shining particles of faith.

And, as Sidney quoted gentle passages from Holy Writ, a great hope fell upon the old workman that the man preaching these things really believed them—were it otherwise? He shuddered. The magnitude of the hypocrisy necessary for such a deception appalled this disciple of the barren truth. And his hope that Sidney believed was not based only upon the desire to know his idol worthy at least of respect for honesty, if not for judgment; deep down in the soul of this big-hearted man there lived a great love, a great concern for Sidney. He longed to know that Sidney was happy. There was no need to ask if he had suffered. From his appearance it would seem he had suffered almost to the point of death. It would be some compensation if he had won such consolation as he proffered his people. Now this attitude of the old workman's proves his devotion, for it takes a deep, deep love indeed, to make us willing to forget our personal prejudices. But as Sidney proceeded a sick fear fell upon the grey-haired man. For, if unlettered in the higher sense of the word, he yet brought to bear upon any mental question that intuitional acuteness of perception, which in a worthy way corresponds to the natural craftiness which makes comparatively ignorant men so often successful in business.

Nature's lenient mother heart tries to protect all her children—these gifts seem to be the birthright of the poor. Alas! instead of being used as a defence they are too often upraised in offensive menace.

Beneath the eloquent imagery, the deep human sympathy, the tender lovingness of Sidney's words, the old workman pierced—and found nothing.

Within the sanctuary of Sidney's soul there was no benignant Christ—only the vague splendour of altruistic ideals.

And yet—he held up before his congregation this mask of formulated faith and tricked them as the priests, hidden in the hollow images, tricked the credulous people thousands of years ago.

The old workman almost groaned aloud.

A man of the most lofty mental integrity, this mummerly wrung his heart.

"Oh," he said within himself, "if he would only, only once declare the truth—even now if he would cast away these mummy cloths of deception which swathe his spirit. If he would once, only *once* speak and redeem himself forever."

He looked at Sidney, an agony of entreaty in his eyes, hoping against hope, he looked upon him steadfastly, and suddenly Sidney's voice faltered, a vague expression dimmed his eyes, he repeated himself, hesitated, then in utter silence his eyes roved over his congregation, here and there, as if seeking something definitely defined; and after an interval which keyed up the already tense regard of his hearers almost unendurably, Sidney found the face he sought, and with the unquestioning, unreasoning gladness of a child, he relinquished his eyes to the piteous entreaty in the workman's.

His congregation, whose prejudices had not withstood his eloquence, stirred and wondered, but Sidney heeded not, for the crisis in his life had come.

Who shall explain these things?

In vain the scientist with scalpel and microscope prys and peers, these subtleties puzzle and delude him. For by some curious telepathy, untranslatable in the symbols of spoken speech, Sidney's mind received the impression of the other man's great grief, whose only hope translated itself into a great cry, "Be true; be true."

And Sidney answered it.

For, fixing the attention of his con-

gregation with a gesture as of one who confesses before his judges, he began to speak. And in words of surpassing and subtle eloquence he laid bare every secret of his soul to them. With eyes exalted and glorified he spoke of his love for Vashti Lansing; he told how she had entreated him, how he had hesitated, "but" he said, "her beauty and her goodness stole my soul and I promised to be Minister of Dole."

A swift intaken breath told how Dole comprehended this—the determination to be the minister's wife was easily comprehensible—but the means appalled these people with their faith in the mystic election of priests.

With searching syllables Sidney brought forth the secrets of his soul, and translated to his hearers the doubts and fears, the hopes and ideals which dwelt with him during the period of his long probation.

With face wrung with reminiscent agony he spoke of the day when, after his Profession of Faith, he was solemnly set apart to the service of the God in whom he did not believe.

In some way he made them comprehend his suffering, and a long drawn groan went up from the over-wrought people, nearly every one of whom had at one time or another agonized beneath "conviction of sin," to whom these spiritual wrestlings were sacred as the birth-pangs of their mothers. With humbleness of spirit he traced his course among them.

He told them in simple touching words of his love for them, of his hopes for the little village in the valley, of his secret plans for their welfare.

Day by day he traced his path among them till he came to the sermon of the preceding Sunday, and, quite suddenly it all came back to him, all its cruelty, its innuendo, its bitter Mosaic logic, writ as in letters of fire upon his heart.

With an exceeding bitter cry he said, "Ah brothers! This is the evil thing of my ministry. I forgot that the true physician uses the knife as well as the healing unguent. I shrank from paining you, I so eagerly wanted your

love ; I so dearly coveted your confidences ; I so ceaselessly sought your sympathy that I could not bring myself to say anything to wound you. It seems to me that for hard wrought hands like yours there must be recompense waiting ; for weary feet like yours, which have travelled by such stony ways, I thought there must be pleasant paths, and as we are forbidden to take judgment upon us, so doubtless I sinned in judging you so mercifully, but I am too weak to condemn. But my wife, my beautiful wife, more spiritual than I, did not fall into this error, and took the burden from which I shrank. She chose my text for me last Sunday, and when, after reading it I found myself without words, dumb for very pity before you, suddenly there entered into me the spirit of Vashti my wife ; I cannot explain this to you, but it is true. It was her holy spirit which spake through my unworthy lips."

A quiver shuddered through the congregation ; they remembered the old witch-wife—was burning too bitter a penance for such deeds ? Silently, but with terrible unanimity, Vashti Lansing was condemned, but their gaze did not wander for a second from the magnetic eyes of their preacher who, with a few more words of eulogy upon Vashti, which were tragically but unconsciously ironic, continued in an almost apologetic way, "I would be the last to question the inspiration of my last Sunday's sermon to you, but yet," more humbly still, as one who, whilst excusing himself, still persists in error, "but yet I can't help thinking we should not dwell too much upon the inclement side of justice ; why grieve over sudden deaths when we have read of those who, 'were not, for God took them ?' Why scorn death-bed repentances when we remember the thief on the cross ? Why scoff and turn away from those who sin ; why predict generations of shame for them when it is written, 'Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow

gold.' " The imagery of the words he had quoted diverted his thoughts to another channel, the apology died from his voice, to be succeeded by the triumph of the high priest who chants a pæan to his divinity, and he uttered an impassioned plea to the men and women before him to endeavour to bring their lives more into accord with the beauty and sublimity of nature, and just as he was soaring into the rhapsodies of pantheistic adoration, there sounded from the elm trees the clear, sweet call of a bird.

Sidney paused and listened. It came again.

And then before the wondering eyes of the startled congregation—Sidney's face was transfigured into a semblance of glorified peace. He stood before them smiling in visible beatitude. The sun ray which had been wavering nearer and nearer to him descended upon his brow like an aureole, nature's golden crown to the soul which adored her ; an instant the congregation saw their preacher thus—for the third time the bird's imperatively sweet cry sounded, and Sidney, turning as one who responds to a personal summons, descended the pulpit stair, and following the bird's voice out into the sunshine of the summer day, and was gladly gathered to its bosom. Henceforth he had no part in human hopes or fears. "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," a heaven of infinite freshness, of illimitable joy, of inexhaustible possibilities and gladness.

Sidney's spirit had burst the bars of the prison house and won back to the places of innocent delight, from which each day bears us farther away.

Ere he reached the door the grey-haired workman was at his side ; there were tears in his eyes—a holy awe upon his countenance, as of one who had witnessed an apotheosis. He wrung Sidney's hand—and Sidney gazed upon him with infinite impersonal loving-kindness—with such a regard one might dream the Deity regarded his creatures.

The workman strove to speak, but the words died in his throat.

"I am so pleased to see you," said Sidney gently. "You have been long away."

"Yes," said the man, "yes—and I must journey on again."

"Then," said Sidney, "I wish you pleasant ways, calm seas and safe haven."

He clasped both the workman's hands in his.

So they parted forever. The one to tread the hard road down to "the perishing white bones of a poor man's grave."

The other to stray along the golden vistas of ecstatic dreams—till they merged in the dream of death.

And as the workman turned away the congregation came forth and gathered about Sidney; each one in passing the door had turned to give a look of contempt at Vashti where she sat, still and unmoved in her place, and each marvelled at her quietude, but when all the congregation drew from out the church, and yet Vashti did not come, the mothers in Israel went back and found her still sitting there—for she was paralyzed in every limb, though an alert intelligence shone in her great eyes.

They gathered about her, and she confronted them still and silent as another Sphinx with her secret unrevealed. The curse of perpetual inaction had fallen upon her impetuous will; her superb body was shackled by stronger gyves than human ingenuity could devise.

They told Sidney gently of what had befallen his wife—but as That Other said "Who is my mother?" so Sidney said, "Who is my wife?" and let his gaze wander to where, high above the housetops, the swallows soared black against the blue. . . .

Mabella and Temperance waited tenderly upon Vashti. Whatever her sins were they were terribly expiated through the interminable days and nights she rested there, a living log, imprisoning a spirit fervid as flame, a will as imperious as ever, an intelligence acutely lucid.

We shrink from reckoning up the

sum of this woman's torture, augmented by each loathed kindness to which she must submit.

With extraordinary resolution she feigned herself dumb in their hands, from the beginning she had crucified this one of the few faculties left her—she did not choose to be questioned, she would not complain.

She remembered the dream she had had upon the night of her betrothal, and knew that its curse had come upon her.

Lanty sometimes came to her, when she was alone, and told her that he forgave her—that he was sorry for her; he told her again and again, and hoped she understood—but she made no sign—though this all but slew her spirit.

They contrived a wheeled chair for her, and when the weather was fine took her abroad into the sunshine, and sometimes on a summer Sunday, when Lanty did no work, he and Mabella would take her to Mullein meadow, because it was a place of sweet memories to them.

But one grows heartsick at thought of the refined and exquisite tortures this woman endured. Endured unsubdued—for never by one syllable did Vashti break the silence which she had imposed upon her tormented soul.

Dole hoped against hope for the restoration of its beloved preacher, but it never came.

He was vowed to the worship of nature.

At long length another preached in his pulpit, an earnest, commonplace man, wise enough to accept with little question accepted truths, only sensitive enough to feel vaguely that he was an alien to the hearts of his people, but attributing the barrier between them to his great superiority. Dole did not forget its duty to the church, but the congregations there were never so great as those which gathered in the churchyard when Sidney came every now and then to talk to them from beneath the elm trees, telling the wonderful truths about Nature, revealing to them in parable the pathos and possibilities of their own lives, bidding

them aspire always, expounding to them the miracles writ in letters of flowers upon the hillside, and spelled in starry symbols against the sky. They brought their children to him even as the women brought their babes to be blessed by the Redeemer, and Sidney taught them with unwearied patience, and in more than one instance sowed seed which brought forth an hundredfold. He no longer took solitary walks, for one or other of the Dole children was sent with him always, a happy reverent attendant, whose only duty consisted in suggesting that the dreamer turn towards home at noon or nightfall.

And so we leave Sidney, rapt in the ecstasy of a happy dream, wherein by

clairvoyant vision he saw "good in everything."

Nor need we split theological hairs analyzing his claims to mercy.

A mortal genius has said :

"He prayeth best who loveth best
Both man and beast and bird."

And the Christ forgave a great sinner because she "had loved much."

Upon these pleas Sidney's case must rest, if ever he is called before the Grand Jury.

As to the wreck of his mortal life, we can but remember the words of an Eastern martyr, spoken long, long ago—"It is better to be a crystal and be broken than to be a tile upon the housetop and remain."

Joanna E. Wood.

THE END.

SHOOTING THE RUFFED GROUSE.

By Reginald Gourlay.

THE ruffed grouse (*Bonasa Umbellus*) of North America, is the game bird "par excellence" for the crack wing-shot to display his prowess upon. He is beyond question the hardest game bird on this continent to kill fairly on the wing. The sportsman who makes a good bag of ruffed grouse as they rise from his dog's points, or from unforeseen flushes, has a perfect right to call himself a "crack shot." His beauty of plumage, great table merits, arrowy swiftness of flight, and—in districts where he has been much hunted—his singular wariness and intelligence, mark him out above all others as a royal bird for the sportsmanlike hunter's pursuit. This wariness and intelligence, by the way, is the result of education, of "accumulated experience" as Herbert Spencer would call it, as regards the danger to all his race from the destroyer man and his uncanny gun and inquisitive dogs. The ruffed grouse of the backwoods, staring down on the hunter with idiotic curiosity from an overhanging hemlock bough, or strutting

in front of him along the logger's path, or bush trail, is a very different bird from the grouse of the settled districts, hurling himself into the cover like a mottled streak of lightning at the mere sound of the sportsman's voice if he incautiously speak to his comrade, or encourage his dog.

This change from confidence to fear, from indifference to wariness, may be noticed more or less in all wild beasts and birds that are pursued by man. It seems to me a clear proof that wild animals are able to hand down accumulated experience from one generation to another.

The range of the ruffed grouse, called "partridge" in the north and west, and "pheasant" in the south, is extensive. To the north he goes as far as the territory of the ptarmigan or willow grouse (*Lagopus albus*), a beautiful game bird likewise, and is even found in the southern portions of the latter's country. For instance, the ruffed grouse is found in great numbers north of Lake Abbittibi, almost up to the shores of Hudson's

Bay. In the same tract of country, the ptarmigan and the pretty little spruce grouse (*D. Canadensis*), also a distinctly northern bird, are very plentiful. The ruffed grouse is also found in all the great stretch of country from the Atlantic ocean on the east, to the west as far as the timber extends, and comprising most of Canada, all the eastern, and the greater part of the southern and western States. In the extreme south his place is taken by the quail, the game bird "par excellence" of the south. The latter is a charming little bird, and quite an easy bird to miss too, but in my opinion, not to be compared, as regards the skill required to bring him to bay, whether exerted by the sportsman or his dog, with the magnificent game bird that is the subject of this paper.

As I hinted before, the grouse is easy enough to shoot (sitting) in the wilder parts of this continent, where he is still in a benighted and unsophisticated state. I shall speak of him, therefore, in the remainder of this paper, as he is in the more settled portions of the States and Canada, where he has, so to speak, enjoyed a liberal education, and accordingly "evoluted" into a bird of conspicuous intelligence and unequalled skill in avoiding the acquaintance of the average sportsman.

In these parts, the ruffed grouse is beyond comparison the most difficult bird to bring to bay in North America, without excepting even the wily woodcock, or the (alas!) rapidly vanishing wild turkey. There are several reasons for this. One is the astounding rapidity of his flight, which, even under the most favourable circumstances, renders it quite an easy feat to shoot behind him. Many a grouse, after presenting a fair cross-shot to the hunter, has left some of his tail feathers behind him, without having a single pellet placed in a vital part. Another is his singular promptitude in availing himself of any advantages afforded him by the nature of the ground or cover, when he takes to

flight. All other upland game birds—without exception—tower towards the light on being flushed, and select the most open part of the cover to fly through. The grouse, on the contrary, invariably selects the thickest part of the cover he can find, and goes crashing off through it in a manner marvelous to behold. Even when flushed in open woods, an old cock grouse before he has gone thirty feet will have managed to place the biggest tree in the vicinity between himself and the gunner. He never loses his self-possession under the most trying circumstances. Still another trait of his, that greatly tends to his preservation, is his singular dislike to the human voice. A single loud word to the dog, while drawing on birds, will often flush a whole pack of grouse out of shot. Perhaps this is the reason why in these days, when the fair sex are beginning to display their prowess in the field, I have never heard of a lady shooting a ruffed grouse.

The ideal pointer or setter for grouse-shooting should be broken to obey the waving of the hand, and not require speaking to at all. On the whole, whoever shoots this bird on the wing, deserves to get him.

The ruffed grouse will, probably, as long as cover is left him, survive as a wild game bird longer than any other species in America. Let him only be guarded against the vile and pernicious snare, and he will hold his own against dog and gun for many a generation, especially in mountainous regions.

The difficulty of making a good bag of grouse in a mountain country, and the amount of healthy and invigorating exercise the sportsman takes while trying to accomplish this feat, I know well by actual experience. I will here try to give the reader some idea of what the fun is like. You begin by flushing your birds in the heavy timber at the foot of a ridge, say about a thousand or twelve hundred feet high. You flush a good pack of them (there are generally lots of birds in such places), but you somehow don't get a

shot just then, and the birds progress merrily on up hill. You know by old experience that they have gone to the very top of the ridge, and you proceed to follow them. This is pretty stiff exercise to begin with, and not very conducive to a steady finger on the trigger. The last hundred feet of the ascent you find necessary to negotiate on your hands and knees. It is about this time that you find it incumbent on you to address your dog. You daren't speak loud for your life; so you exhort him in an intense sibilant whisper "to keep in"! "To heel"! etc., etc. In vain. Just at the steepest part, when you are literally hanging on with your eyelids, you hear a loud whizzing, whirling sound, and are regaled by the sight of the whole pack sailing past you down hill; one big fellow coming so near you that you can actually see him wink. You manage at last to slue yourself partly round, at the imminent risk of pitching down the slope, and fire wildly and unsteadily after the last one. You succeed in shivering the top of a pine tree, about ten feet behind him. Then you stand on the summit and let the fresh air of heaven play about your brow. You want fresh air badly just then, after which you go down after those birds again. Before long you are compelled by circumstances, over which you have no control, to come up once more, and so forth, and so on, *da capo*. Sometimes, however, as Rider Haggard would say, "a lucky thing happens," which repays you for all your toil. A fine old bird comes tearing past through the tree tops, when you are in a position that enables you to "get well on him." As the smoke drifts off, you "mark with well-contented eye," the feathers stream on the breeze, and see the big fellow hit the ground a hundred yards below you, with a thump that recalls to your mind the immortal saying of the Irish gamekeeper: "Shure it was no use firin' at that bird, sor! The fall would hev' kilt him"! Ruffed grouse shot in this way are honestly earned birds, and this is why true sportsmen prize a good bag of them so greatly.

Of course, even in the tolerably settled districts, many a poor grouse is still treed by some barking cur dog, and butchered sitting by the pothunter who owns the dog. I am glad to say, however, that in most places where they are much hunted, the birds, even when numerous, are beginning to know far too much "to tree" under any ordinary circumstances. When they do, they now generally select the very topmost boughs of some giant hemlock or pine, where they are well hidden from below by the foliage. This move of the grouse mostly results in affording our friend the pothunter a good deal more searching than shooting. I ought to explain that by "pothunter" I mean a man who shoots game (generally sitting) in season and out of season, and then sells it at all times to any one mean enough to buy the same. The prohibition in Canada of the sale of upland game at any season of the year, has completely taken the wind out of the sails of this individual as far as that country is concerned, as he shoots simply and solely to sell his game, and not for his own use or amusement.

Late one fall evening I met a typical gentleman of this persuasion on his way to a beech ridge to pot some unhappy grouse—or "pa'tridge" as he called them—while "budding," *i.e.*, eating the young buds on the ironwood and beech trees. He was followed by an animal which, in the uncertain light, closely resembled an animated roll of old buffalo robe with the hair worn off in spots. It had a tail on it. "How does your dog work?" said I, by way of being polite. "Fuss-rate," said he, leaning pensively on his old gun, and regarding the interesting quadruped, who looked back at him meanwhile with a baleful eye. "He wants some trainin' yet, but he's improvin' a heap. Las' season he swallered pretty much every bird that fell any ways off 'fore I could git thar, but I've pretty near belted the life out ov him fer it, an' this year I can ginerally git a holt on the bird before he hes it quite down."

Courteously declining his kind offer to let me accompany himself and the swallerin dog "to see him wurk," I left this skilful dog-trainer and true sportsman, and departed on my own way. Thoroughly broken dogs are required for hunting the ruffed grouse—dogs that will obey a signal, and that don't require to be spoken to. A pointer or setter who is first-rate on quail, woodcock or prairie chicken, (pinnated grouse), will often flush wild three out of six ruffed grouse, till he gets used to their keen senses and wary ways. A winged ruffed grouse requires a steady dog to retrieve him, for he

runs like a rabbit, and has a habit when hard pressed of hiding in the hollow of some old log or dead tree, or in a brush heap. On the whole, I consider that you can get more thorough exercise by the hour when in pursuit of ruffed grouse than when after any other game bird I know.

I am happy to say also that, for the reasons I have given in this paper, the ruffed grouse, as long as some of his covers and mountain ranges are left with their woodlands untouched by the axe, will continue to be a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," to the true sportsman for many generations yet.

THE ROSE.

OF all the flowers that Love gave me,
 My memory gives one ;
 As looking at the galaxy,
 Or at the flooding sun,
 Thine eyes pale Hesper chooseth,
 When the wide day is done.

Though Beauty be the queen of all,
 First find thee graces there !
 The gorgeous with the virginal,
 In truth dare not compare ;
 Mayhap, for beauty looking,
 Grace adds thy needed share.

And so I found her, maiden true,
 In qualities supreme :
 The softness of the morning's dew,
 The brilliance of its beam ;
 The royal and the modest,
 Where each may either seem.

What hold I here ! plucked from her breast,
 Ye gods ! a red warm rose ;
 Oh ! all my fancies go to nest,
 For o'er me rapture flows ;
 I had not dreamed that loving
 Would find truth at the close.

John Stuart Thomson.



BERMUDA—THE TOWN OF HAMILTON.

THE CHARMS OF BERMUDA.

By Byron Nicholson.

A GLANCE at the map shows that the Bermuda Islands lie southward and eastward of the Gulf stream, and that they are intersected by the thirty-second parallel of north latitude and the sixty-fourth meridian of west longitude. All lovers of Shakespere will remember that they are, in part, the scene of *The Tempest*.

In the second scene of the first act, *Ariel* says to *Prospero* :

"Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship; in that deep nook where
once
Thou did'st call me up at midnight to fetch
dew
From the still-vexed Bermoothes."

The islands are said to number one for every day in the year; and yet their combined area is not more than twenty square miles, being about an eighth as large as the Isle of Wight, that charming retreat of another great English writer, the late Poet Laureate. They rest on a foundation of coral, which has been reared by the industrious coral-producing zoophite on the edges of a submerged crater which countless ages ago appeared above the surface of the

Atlantic, but eventually disappeared beneath its waves. So translucent is the water around the islands, that, from the summit of a hill near the shore and forty feet high, the spectator may clearly see lovely shells and sea-weed lying on the bottom fully twenty feet beneath the surface. Though so near the tropics, the climate is free from extremes of heat and cold, Fahrenheit's thermometer seldom registering lower than 65 in winter or higher than 85 in summer. This equable temperature is chiefly due to the complete isolation of the islands (being at least six hundred miles from the mainland) so that they ever enjoy the benefits of salubrious sea breezes, blow they from what quarter soever. There is absolute freedom from the cold dips that sometimes prevail in the Mississippi valley, blighting vegetation and sorely trying the delicate constitution of the invalid, so that as a health resort the Bermudas enjoy an advantage over the Southern States.

The productions of the tropics flourish in the islands, not because the heat is intense, but because they are never ex-

posed to frost, winter being practically unknown. Here are found the graceful bamboo, the cocoa palm, the palmetto, the mangrove, the gru-gru palm, the orange, the lemon, and the banana, and yet not a poisonous plant can be found throughout the whole group.

In the woods the bluebird, on the wing, seems like a bit of deep azure sky of Italy endowed with life, whilst the crimson gros-beak flying amongst trees lights up the scene as with an ambient flame. In the placid bays fish, unknown to colder waters, disport themselves—a wonderful variety of brilliant tints, pink, rose-colour, white, blue, orange, emerald, yellow and ruby. The angel-fish, (so-called from its wing-like fins and quaintly human looking face), with its scales of brown and white, gills of deep blue, and other parts blue and yellow, is one of the most curious, as well as most beautiful of them all. A native of Erin would find him-

self perfectly at home in the Bermudas, for reptiles are unknown, and potatoes abundant; whilst the Welshman and Spaniard would be equally happy amid a profusion of leeks, onions and garlic. No wonder, then, that one of the islands is called Ireland, and that another rejoices in the name of St. Davids, whilst Spanish Point reminds one of Spain's naval prowess, in days long past, gone, perhaps, forever.

The scenery atones for a good deal of the physical discomfort which many people experience in the short sea voyage between New York or Halifax and the Islands. Always you have the atmosphere and surroundings of mountain and sea. The green cedar-mantled hills are crossed by excellent roads that present delightful views. You are impressed with the immensity of the Atlantic and the complete isolation of

islands. The scenery may not be sublime, but it is certainly picturesque, and in many places romantic. One of the favourite resorts of tourists and others is "Fairy Land," and well does it deserve its name, for it is a spot of bewitching beauty. Over roads formed of natural beds of coral, and so porous as to absorb the rain almost as soon as it falls from the clouds, one may drive or cycle for miles between rows of lofty cedars, or hedges of gigantic oleanders or rocks thirty feet in height and densely covered with



BERMUDA—A SCREW PALM.

luxuriant vines which bear the most brilliant of gorgeous flowers, whilst here and there the eye is charmed with fields of magnificent roses and sweet Easter lilies. Indeed the cultivation of these lilies for export may be said to be one of the industries of the native population. In March and April the oleander is one glory of blossom and colour; the hibiscus is gay with bloom, and the graceful "pride of India"



BERMUDA—THE POET MOORE'S HOUSE.

tree bears its delicate lavender tinted flower and luxuriant foliage. On the shores the long Atlantic rollers come charging in, their crests blue as turquoise, the wind-blown spray running along their length until they are broken in white ruin on the rocks. Delightful excursions may be made to some bold promontory, or expansive bay, or natural bridge, or to one of those numerous caves which are amongst the most remarkable of the

phenomena of Bermuda. Into some of these one descends by steps cut out of a living rock ; into others you are rowed by a boatman. Here you find a miniature lake with its strange finny inhabitants ; then you see exquisite stalactites depending from roof and sides. Here you behold immense stalagmites rising from the floor, and now the ear is charmed with mellifluous music made by the drops of water as they fall from the marvellously sculp-



BERMUDA—THE TOWN OF ST. GEORGES.



BERMUDA—A CORAL STONE QUARY.

tured vault above into the emerald waters beneath. This is not the place to enter into the natural history of the wondrous formation found in these caves, but one of them, a stalagmite, is so remarkable that it must not be passed over in silence. Geologists tell us that it must have taken six hundred thousand years to attain its present dimensions, and their calculations are based upon observations which have been carried on for nearly fifty years.

taste, are uniformly polite, and very religious, if one may judge from their attendance at public worship. Indeed almost everyone goes to church in the Bermudas, and that man must be very fastidious who cannot find some sort of worship to suit him, be he Catholic or identified with some of the numerous dissenting bodies. Besides the natives, the inhabitants are chiefly British, belonging to the army and navy; for, except Gibraltar, Ber-



BERMUDA—AN EASTER LILY FIELD.

This stupendous stalagmite is now in the museum at Edinburgh.

The natives of the island are a mixed race—the result of a commingling of American Indians, Negroes, Spaniards, Portuguese, and heaven knows what besides. They are honest and industrious, clean and neat, dress in good

muda is the strongest fortress in England's possessions, being the strategic centre of the North American and West Indies station. It is the rendezvous of the Atlantic squadron, and on the east of Ireland Island there is

a splendid bay more than ten miles from the open sea, in which the whole British fleet could ride safely at anchor whilst the most terrific storms were raging outside. Here, too, is the greatest floating dock in the world, large enough to dry dock the biggest vessel in the navy. It was built in the county Kent, England, and took eight weeks to cross the Atlantic. It is needless to say that there are many extensive arsenals on the islands, and that every point of importance is protected by tower or battery.

One is rather surprised to learn that newspapers have been published in Bermuda for more than a century; but one is not so surprised to find some very fair libraries. There are well-conducted government schools for children in general, and admirable private schools for those who can afford them. In the larger towns there are three mail deliveries daily, and two in the smaller places. It will readily be seen then, that Bermuda is an ideal place for the tourist, especially those who need rest and recuperation. Hence it is that facilities for going there have been marvellously improved during the last twenty years, as also hotel accommodation for visitors. Then a small steamer made the voyage from New York once in three weeks; now the Quebec Steamship Company supply a weekly service, the vessels being from seventeen hundred to twenty-five hundred tons burden, with all the latest appliances for the safety and comfort of the passengers. Then there was a disagreeable journey of five days; now a fairly pleasant trip of about forty-eight hours. Then, except for visits of the little steamer, one was isolated from the rest of the world; now there is

telegraphic communication everywhere. Then the tourist had to put up with ordinary hotel accommodation; now he finds palatial buildings furnished with every convenience and luxury. What a contrast between the Bermudas which were the haunts of pirates two hundred years ago and the Bermudas as they are now, under the benign sway of Great Britain.

But notwithstanding all the advantages and inducements this terrestrial



BERMUDA—A CHARACTERISTIC SCENE.

paradise holds out to tourists and others, it can never become the resort of people who are in any way objectionable, particularly those who are known as sharpers. They would simply be ignored, ostracised, by all who had any pretensions to social standing, especially by the naval and military officers and their families; and they would find the amusements too quiet and refined to suit the coarser tastes. What pleasure would people who lead what is called a fast life possibly take in

such innocent recreations as driving, cycling or boating, in golf or tennis, looking at military parades or watching quiet regattas, visiting the caves and shores, or collecting specimens of shells and sea anemones, listening to military bands of music, or attending amateur theatricals? No, the tourist will never have to and fault with the class of people to be met with in the Bermudas.

From the beginning of November to the middle of April there is a constant stream of visitors from Canada and the United States. Some come for rest, some follow the sun, as Europeans fly to the Riviera and Italy. The climate is undeniably beneficial to persons suffering from weak nerves. The principal hotels, conducted on the American system, are, as a rule, very well situated, and are well-equipped and spacious. There are, besides, several boarding houses. The average ex-

pense is from 8s. to 20s. per day. Carriages and bicycles can be had at any moment, and, as I have said before, the roads leave little to be desired. In a mercantile sense, Bermuda is abreast of the times. There are modern shops and very reasonable tariffs. The only fault the tourist can find with these lovely islands—these emeralds set in coral, and ever laved by the delicate, opalescent waters, the balmiest and brightest of seas and the snowy foam of the broad Atlantic; this climate of surpassing softness—is that, when he is once there, the unique and varied charms of the place so grow on him, make themselves so dear to him, become so seductive and enchanting, that he longs to stay among these “bowers of Ariel” forever. If, as Alfred de Musset says, “Winter is an illness,” then, obviously, Bermuda is the remedy.

CHEKKO AND UNCLE BEN.*

By Cy Warman.

TRUTH is stranger than poetry. This tale is true, and you shall read it just as it came to Hector McRea and me. Hector, who is the sole witness to the narrative, is a well-known pioneer, guide, interpreter, mining expert and judge of judges. This strange story came to us from the lips of one of the survivors, between sighs that at times, were almost sobs:

It was in the summer of '97 that a quiet man came to Calgary on the Canadian Pacific, District of Alberta, to open an assay office. It was a week or two later, that a miner, ore-stained and wind-browned, pushed his way into the local bank and asked for the manager. The paying-teller indicated a back room, and the man went in. The manager turned slowly on his revolving chair, the stranger looked at him steadily for a moment, shook

his head slowly, sighed and turned away.

“No, he’s not the man,” he said, moving toward the door.

“What can I do for you?” asked the manager.

“O, nuthin’, I was lookin for Mr. Macquagin.”

“That is my name.”

“Yes—I know, but you ain’t the man—you ain’t Sandy Macquagin.”

The disappointment and bereavement of the stranger interested the manager, and in a little while he had the sad story. The hoar hermit, after years of hill and bush life, seemed quite willing to talk. Finding himself face to face with a white man, the past came back again, even his boyhood’s happy days down in old Kentucky.

They had been pards for years. Macquagin, who was younger, was known

* Published in Canada by special arrangement.

as Sandy, and this grizzled trailman as Uncle Ben.

Indeed, that was the only name he gave, or would give.

Yes, they had been pard, but in an evil hour they strolled into El Paso, the cards and a woman went against them, they quarrelled, each reached for his gun—and then they both changed their minds.

That night they parted on the banks of the Rio Grande, but with the promise that, whichever happened to be first to find pay dirt, should look the other up and share the fortune with him. They were to be partners still, but never again to sleep under the same blanket.

Sandy remained in El Paso with the senorita at his feet rolling and lighting cigarettes for him. Uncle Ben wandered to the north and fell in with a very wise Indian, named Chekko, who lived alone far from any man, red or white.

In time Chekko and Uncle Ben became fast friends. One night the Indian had a dream. He dreamed that away to the north ran a river, whose shoal waters rippled over pebbles of gold. Going into the bush, he brought forth a staff of witch-hazel—a sort of

divining rod, and off he started for British Columbia, followed closely by Uncle Ben.

After weeks and months of weary marching, when in a deep canon in the heart of the Selkirks, Chekko stopped suddenly, and looked at the walls on either side. The divining rod quivered and pointed into a side canon. They

had gone but a little ways up the narrow gulch when the rod was wrenched from Chekko's grasp, and fell upon his foot. Hard by they saw a running brook, the black sands of which were brilliant with pebbles of gold. In proof of his story, Uncle Ben brought from his deep pockets any amount of dust, nuggets and a small bar of pure gold. They had been in the gorge for more than two years. Chekko, in addition to being super-

stitious, had a great dread of white men. They were all thieves and robbers, he said, and he had sworn by the bark of the witch-hazel that no white man would ever come within twenty paces of him, and he, if he knew it and could avoid it, would not pass within twenty miles of a white man.

And so it had taken Uncle Ben two



"But now (he dashed a tear away) it was all off."

years to persuade Chekko to allow him to take the gold out to Sandy Macquagin, who, as Uncle Ben had learned, ran a bank at Calgary.

He knew Sandy, he said, and knew him to be an honest man.

But now (he dashed a tear away) it was all off. This Macquagin was not Sandy, and he would not deceive Chekko.

Gathering up his gold Uncle Ben moved toward the door.

"Do you think Sandy would buy your gold if you could find him?" asked the banker.

"O, I don't want him to buy it. I only wanted him to take it and ship it away an' git some sort of machine to git the gold out with. You see the whole mountain's full of this kind o' rock," and as he spoke he produced a handful of the richest gold quartz that had ever been seen in Calgary.

Now the banker could not know, positively, that the slab was gold or that the great nuggets were not nuggets of brass, but this quartz was good rock and he wanted some of it. As Uncle Ben put the specimens back into his deep pockets and reached for the door, the banker spoke:

"Perhaps, if you can't find Sandy, you'll let me help you out."

The old prospector smiled sadly, and shook his head.

"No," he said, "I don't say you ain't square, an' I thank you very kindly, but Chekko won't have it—not for a minute."

That was all he said, and he passed out into the street, followed the street until it became a dim waggon road, then a trail, and when the trail pinched out disappeared upon the trackless prairie.

The quiet man with the brown beard and the Georgia accent, who had come to Calgary to open an assay office became, in a few short weeks, one of the "leading citizens." He identified himself at once with one of the churches (the oldest and most aristocratic in the camp), sang in the choir and taught a class in Sunday School when the regular man was away in the hills. This

is of the first importance when you open a new business in a Canadian town—to "identify" yourself.

The manager of the local bank attended the same service and so the two men became acquainted. But the banker did not tell the assayer of his mysterious visitor, or of the far-away river that rippled over a bed of gold. Not that he had forgotten. He lost many an hour's sleep on account of Uncle Ben and his fascinating story.

Three fretful, feverish weeks passed, the door squeaked and Uncle Ben stood once more in the banker's private office. The banker tried to appear unconcerned. He got up and closed the door that Uncle Ben had left open, but before he had resumed his seat the strange visitor had swung it wide again. "The whole wide world ain't none too big fer me," said Uncle Ben, "an' they ain't no use droppin' the blanket over a square deal."

The old man had abode so long in the open, seeing and knowing only Chekko, that he hated four walls and no opening.

It required a great deal of diplomacy upon the part of the banker to bring the old miner to consider a proposition from a Macquagin who was not Sandy. Finally, by careful angling, the money man got from Uncle Ben a vague promise that if Chekko could be won over, he would be willing to allow the banker to help them out, but with the explicit understanding that the manager should risk nothing. This was the wish of the honest old prospector. He even insisted that the banker should have the bar, nuggets and the dust tested before shipping the former, so that no embarrassment could possibly come to his new friend. It was further agreed that the banker, for his part in the work, should have a one-third interest in all that Chekko and Uncle Ben possessed.

"But before we do more," said Uncle Ben, "you take this bar to an assayer, or two if they's two in town, an' see if it's all right."

Carefully covering the little slab of gold with a newspaper, the banker stole out in search of a man with cru-

cible and scales and bottles and things for testing ore.

Of course, the old miner went along; not that he doubted the honesty of the banker, but he had sworn to Chekko, touching the witch-hazel, that the treasure should not leave his sight. They called upon the old assayer, who had come to Calgary with the railroad and had never accumulated enough wealth to take him farther, but the old assayer was away. They gathered from a scrap of paper tacked on the front door that it would be three or four days before the professor would return.

The banker was saying that he would risk it and send the slab to Montreal, when the keen eye of Uncle Ben caught the swinging sign of the new man.

"Ah, to be sure," said the banker beaming. "I had forgotten that Calgary has two assayers now. How stupid of me."

"But said Uncle Ben, tugging at the banker's sleeve, "can we trust this stranger?"

"Yes, indeed. I know him well, goes to our church, fine fellow and from the south too."

The assayer was busy. They could hear him jingling his tongs, and when the door opened they could smell the ore roasting in the furnace in the little back room. When Uncle Ben had been introduced he wanted to see the great man at work, but the assayer explained to him that it was only fair to his customers that no one should enter the test room. A sprinkle of dust in a worthless sample, he explained, might cause a millionaire to exchange places with a pauper. The banker expressed the opinion that that would be a good thing—for the pauper—and appealed to Uncle Ben for his opinion on the point.

"Not if he came by it through fraud," said the old man, his steel blue eyes fixed upon the banker's face.

The assayer had informed his friend, the banker, that it would be impossible to do anything for him before the middle of the afternoon, but when the banker produced the slab of gold the assayer said he would drop his other work and make a test. The old miner,

having caught from Chekko a lurking suspicion of all white men, kept a close watch on the assayer, and when the latter came with his brace and bit it was Uncle Ben's own hand that guided the auger, the banker holding the bar in place upon the low table.

When the assayer, nervous and excited, had gone into the back room with half the borings, Uncle Ben gathered the rest up carefully, tied them in a knot in one corner of his big cotton handkerchief, and dropped them into his pocket.

In a little while the assayer came out with a bright button of gold, and a certificate fixing the value of the bar at \$19.10 an ounce. The eye of the banker danced as he looked into the dancing eye of the assayer, while Uncle Ben kept one hand on the slab. The hand of the banker trembled as he slid a crisp Canadian \$5 note into the trembling hand of the assayer.

Now the banker, passing out, called a cheery goodby to the man who had made him happy, and the latter answered "So-long;" but Uncle Ben said not a word.

When they were alone again in the banker's private office Uncle Ben informed his companion that he did not like the look of the assayer.

The banker only laughed. He was too happy to see anything but good in a world that had been good to him.

"But why did he take out twice as much gold as he needed? It is plain to me that he meant to keep the balance."

"But you brought it away with you."

"Yes," said Uncle Ben; "and I want you to take it to the other assayer when he returns and see what he says."

The banker assured the old man that it was all right.

"Yes, I suppose it is," said Uncle Ben; "but I want you to know. If the other man finds the same, then you will be satisfied." So the banker promised.

And in this way Mr. Macquagin became third owner in a mine that was a marvel or—a myth. Still the bar-

gain was not sealed. Chekko's consent must be gained. This could be brought about by Uncle Ben, and by him alone.

Now that he had overcome his own foolish fears, the storm-tanned prospector seemed anxious to win his superstitious partner over to the white man. It was upon this business that he embarked by train that afternoon for Revelstoke.

A week passed, and no word from Uncle Ben. The banker called on the assayer. He felt that he must talk with someone who knew about the bar of gold, but the assayer's office was closed. "Out of town," was all the paper talk on the door had to tell.

The banker became uneasy. Could the absence of this man have any connection with the disappearance of Uncle Ben? No, he thought not; but the days dragged like years. A dozen times a day he would take the little gold button from his pocket and look it over. On the ninth day he took the button to the old assayer, and the old assayer said it was gold.

"But what is it worth, suppose I have a peck of those buttons?"

"O, I should say about \$19."

The banker slept better that night. The new assayer had been in the bank that day, and this fact helped to quiet the banker's fears.

Still another day, and no news from Uncle Ben. The banker became restless. The suspense was unbearable. After all, what assurance had he that this button came from the auger hole? Ah, the borings! Why not have the old assayer pass upon the shavings that Uncle Ben had saved? Uncle Ben had, of course, carried the bar away with him, but the borings would do as well.

Thirty minutes from the birth of this brilliant thought the banker was waiting in the assay office for the result of the run. After what seemed an age to him, the man came out with a certificate that read, "Gold, \$19.10."

The banker slept again that night. It is wonderful what men will suffer, risk and endure for gold. It is the

white man's gold. The next day Uncle Ben came back to Calgary, but when the banker saw that he had no gold a chill passed down the banker's spine. Chekko would not consent. For nearly two weeks the white man had laboured with the old Indian, but he would not. The white men were all thieves, and if they set foot in the new camp Chekko would be driven out. Uncle Ben showed plainly his disappointment. He had come back to Calgary only to apprise the banker of what he had done, or rather failed to do, and to warn his new friend against attempting to find out the place of the golden river. Chekko never slept. If any white man came to that camp Chekko would surely shoot him with a bullet made of pure gold.

The banker had another chill. Not at dread of being filled with golden buckshot, but because of a strange coincidence. He had just read in the local paper an item headed

"BULLETS OF GOLD."

"Mr. Smith, our new and obliging assayer, whose business card can be seen in another column, and whose deep, bass voice may be heard every Sunday at the Church of the Ascension, killed a caribou on Wednesday of this week, and sold the carcass to Mr. Grass, the accomplished butcher at the corner of 4th and Brook sts. Imbedded against one of the animal's shoulder blades the butcher found a bullet of gold. While cutting up the last quarter another golden shot was found slightly flattened against the hip bone of the caribou. One of the said bullets can be seen at this office. The other, having been tested by Mr. Smith, and found to be pure gold, is on exhibition in the window of Mr. Grass's shop."

Surely the plot thickens. Just as all things seemed to conspire a few days ago to shake the banker's faith, so did these circumstances rush in to overwhelm him with evidence of the honesty of Uncle Ben and the wonderful richness of the find. To be sure, the pleasure of this brightening prospect

was marred by the sad news from the camp, the news of the old Indian's obstinacy; but surely a way could be found to get by the Indian.

Why should a heathen savage be allowed to stand between the world and knowledge—between the banker and a fortune? It was absurd. Do not Christian nations kill savages in order to civilize them, and incidentally to save their souls? He would not do murder, but he would cheerfully chloroform this old idiot, and then wake him up a rich and happy man. When he had tried every other argument on the old miner, he suggested the chloroform, but to his amazement, Uncle Ben did not even know the meaning of the word. The banker explained the nature and effect of the drug, and instantly the old miner stood up.

"And you advise this? To take such advantage of an innocent man, to deceive my best friend, to rob him of his reason, which is the sunlight of the Great Spirit, and then, while he is groping in darkness, rob him of his gold. Ah! Chekko is right. The white man is a hypocrite, a liar and a thief. This makes me wish I had been born red, or black, or even yellor—anything but white."

"Stay," gasped the banker, for Uncle Ben had turned and taken two long strides toward the door.

Macquagin heard the door slam, and Uncle Ben was gone.

When the editor of the local paper asked the banker where he was bound for, the banker said he was just going over to Revelstoke on a private matter, which was perfectly true. It was perfectly natural, too, that the banker should take this trip, for his rest had been broken for ten nights.

He had been three days in Revelstoke when he caught sight of Uncle Ben coming out of a grocery store. The prospector would have passed on without recognizing the banker, but the latter would not let it happen that way. He spoke to the miner calling him Uncle Ben, and showing great surprise and much pleasure at the unexpected meeting. Uncle Ben was remote, but

not altogether frosty in his intercourse with Macquagin. After much persuasion the prospector consented to break bread with the man who had offered to help him, and before they left the table they had some white wine that sparkled and bit like hard cider, and it put Uncle Ben in better spirits than he had shown for some time. As the two men came down the long flight of steps that led from the hotel to the depot, Uncle Ben actually leaned, at times, upon the banker's arm.

When the last glint of gold was gone from the western sky and the stars studded the blue vault above the valley of the Columbia, the two men said good-by, and Uncle Ben disappeared in the forest behind the town.

Before they separated the banker succeeded in getting the old man to promise to visit Calgary once more and see if some arrangements could not be made looking to the development of the property that the lucky prospectors had discovered.

Of course, Uncle Ben kept his promise. To the great joy of the banker he brought back the bar of gold. When the two men had been together for an hour the banker had gotten from Uncle Ben the bewildering statement that, in addition to the small slab which he carried, they had cached near their camp a 'rough bar that would weigh 75 or 80 pounds. He was tired of living so, starving in a bank vault, so to speak, and had at last gained Chekko's consent to give up a third interest in the mine for the banker's help. But first Chekko must have some tangible proof of the banker's existence and of his wealth. Finally it was agreed that the banker should weigh up the gold that Uncle Ben had brought—the bar, the nuggets and three bags of dust, and find the cash value of the whole. Thirty six thousand, nine hundred and sixty dollars was what it was worth.

"How much is Chekko's share?" asked Uncle Ben eagerly.

The banker figured a moment and said: "\$12,320."

"Then take \$12,320 in cash and

show it to Chekko. He knows money—knows what it looks like—an' if we show it to him he will be satisfied; then you can bring the money back and lock it up in your iron box again. You can bring the big bar of gold at the same time," he added, as if this had been a mere afterthought.

The banker sighed a sigh that was a great relief to him, and then he called the paying teller and told him to put the gold in the vault.

The difficulty that confronted the banker now was how to get this \$12,320 out of the bank. He could not draw a check for the amount himself without exciting the cashier. He must have a confederate. He would take in a partner, but it must be some one not connected with the bank.

He called upon a friend who did a little business in a legal way, but the friend was out. He now sought out the editor of the local paper and told him little bits of the wonderful story that had come to him in sections during the past six weeks. The editor was willing, almost eager, to do his part and to take whatever came to him.

Uncle Ben was introduced, asked to supper at the editor's house, and accepted the invitation. Mr. Smith, the new assayer and bass singer, was there, and the banker. It was a pleasant evening. Here were three men of intelligence, all reasonably well educated, men of some refinement, entertaining an unwashed hillman, but they soon discovered that Uncle Ben was unconsciously entertaining them. From the moment he entered the little vestibule he had the whole party at the point of exploding with laughter. He watched the other men hang their hats on the moosehead hat rack, and then deposited his on the floor in the hall. When Mrs. Kling, the editor's wife, offered him a napkin he said, "Thanke, I've got a hankicher." He had been reserved and very guarded in his conversation with the men, but in the presence of the ladies he thawed perceptibly. The inborn chivalry of the south still showed through the tan and thirty years of beard.

"What a nice cupboard," he said to the hostess.

"That isn't a cupboard, Uncle Ben," said Mrs. Kling sweetly; "that's a piano—a music box."

And then she went over, lifted the lid and let her hands wander idly over the keys.

Uncle Ben said no more, but as she resumed her seat his hostess saw him sneak a corner of his red and white kerchief up to his off eye.

Away along toward the coffee he became talkative again. "Uh," he exclaimed, grasping the stem of a champagne glass in his big brown fist, "that liquor's finer'n moose's milk." The roar of laughter, in which the ladies joined, seemed to embarrass the old man.

At the end of a pleasant evening the guests departed, the banker showing Uncle Ben to the hotel on his way home.

Uncle Ben did not show up at the bank until the middle of the afternoon. It was Saturday, the bank was closed, but the manager was at his post. He had been there every moment from the hour of opening, and every hour expecting Uncle Ben. The old prospector showed no signs of regretting his bargain, but the banker was becoming uneasy. It was Saturday, the regular through train for Revelstoke had passed. The "flash roll" that was to be taken out of the bank to humour the old Indian must be returned before the bank opened on Monday morning. The manager thought of chartering a special train to carry him to Revelstoke, but that would attract undue notice, and possibly create a stampede to the new fields. A better plan would be to secure a permit and go over on the first freight which would put them into Revelstoke at midnight. It was agreed that Mr. Kling, the editor, should draw his personal cheque for \$12,320. The cashier protested. It was irregular. The man Kling did not have 12,000 mills in the bank, but the manager told the cashier that it was all right. There was \$36,000 worth of gold as security in the safe, beside the cash

was to be returned Sunday afternoon, or long before the hour for opening on Monday. So the money went out.

The banker and the editor were greatly amused at the quaint sayings of Uncle Ben on the way over. As the heavy freight toiled up over the range the three men sat in the cupola of the way car. The moon was out full upon the white mountains, making the world wildly beautiful.

"What's them iron strings fer?" asked Uncle Ben.

"Those are telegraph wires."

"But what's the good o' them?—they don't hold up the poles?"

"O," said the editor, glancing at his friend, "we send messages over them. You write out a message—a letter—and hand it to the man at the station, and he sends it over the wire."

"Go on!" said Uncle Ben, turning away to watch the moonlight that was playing on the ripples of the Kicking Horse.

"Honest," said Kling.

"No," the old man answered, "me an' Chekko watched them strings fer three weeks once, an' they wan't no letters passed. Chekko said they was put there to hold the poles together, an' that in winter the railroad would be boarded up to keep the snow out. I think Chekko's right."

It was one o'clock in the morning when Uncle Ben struck the dim trail north of the town of Revelstoke, followed by the banker bearing the "flash roll;" the editor stumbled along in the rear. To the strangers it seemed that they were walking in a trackless wilderness, but the old pathfinder kept his feet swinging as though it were broad daylight. It was an hour before dawn when they were halted by a grunt, and heard the click-click of a rifle cocking. Uncle Ben called in a strange tongue. Chekko answered. The pathfinder told his companions to remain where they were, and then approached the hogan, near the door of which the old Indian had spread his blankets.

Chekko stood forth in the moonlight, a solitary eagle feather sticking up from his fur cap.

The banker, eager to see the Indian, advanced two or three steps. Chekko cocked his rifle again, and the banker stepped back.

"If you come too near," said Uncle Ben, coming close to the white men, "you'll spoil it all."

"We won't," said the banker; "here—take the money and show it to him. Tell him we've got it to burn."

Uncle Ben took the satchel and showed the money to Chekko. The Indian only looked at it, grunted, and turned to regard the strangers.

Presently they saw Uncle Ben put the bundle of bills back into the grip. The Indian waved his hands, talked loud and pointed toward the east, where the dawn was showing.

"It's all right," said Uncle Ben, returning the grip to the banker, "only he says you must be gone before the sun is up. He's all broke up, but he won't make no trouble. He himself will guide you out to the main trail, but you must not come within 20 paces of him. Stay till I bring the bar of gold."

It was a great load—80 pounds, as they afterwards learned. The banker and editor took turns in carrying it, the old Indian leading the way. When it was full day the Indian put out a hand, signing the men to stop. Leaving the trail he placed himself upon a huge rock, pointed a bony hand down the trail and the men passed on.

When the Indian could be seen but dimly outlined against the forest, Kling called back cheerily, "Adiose."

The banker and the editor reached Revelstoke just in time to board the eastbound train for Calgary.

They were silent and thoughtful. Now and then they exchanged glances and smiles.

That night, in the banker's private office, the two men unrolled the old blanket, and there lay the big yellow bar. It was a sight to see. Weary and worn as they were they sat for hours talking over their good fortune.

The manager was busy at his desk when the bank opened for business on Monday morning. Uncle Ben was coming over on the express. "Did



"He placed himself on a huge rock, pointed a bony hand down the trail and the men passed on."

you bring the money back?" the cashier asked, entering the private office.

"Sure," said the manager, reaching for the little satchel that stood upon the top of his desk. When he had found the right key he unfastened the spring lock, lifted the bundle, look-

ed at it for a second, and sank back in his chair. The bundle dropped from his hand. The cashier picked it up. It was a bundle of brown paper.

The revelations came swift and fast from that hour. The banker clipped a corner from the big slab and carried it to Mr. Smith, but Mr. Smith's assay shop was closed. The card on the door read, "Adiose."

The old assayer was found, and the yellow slab was found to be worthless. The other bar, the smaller one, was brought out. There was a little gold in the bottom of the auger hole. The rest was tinkling brass. The nuggets were worthless, the dust sacks were filled with sand.

It was scarcely necessary to visit the

"camp," but they did, the banker and the editor. Near the cabin they found an Indian false face and Uncle Ben's whiskers. Upon the cabin door there was a card upon which Uncle Ben had written "Adiose."

THE PEOPLE OF PARLIAMENT HILL.

THIRD PAPER.

By Charles Lewis Shaw.

WASHINGTON is the capital of the United States of America. Nothing more or less. Ottawa is more than the Washington of the North. When you leave the buildings and the rotunda of the Russel House it is Bytown. A large lumber village, a pleasant, picturesque village beyond the shadow of a doubt, but still an enlarged Carleton Place, Perkins Falls or Chaffey's Mills, with the seat of Government and a big hotel.

I asked the Bone and Sinew, my refuge in time of doubt, if, considering the length to which parliamentary sessions were now drawn out, our law-makers were not liable to become "parishy" or "villagy" under the influences of environment? I told him that a person looked at things from a different point of view, and scribbled accordingly, on Fleet Street in London than he did in Rat Portage. In the latter prosperous mining town, for instance, one saw little farther than the gold fields of Northern Ontario, and wrote as if the Australian, South African and Californian mines were yet undiscovered.

"Very well," answered Jack. "But is there any one of the large cities in Canada that has distinctive claims to being a national head centre or capital? In the meantime we cannot wait for a hundred years or so to see how Montreal or Toronto works out. The United States in somewhat the same difficulty built Washington. The smell of sawdust and the sight of shantymen round and about us are national if 'villagy.' It may be when the exchange editors of London, Washington and Paris read about that debate in the Canadian House of Commons, in which the Conservative Whip accused the Prime Minister of his coun-

try of accepting a house from a favoured government contractor of groceries, thereby intimating that the first minister of the Crown of Great Britain's first colony was bribed by the offer of a place to lodge and board in, they will wonder. When they hear that instead of a storm of indignant protest arising from both sides of the Chamber the accusation was calmly debated, explained and denied by the said Premier, these exchange and colonial editors will naturally imagine that the party which permitted its official whip to be contemptible enough to make the charge, the Premier who lowered himself to explain his denial, and the House which tolerated the debate, must be altogether pretty small. They won't call it 'villagy.' They will say that the game of politics in Canada is pitifully mean. If the smell of sawdust is in the air there is no necessity of our treating our Premier as if he were a shanty foreman, or he permitting himself to be treated as such. There ought to be a little dignity lurking around the Parliament Buildings yet. Sir John Macdonald, Alexander Mackenzie and Sir John Thompson were with us only a few years ago, and Edward Blake has only been a short time abroad.

"But what knocks me," continued the Bone and Sinew, "as a Canadian, is that such a miserable charge against the political honour of the Premier should be treated calmly by the House as a disagreeable affair certainly, but almost as an inconsiderable detail in party warfare." Here Jack became mildly historical. Men during the notorious parliamentary debauchery of Walpole and in the profligate days of the Regency popped at each other at twelve paces for a bare insinuation of an hundredth part of the venality of which Mr. Tay-

lor accused our first Minister. In the last years of the century, in these times of prohibition plebiscites, temperance legislation, Sunday observance acts, Christian Endeavour conventions and John Charlton, we quietly explain the charge of personal bribery, and probably chaff the maker good-naturedly next day, instead of shooting him in the morning."

"The fact that such a charge should be incidentally made," I ventured to say, "instead of by almost formal indictment, causes the horrible suspicion to come to one's mind that the House does not view the charge, valid or invalid, as being of very much moment, or very—"

"I don't believe the members of the House of Commons are corrupt personally," interrupted my friend. "Far from it. Their standard of honour is probably higher than a large majority of the people they represent. They are a higher class of men than the average run of Canadians—not so much higher that they are uncomfortably dizzy—but still higher. That there are not some black sheep in a crowd of two hundred is not to be expected, but you could probably count on your fingers the members that could be personally bribed, or that any corporation has available funds or can afford to bribe for any specific purpose. The corruption of Canadian political life is not in the individual member of Parliament. It is in the outcome of party government, the corruption of party known by that indefinite, far-reaching word 'machine.' To the party machine can be traced the garrulity of the members, therefore the prolonged sessions, the partizanship, consequently the lack of independence, the corruption of Parliament and constituencies, and all the attendant results. The more democratic the country the more powerful the machine, as witness the United States. It is the evil that has taken the place of class privileges and has caused many an old Tory to cling to the idea that the most tyrannical of rulers is King Demos. That is why charges of corruption are

bandied about so cheerfully. They are not taken personally. They are understood as being directed against the machine, and the machine, either of them, isn't bothered; it is its business. Not one member of Parliament in a hundred makes any money out of public life. It is the machine makes the money, controls the constituencies, and thereby the House, with the consequent patronage of the party in power. It is needless to say that the machine of the government party is necessarily the best oiled. In a word, Canada is ruled by the machine to a very considerable extent, and contractors and corporations are not like the label on the bottle in connection therewith. Sir Mackenzie Bowell tried to run the country himself for a while in a kindly quasi-patriarchal manner, but—he didn't. Mr. Tarte had been a head engineer of both machines in his time and knew how they worked, and he ran one and Sir Wilfrid Laurier into power before Sir Charles Tupper could get the Tory affair into working shape, for it had been out of gear. Some of the engineers had struck when Sir Mackenzie tried to rule Canada even as Abraham tended his flocks."

Then Jack paused for breath, and gave me time to ask him what this mystical, marvellous, all-powerful factor in Canadian political life, this machine was.

"The control of party organization by professional or semi-professional politicians," he said. "The better elements are controlled by fear or favour, and the lower by money. A candidate for a constituency, a judgeship, or a fat government berth is brought under its baneful influence by fear of its influence or desire for its favour. It is hard to fight a thoroughly-equipped, well-organized force, manœuvred by well-trained officers. That is why there are only two Independents in the House, and they are accidents."

I asked the Bone and Sinew, who had such a high opinion of the personnel of the House, how it was that men as big as he had said they were, and who were personally honourable, per-

mitted themselves to be controlled by something of which the popular idea was that it merely debauched venal electors at bye-elections in rural constituencies.

"Faugh!" he said with an expression of contempt in his face at my ignorance. "And you have been in Ottawa a week and still labour under the impression that the machine is merely a gang of disreputable scoundrels with a following of adroit hirelings who stuff ballot boxes, distribute whiskey and hire teams in the back townships on occasions. My boy," and Jack here looked very much in earnest, "the machine has eaten its way into the very heart of our political system. Members of Parliament controlled or influenced by it? The Premier himself is, why! man alive, he is the honorary President of the best working political machine since the palmiest days of Sir John Macdonald. The difference is, that the old Conservative Chieftain did much of the higher, more artistic work and controlled the machine himself instead of letting the machine control him. Take that Yukon Railway deal. Does anyone imagine that Sir Wilfrid Laurier or one half the Liberal party really would have supported the measure on the premises submitted if the question had not been made a distinct party one insisted upon by the machine. The machine doesn't do all its work on back concession roads.

"The Premier is the head of the Government and the Whip is the official party disciplinarian in the House, but we know what cracks the party whip. The machine has no official status. It came in with popular government and like Topsy it grew the rest itself. It is now in a condition of life that Mr. W. T. R. Preston the other day suggested that it should be hugged. In a few more years it may be wedded, as Tammany is to the New York Democracy."

I told Jack that it was easy to see the influence of the machine upon the official leaders of a party. In fact, we had agreed that to be a successful

party leader a man must count with the evil influences of that party. And the success of that leader depended largely upon his adroitness in manipulating those evil influences without loss of political and personal honour. But how would those influences affect the voice and vote of the ordinary honest member, I enquired of him who had now become my political mentor. From the gusto with which he discussed the machine I believed the Bone and Sinew had peculiar knowledge of the workings thereof. "Affect the voice and vote of the ordinary honest member of parliament," he repeated. "Why! the ordinary honest member of Parliament, like ninety-nine out of a hundred ordinary honest members of a community would be affected by an influence that largely controls his chances of re-election and can give him political advancement or ruin, or can provide his wife's relations with nice comfortable livings instead of his doing the providing. There is no necessity of voting straight against your conscience every time you give a straight party vote. There never was a bill that passed the House that was ideally perfect. The most strictly honourable party man, the highest minded, purest that ever allied himself with a party must time and again have given his consent to what he knew were faulty and defective measures. With the political future, to a great extent, of the ordinary, honest member of Parliament in its keeping and much of the patronage of a Government present or prospective at its command, the party machine doesn't ask very much beyond reasonably straight party votes from the ordinary, honest members of Parliament. The machine will take care of the party measures it wants taken care of and seldom asks for anything that cannot be put at least plausibly before the people. Those who own the machine are emphatically not fools and are not striving to outrage the right feeling and common sense of the people unnecessarily. A man with these influences at work and the ties of loyal party allegiance tug-

ging at him must be indeed bigger than an ordinary, honest member of Parliament when he uses voice and vote against a measure merely because he sees, suspects or fears the baneful work of the party machine in its construction, benefits or results. But still the great majority of the Canadian House of Commons, as I have said before, are ordinary, honest members of Parliament."

I said I could understand his reasons for believing that the machine was the direct cause of the apparent hide-bound partizanship and the consequent lack of independence of the members of the Commons, but where did it bring about their garrulity?

"Goodness, man, can you not see," blurted Jack, "that one-half the speeches made are explanations and apologies of the members for their votes in the House to their constituents. The electorate is not as much or as directly under the influence of the machine as their representatives, and votes have frequently and necessarily to be explained or apologized for. That is the principal reason why the House of Commons is what Carlyle called the British House 'a talking shop.' After a few of the leading men on both sides, or some members who have special knowledge of the subject have spoken, the smaller fry keep popping up on their hind legs for days rehashing the substance of their leaders' speeches for the benefit of themselves in their constituencies. They are such hide-bound partizans that they strive to cover up the trail made by their leaders by sprawling all over it as if it were made by themselves. It is almost safe to gauge the degree of unreasoning partizanship and lack of independence of the member in the rank and file by the number of explanatory speeches he makes. He seldom advocates a measure. He defends his vote. The session becomes long drawn out, the members and the country are tired, and then the machine gets in its finest work on the home stretch."

"But," I asked, "doesn't the work of one party machine neutralize, or at

least practically even-up the work of the other, although the Government machine has the advantage?"

"That may be so," answered the newly developed political philosopher, "but it seems a—" here Jack used a strongly expressive but unprintable adjective, "miserable condition of affairs, that the Government of a country should depend largely on the one that works best—or worst."

"But does the choice or overthrow of a government depend on it?" was asked.

"On a big trade question like the National Policy it may not, and even that gave the machine opportunities with the manufacturers; but take the last general election. The head pushers of the Tory machine, Haggart, Clark Wallace, Birmingham, Montague, at loggerheads in Ontario, and Tarte, their old manipulator, in the cab of the Liberal machine in Quebec, with his hand on the throttle. It wasn't the Manitoba School Question that beat Sir Charles at the polls. It was their old machine engineer in Quebec. Mr. Anger wasn't in the same class, and the late Sir Adolphe Chapleau the recognized leader of the French-Canadian Tories was—was—Lieutenant-Governor. Mr. Tarte wasn't the only old-time Tory that was not following Sir Charles Tupper that week. He is now in charge of one of the largest spending departments of the Government. He has been promoted. Take the appointment of Sifton also. There was nothing startlingly remarkable about the ex-Attorney-General of Manitoba, except his ambition, which startled Mr. Greenway. Joe Martin had got him in the habit of getting started at rising young Liberals. Mr. Greenway had a nice hot school question that he had been living on politically for several comfortable years. Mr. Laurier had promised—and wished to take it off his hands. Mr. Greenway naturally wished to do a good turn for his Federal leader, but he wished Mr. Sifton to go with it before he parted with the dear thing, as did Mr. Sifton. Joe Martin was impossible, for if the belligerent Joseph is nothing else, he is

not a machine politician. Sifton's career had made him a *persona grata* through several railway deals in the Prairie Province to gentlemen who are in the railway dealing line, and one morning the people of Canada woke up to hear that Mr. Sifton was Minister of the Interior. Since then, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has assured them that the Manitoba School Question is settled. The people of Canada don't exactly know how, but Sir Wilfrid says it is; the Liberal party agrees with him, Mr. Greenway says nothing, and the machine isn't a talking machine."

"Summing up all your indefinite charges and insinuations against this machine, whose name I'm getting sick of"—I wearily said after the hour's talk, when Jack interrupted, "So am I, so will Canada be unless the two great parties get out of its clutches. As for indefinite charges and insinuations, it is hard to hit a hydra-headed centipede. The heart or motive power of the machine is, after all, merely human frailty, wickedness or any other old word that you wish to use for the devil or man."

"Tammany's charter reads that it is a patriotic and social club." I continued, "But, after all is said and done, this machine resolves itself into the mere running of party politics in a business-like, practical manner."

"Exactly," said Jack, "and as it is run in that way it is not to be supposed that it runs on wind. A business, such as the management of a great political party, requires capital. The most moral, purest management in the world would require some, and that is where the goody-goodies who subscribe to it ease their consciences. The capital subscribed is in time, influence and money, and the stock-books are always open. The machine with the largest capital runs the best. The men who subscribe their time are shrewd, and the men of wealth, contractors and corporation managers who contribute the influence and money are not fools. Yes, you are right, the

machine is the mere running of party politics in a business-like, practical manner. The men who subscribe the time, influence and money, demand a business-like, practical dividend—and the papers are full of the political corruption of the heelers in the back townships."

"Bah! Neither of the parties as now constituted dare attack the machine at its vital points. It would be suicide. But the old systems are dying, slowly, to be sure, but dying a natural death before the force of public opinion. There is a something growing up in the minds of Canadians, as it did in protest against the patronage and tyranny of the Family Compact, that will not much longer tolerate the destiny of their country being to any considerable extent controlled by scheming, unscrupulous, professional politicians, supported by the wealth of contractors and corporations and the ambition of Cabinet Ministers. As the Family Compact fell to pieces so shall the machine."

"We seem to be getting along fairly well," I ventured to say, "in spite of it."

"We do," answered Jack; "for, after all, the members of the Canadian House of Commons are patriotic; and, machine or no machine, on any question of direct and unmistakable national or international importance which is too large for the machine to thresh, they rise to the occasion. Yes, after all, I am glad I am a Canadian, and never have I reason to be prouder of that accidental fact than when Sir Wilfrid, Sir Charles, and their followers are confronted with a treaty question affecting trade or boundary, an expression of opinion regarding the rights of their fellow-subjects in other lands, the closer binding of the manifold ties of the Empire by steam or electricity, there comes forth from Grit, Tory and Independent, without one discordant note, the united, intelligent voice of a patriotic people who love the Motherland, respect themselves, and fear only God."

THE WIDOW OF MUMS.

LAST INSTALMENT.

By Erle Cromer.

DIGEST OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.—Minerva Falconer, widow, works a rented farm with the assistance of her two children Molly and Peart. The land is owned by Caleb Tooze, a dying old bachelor, whose wealth Widow Falconer hopes to inherit. She needs the money because she is in debt. Farther down the road live the Mosses. Rudge Moss and Peart Falconer are chums and both in love with Pensee Vale, the school teacher, who boards with the Mosses. Rudge has been going to school to Pensee and getting lessons after hours. From this a scandal arises and Rudge Moss disappears. Old Caleb dies, leaves his money to Pensee and the land to the widow. Then Peart Falconer goes out to hunt for Rudge. He brings him back, but the scandal still remains. As a consequence Rudge and Peart have a fight in which the latter is badly beaten. Peart then leaves for the scene of the North-West Rebellion. Neither young man knows which of them Pensee prefers.

XXII.

Rudge Moss got no sleep that night; got up before dawn, did all the chores but milking and put straight to Falconers' as the old shanty crept out of the slashing.

Minerva and Molly were both up. Merely nodding to both as he kept his hand on the door knob he launched right into the circumstance of the night before; while Molly stood holding the tin dipper at the lid of the tea-kettle, having just spilled a pint of water into the fluttering fire, putting it black out. She looked straight at Rudge; but he looked most at the widow who had just began to lace her shoes by the west window when he came in.

Rudge was incoherently demonstrating how he had struck Peart the night before when the widow interrupted him.

"Rudgy," she said, with mournful emphasis, "you needn't tell't. In the night he come back to the house with a bloody face. 'Pearty,' I says suddenly right at 's bedruhm door, 'what's that blood?' an' throwed the light fair on to it. He quit packin' 'is things a mennit an' sot up. 'Mother,' he says kin' o' sharp an' sad like '*he* struck me—about her.' 'Well,' I says quick back, 'hedn't you better wash 't off—fer I guess you're goin' away some-where haint you?' Don't know as I ever see sich a look in Pearty's eyes as

there was then. 'Mother,' he says, 'that blood was for her; I'll carry 't awhile yit. But there's more where it come from. Maybe this country 'll need it; maybe the haf-breed's bullet 'll find it. But it 'll never be grudged so long as she thinks it's right—an' so long as she'll be happier with him when I'm away.'"

"The rest," added the widow sorrowfully as she turned to the window again, "I can't tell yuh Rudgy Moss excep' that he said he on'y expected to see both o' yous in dreams again by night, an' by day maybe like a vision in the smoke where men was droppin'. He went t' the stable then. I couldn't hear from the outside what he was sayin' t' the horses. But they was 'bout his last words here. He went then, Molly, 'foot an' alone. It's likely he knows the way. It's all in Canady, he says. It don't matter much. But," with a gleam of fanatical enthusiasm in her dark-circled eyes and a heavy hand rattling the window-sash, "he's got money in 'is pack an' don't know it. Molly," sharply, "go an' feed the things. We gota drive to town to-day 'fore the roads breaks. There's business. Yes," rising with her heavy hand clutching the chair-back, "an there should 'a been less business in the lawyer's office an' more money in his pack—but if it's on'y for a plagued haf-breed to pick out of 'is dead body

— Rudgy Moss,” she broke off as she strode across and stood before him—her deep voice was quivering now but she would not let it break, “you been a better friend to my son than his own mother, so he said. But you struck ’im las’ night in his blood to the ground. Boy,” holding out her right hand, “do you think that hand would ’a’ done that?”

She paused and for a moment, the only sound in the kitchen was Molly rattling gently at the grate. The March morning lifted calm in sombre gray off the maples. But on Minerva Falconer’s dark face was a cloud yet more dark. Perhaps the sun was rising behind it.

Rudge spoke something low to Molly who said, “all right,” and tried to smile. Then he went to the barn. He was harnessing the horses when Molly went out to milk.

Rudge’s mind was a psychological jumble that day. He was a total despair to Reuben and Sylvia to whom he would say scarcely a word.

“Pensee sick abed now?” he asked abruptly at dinner as he peeled a potato.

“She wont come down—jist now,” replied Sylvia enigmatically.

“Guess she’s ’fraid o’ you sumthin’,” ventured Reuben cautiously as he soaked pork gravy into a slice of bread. “Hain’t it now?”

Sylvia sighed, “Poor girl!” and looked into the teapot.

That set Rudge thinking. He said no more till he had finished his dinner; when he pushed suddenly back.

“Maw,” he jerked, “I’m going up to see ’er—ull I?”

He went. As he thudded slowly twice on the door he felt his big heart thumping out loud under his gansy.

A slight rustle, a step, the door opened and Pensee stood there. What a child she looked with her dark eyes haunting in her pale face and searching so up into his! In absolute pity Rudge forgot his gansy and felt boots and wanted to pick her up in his arms to comfort her. Then again, all untutored as he was it seemed to him as he

looked into her eyes burning so fiercely without a quenching tear, that the real child Pensee he used to know was out of them.

“Rudge,” she said mechanically, “you’ve come to scold me—I know. But you mustn’t. Let bygones be. Tell your father I’ve given up the school—there, let me see, I wrote it out just this morning. Wait,” and turned away.

When she came back she wore the phantom of a smile.

“Pensee,” said Rudge shortly, “Peart’s gone t’ the Rebellion,” and looked at her curiously to note the effect.

“Then he may get shot,” reflected Pensee nonchalantly. “Poor man! But he mustn’t love the strumpet. No! Rudge, the paper’s white,” as she handed him the envelope containing her resignation. “I wonder if Molly will drive me to the train to-morrow. I must go up and pack my things this afternoon. The road’s muddy, I guess. Well, better so. I remember when it was snow and too white. But we’ll try to forget out in the big world, and do better. Better,” she added slowly to herself as she put her hands to her temples, “better perhaps if the ice had not been so deep once. For they carried him out in the box and it seemed as if somebody’s innocence went with it. What was left seemed better to need water than earth.”

“Rudge,” quick and low with her hand on his arm, an eager step forward and a rare soft expansive light in her eyes, “I had this in a dream last night. I’ll tell it to you now; so terribly strange and sweet, a thing perhaps you can tell me—you—you—”

Her white hand crept off his arm, her fingers locked, the tremulous, eager look died out of her eyes that seemed to roll back into their sockets, and a look of cold, nameless horror racked her pale features, as though some poison finger had plucked at her heart and sent the whole being back into coil.

“You—” she reiterated fearfully, “you—no, I can’t tell you. I *shamed* you.”

Slowly the door went shut, the latch clicked and Rudge Moss knew by the sound of fingers inside that she was fumbling to get down the catch.

XXIII.

A trustee-meeting, called in the drab school by Reuben Moss two nights after the exit of Peart Falconer, decided not to accept Pensee's resignation; granted her sick leave instead; indefinite.

Pensee was ill; too ill, Minerva Falconer told Sylvia, to leave the little east upstairs room or even her bed, let alone Mums. That was the day after Minerva went to town with Molly; when Pensee shrank from her much as she had done from Rudge the day before; and for once Minerva Falconer let the man's grip off her heart right in the presence of Sylvia Moss who cried with her.

Mums had settled Pensee Vale's success as a teacher, her failure as a social visitor, her guilt as a woman. But Mums did not understand Pensee's illness. Some of the women went to see her—for after all if she was sick she was by so much a woman still in spite of her disgrace. But what if it was not bodily illness at all; only remorse acting upon her mind? She who could make open confession muttering "Shame!" and never look at one who came near; flaunting it so—in *his* house too. But she was certainly very ill; poor girl! So they said.

Charity were just as well now. Pensee Vale's conscience deluded into a sense of guilt needed no accuser. The bird loathes the reptile into whose fangs it flutters forgetting the blue and the breeze. Pensee hated supremely what day by day imagination forced her to be. The daily rehearsal of the strumpet's part crowded out her memory of a pure life. The play was the tragedy.

Days passed and Minerva Falconer called again with Molly at the log house. Rudge stood in the kitchen doorway leaning heavily with folded arms. He recognized the greeting of neither and moved not a muscle.

"Pensee ain't no better," he said tersely, and frowned. That was all.

Molly with a bunch of white flowers in her hand whispered to her mother and both looked up at the little square window in the clap-boarded gable where half that afternoon Rudge had been looking. And then Minerva Falconer's dark-circled eyes drooped and she stood as if listening, while Molly confusedly smelled her flowers.

Did Minerva hear then what for bitter days and lonely nights now had been ringing in her conscience; white lips muttering "Shame!" when there was no shame? That lie she had been the first to breathe into a young girl's life? Its poison worked now in her own.

For judge her as harshly as Rudge Moss did that afternoon Minerva Falconer with all her mistakes and malignities on her head was a sorrowing woman. All the woman that wilful sin and errors of both passion and judgment had left, all the mother that ever was in her lay humble for punishment. Her son was gone; perhaps forever. The girl she had wronged to thrust in his way was as far from him that afternoon as from Mums and its sympathies. Most of the work was hers.

"Rudgy," she said, and the slow voice shook to its depths as she leaned for support on the rain-water barrel at the corner of the house, "You struck my son once. You'd oughta struck his mother instid—the false woman—right t' the earth in her blood. Molly, come!"

"Here's flowers for Pensee, Rudge," said Molly, holding out the bunch of white carnations she had pulled from the parlor window, an' there's one for you;" and before Rudge knew what he was doing the embarrassed girl had pinned a white blossom in his gansy, the rest were in his hand.

Rudge swallowed once as he saw the woman go out the lane. Molly's arm was in her mother's. She almost seemed the taller of the two.

And that night, as every night since Peart Falconer's departure, Rudge did the chores up at the square house.

A strange illness this of Pensee's : nerves almost numb ; heart that flutters with but a turn of the body ; eyes that see a white wall made the same as the face of spring in blue and white cloud, at the window ; ears that if they hear on warm days the perk of a robin or the far crr—eep, crr—eep of an early frog scarce distinguishes it from the muffled racket of the kitchen. Sometimes scared flurries of snow swarm into the yard, find out how much warmer it is down than up, and vanish. Then swishing rains wash the dirty snow-packs out of the fence-corners and flood the ditches yellow. Afterwards the sun comes again, with pale green slipping into the black second-growth, and song-sparrows in the brush-piles.

Pensee is mostly alone now ; for Rudge permits no women to come visiting, and Sylvia has soft-soap to boil, yard to rake and house to clean. Sometimes Pensee forgets how weak she is and gets up to the window ; but sees no children at the school, and sinks back into bed again faint and sick. The doctor has called it neurasthenia, induced by over work and mental worry ; prescribes complete rest, light diet, simple amusement, and as soon as possible a change of scene. But the days pass and Pensee keeps her nest and her room, her chief amusement latterly to scribble on sheets of paper pupils' names, bits of sums and sentences, her own name and Rudge's, and another's, which she tears into little bits, and with low cries of pain sifts through her fingers on the coverlet.

And there come times in that quiet room when Pensee's cheeks flush, her breath comes quick, her eyes cease staring at the wall and look far through the window at something, a patch of green, maybe, or cloud ; like one suddenly awake. Then she stops scribbling and smiles, while a forgetful hand wanders to her neck and pinches absently up the thin white flesh there. And sometimes she rises and sits by the window ; and when Mrs. Moss comes up scolding, bewildered at her

for so much effort, Pensee begs for buds she can see down in the garden and dandelions from the lane-side. Then when she gets them into her hair and the collar of her night-gown she plucks them out again, crushes them, moaning "Shame !" and with fluttering heart flings herself exhausted on the bed, to stare once more at the wall.

So from misery at her heart like a stone to rapturous sensation craving at every pore, and back again, swings the pendulum of Pensee Vale's existence those spring days. Between these her real, absolute Me is hard to find ; perhaps only hovers near somewhere waiting its turn.

XXIV.

Cush-CLICK-it ! cush-CLICK-it ! cush-CLICK— Rudge Moss jabbed his corn-planter into the clay headland at the road, and got into the fence-corner to fill up from the bag.

Across the ditch, over the fence, sleeves up, brand-new planter under his arm, came Reuben Moss.

"Here's a letter for you, Rudge," he said, and handed Rudge the grimmest envelope he had ever got down at the store, where he bought the planter that morning.

Rudge said "Huh !" took it and tore it open ; while Reuben adjusted the drop-slide in his planter.

"How many you putt'n in, Rudge?" he said.

"Five an' six," sharply replied Rudge, beginning to read.

"Most too many. Five's most you ever orter drop o' this smut-nose ; suckers suh bad."

Reuben jabbered a good deal more as he fixed the slide, tested it to drop four to five grains on the edge of the bag, scraped them up and started, Cush-CLICK-it, cush-CLICK-it, along the furrow towards Caleb Tooze's shanty. Rudge read on, quite oblivious that a wad of bills had fallen on the grass at his feet.

FISH CREEK, N.W.T., Apr. 24.

RUDGE :

That is to say if this reaches you—with the money ; which I didn't know I had till after I

left Winnipeg, or I'd have sent a cheque. My mother, wise as usual, put it in with my things the night we had the mill. Give it to Pensee; it's hers. I had some of my own. Not much left now, even after a meal a day carried in my knapsack. It doesn't matter. A man fights better hungry.

I write this on the stump of a poplar; blanketed in the top of it last night in the sleet. I didn't sleep. Maybe I was a fool to see her face. She's never been here.

You'd call this Fish Creek poor woods, Rudge; but Dumont's half-breeds blossom in it like black squirrels used to around Mums. I don't know how yesterday would have gone with leaves on. It was a desperate lot of picking and ducking and yelling as it was. Maybe it's war. Gad! I remember when we used to play Wolfe and Montcalm at school, and I thought all the nations of Europe were coming up the big river. But here—crawling on hands and knees through the brush, and looking for some clump of poplars yonder to puff out and spit a bullet into your teeth, when all the time another fool as big as yourself may be beading, five rods away, into the back of your head. These "breeds" have a very Indian trick in the rifle-pits. They stick up a blanket on a pole. The boys down in the *coulees* think it's a "breed" and uncover to fire. That's the "breed's" chance. I saw the first one go up yesterday. I didn't uncover, but I got a bullet through my cap and another one for an ear-ring when I tried to flank round back of the pits. The hole in the cap came from a white man's bullet down in the *coulees*—at least, so I judge from its angle and my own to both fires. It didn't matter. I probably got in more shots on the pits than he did.

Rudge, this whole rebellion's a blunder.

These poor devils are being led—when there's land enough along this old Saskatchewan for a thousand times their number. I didn't come to murder them; but because I feared the crime in my own shadow at Mums more than I do their bullets here. I tried to fight it for her sake. She said I troubled her. Well, maybe I'll trouble the dogs soon; stop their hunger awhile, and my own forever. They'll make palaver enough, not the patriotic kind that makes every man a hero that climbs a tree or swims a river when a war's on. Still I might have been a patriot for her if she had only said it. Might have been yesterday; once when the poplars smoked and blistered on the bluff, and the boys from Toronto down in the *coulees* got the fever and wanted to follow the shells' boom up to the rifle pits, and then they cracked, and the poor devils yelled, and a fellow's gun got to feel like a third arm, and burnt powder got sweet to the smell; and if suddenly a bullet got into his mouth he'd spit it out and go on, on, on, till the poplars quit smoking and night fell, and he saw in the gloom some phantom face smile and say it was all right.

But night does come and your gun gets cold and you steal down as near as you can

to the "corral" and hear the boys talk about home and country, and death; and hunger sucks you like a leech. But I won't join them. I'm going on to Batoche behind them when they start. Riel's there. I've got enough for a meal every other day till we get there. If not, I'd as soon the dogs bury my body as have it carried back to Mums.

You'll be planting corn soon, Rudge. The Bob White's we used to shoot will be out in the fields. Molly will be making soft soap, with her sunbonnet on. Poor girl! She loved you, Rudge. It wasn't her fault she's a Falconer.

... And when you're married tell your wife, Rudge, I'm sorry I troubled her. But I wanted to be right, because she is pure.

Good-bye,

PEART FALCONER.

P.S.—If you write, send to Batoche.

—Click-IT—click-IT, went the old man's planter down by the shanty, Rudge didn't wait till he could hear the *Cash*, but picked the money from the grass in a dazed sort of way, stuffed it back in the envelope along with the letter and climbed the fence.

When he got to the log manse Sylvia Moss was sitting in the lean-to skinning rhubarb.

"Maw," he said hastily, as he bit the end off a stalk, "I'm goin' up to Pensee. She ain't 'sleep is she?" And before Sylvia could answer, his straw hat was on the kitchen table and he stood at the head of the stair tapping on Pensee's door; the first time he had been near it since the day she shut it in his face. He heard something and gently opened it.

And then a strange wave of feeling caught him, fresh as he was from the cornfield with the smell of the clay-loam on his boots and the call of the Bob-White in his ears, and he stood still, while the nickel clock clucked loud. The breeze off the young clover across the lane where the bob-o-links warbled bulged the strawberry-crush, chintz curtain at the square window; and bars of gold fretted the rag carpet in front of the white-wood bookcase Rudge had made for Pensee's books the first winter she came to Mums. The white pitcher in the blue-pointed bowl with the toilet articles round it caught its double downwards in the red-edged looking-glass on the little

commode; and over the trunk next to it hung Pensee's dresses, her red wrapper at the end brushing the foot post of the bed, on which one almost fancied the snow had just drifted, so rumpled-white the coverlet up to the pillow and the pale, wan face where for days and nights now the fever had been plundering and burning.

One of those rallies again this morning. The bird-music outside made the wasted limbs struggle to be free; the woman's full-blooded sense throb in the body, through the iron nerves, up into the weary brain.

At length Rudge let his pitying, blue eyes rest on Pensee's pale face. She turned, and hearing the clock almost as did one of old the voice in the burning bush, Rudge bent his head and tiptoed in. Standing over the bed he looked at her with big, hungry eyes and said not a word. Only in his reverent heart he said by whatever universal language speaks in us all when we come to holy desires, "She must never for a moment again believe that lie."

Bending over her so he took her white hand from the coverlet and raised it to his lips.

Through the window came the fine whistle of an orange-breasted oriole down in a garden apple-tree.

"Pensee," said Rudge with hushed voice, and waited.

The shadow of a struggle flitted over her pale face. She looked at the hand he had kissed—doubtingly, wonderingly from the startled depths of her dark eyes up at his face. She met no shrinking there.

Her white hands grasped the bedstead; she pulled herself higher on the pillow till her loose hair dropped behind her shoulders.

"Rudge," she said gravely, some inspiration making deep and steady the voice that for days now had but gasped in weakness, while her eyes searched into his, "The dream came again last night. This is it. Water couldn't wash away the shame—but the blood of a man on the ice—touched my finger. His face was in it. He

said you struck him; and the red blood on my finger turned white. I was happy then; but when I touched my other finger to it the red came again, and redder than before—but it wouldn't rub out! Rudge, where is he whose blood you just kissed on my finger?"

Pensee's cheeks were flushed and her eyes burned soft and strange.

Slowly, as though in a dream, he had wandered out of the cornfield into that room. Rudge took the letter from his pocket, dropped it on the bed and left the room.

Cush-Click-it—Click-it went the planters soon in the cornfield up by the shanty. Pensee couldn't have heard them if they had been under the window. She was reading—Peart Falconer's letter to Rudge Moss.

XXV.

All the rest of that forenoon following the planter, Rudge Moss resolved in his mind the now long familiar picture of the North-West, the C.P.R., the marches of the troops, trails, wagon-roads and fords, clear to Batoche—with himself amid it all searching for Peart Falconer. At noon he greased his heavy boots, and told his mother to pack them into his "v'leese" along with whatever else she thought he would need for a tramp of over two hundred miles on trail after leaving "Quappel," as he called it. They had discussed the situation during dinner. Rudge was determined, therefore Sylvia did as he said, and Reuben got a wad of bills out of the bedroom and hitched up the horse, while Rudge got into his best homespun, celluloid and fine boots, and for a few moments sat on the edge of the bed in Pensee's room. She was sitting up then.

"I'll find 'im, Pensee," he said, "if there's a bone of 'im left. Goo'-bye."

And the first tears Pensee Vale had shed in six weeks fell on his brown hand as he took his leave.

That was May 2nd. Ten days afterwards Batoche, the nerve-centre of the Rebellion, fell into the hands of Her Majesty's Volunteers.

Five of these put Rudge Moss a

thousand miles farther from Mums than he had ever been, set him down at Qu'Appelle, two hundred and forty-three miles from Batoche, with his civilian's pack to carry over the trail followed so recently by the soldier boys and Peart Falconer. There we shall leave him for the present and return to Mums.

Not a day passed on that green-walled, bird-noted concession, when either Minerva Falconer or Molly did not call at Mosses' log house. Rudge was not there to hinder them now. He was to write to Pensee from Qu'Appelle.

The day his letter came, already torn open by Molly, who had got it down at the store, Pensee sat up, dressed in her red wrapper.

The letter was brief, merely stating Rudge's arrival, what he had found out at Qu'Appelle about the trail to Batoche, the fact that the "boys" had struck camp from Fish Creek only the day before, and would be now at Batoche; his determination to cover the trail in five days; he would send word from Batoche.

"Pensee," said Molly, warmly, smiling through tears, "isn't he fine!"

Pensee kissed her. "Yes, Molly," she said in a subdued, eager tone, "and perhaps this very moment when the sun is setting Rudge is getting into Batoche, and he's hunting, hunting, trying to shove back the very dark—for ther'll be dead men there—dead men there—"

The voice hushed as though in fear.

And the days passed, the planters clicked, the scarecrows got on the stumps in the corn-fields, the crows laughed and chattered much, and there was much to chatter about or the busy folk would have let the corn-planters and the crows do it all. Peradventure by much chattering some may find out truth.

Pensee Vale was well again, up at the widow's once more; strange how sickness sometimes improves people's looks. They had never thought her beautiful before, perhaps because

she had always been too shy of face to be well looked at; not so now, but fearless as though something dwelt in her dark eyes that made her forget self; perhaps it was the old man's legacy; certainly that would make her a catch for something better than Mums, probably not Rudge Moss after all. It had been whispered that she loved Peart Falconer all the while; well, if Rudge Moss should find him on the prairie would he fight him to the death when the rebels were done?

But the preacher prayed at the white church on Sunday over the heads of the folk for the safe return of the boys who had gone to the war. And the brethren said "Amen." Two women, side by side, heard that prayer and clasped hands secretly. Perhaps they prayed too, though Pensee Vale had never stayed to class-meeting, and Minerva Falconer remained for the first time that day, when she made open confession of her guilt, brokenly, amid tears to the little congregation whose children Pensee Vale once had taught at the drab school. That was Minerva Falconer's humiliation. But it was her anguished mother's heart that spake. And again the brethren said "Amen!" "The Lord bless!" "Thank God for the confession!" while the women wept, and even Sylvia Moss could not refrain from kissing Pensee at the door, after which she joined Reuben in an invitation to all three to come to dinner. And they went.

One May afternoon when Pensee and Molly sat in the house-shadow behind the maples, Minerva Falconer drove in. Both girls sprang up and ran out to the buggy. The old white mare stopped without Whoa! And saying not a word while her blanched face and firm-set grim lips told what a struggle had been hers all the way up from the store in the buggy, Minerva handed an unopened letter over the wheel to Pensee. Then while a little dark bird with a fat gray breast and a black needle bill whittled away at some everlasting melody up in one of the maples, and the light breeze puffed over the pink and

white bulge of the quince shrubs, the widow drove on to the stable, unhitched and unharnessed, pulled the buggy under the shed and went to the house.

And it's quite likely that bird up in the maple knew every word the girls were reading down in the lane. But he chiselled away at his everlasting melody just the same.

"Pensee—this is batoche and its the day after the boys took it. And right hear ull be a name—Peart Falconer—he's rote it Pensee same as he done your name at the first but i had to hold his hand both times right hear in the church with a none holding his head. she says he will come around but he will have a hard time, and there's been lots more carried in here but none so bad as him she says except the dead ones. i found him in the bush right back of the church with his clothes burnt some. the nigers set fire to the bush the first day and he could only just crawl in the smoke till he fell into a rifle-pit the nigers left and that's all ever saved him i guess. he's just come to a little while ago. *he knows all about it Pensee.* it will likely be a couple of weeks before i can start back with him and i will have to be nurse. i aint quite come to myself yet i guess. but i don't care how strange the place is and the people so long as i know Peart and he knows me. i pretty near didnt though. i want you to right Pensee. tell maw i am well and i got the biskits all et up. tell Molly i will right to her soon. this is been a queer war. i would like to pound Reel gun and all with one hand behind my back. but i guess he will be took soon.

Yours truly
Rudge.

"Molly," said Pensee, as she looked up, "take it to your mother. There she is on the stoop. Quick!" And she turned away alone into the quince orchard whose pink and white blossoms fell upon her hair and the dark matted wire grass.

That night when chores were done the three women went down the concession. At Caleb's bridge Pensee suddenly paused.

"Guess Roobin's got his corn all in," said Molly. "He's got the scarecrows up, anyhow. I heard one o' the tins bang on the pole just now."

"Silvy's bin helpin' him," said Minerva. "I'll war'nt she's tuckered out t'night, too. Let's hurry on, girls."

"Mother Falconer," said Pensee quickly, almost in a whisper, "he's

been shot at, starved, burnt in a rifle pit—for me!" The voice broke.

"Hush, child," said Minerva, and they walked on, past peeping corn, matting clover and stooling wheat.

But Pensee stayed that night in the log house down by the jog. The next morning she went to school.

And it did seem good to see her now so full of womanly grace, once more among her scholars along the concession. If an old farmer overtook her with a lumber waggon he wanted her to ride; and many were the questions about the rebellion. Would they hang Riel or shoot him? How many killed? Soldier boys would be glad to get back. Nobody ever thought Mums would send two—still when it came to fighting Mums' boys never took a back row. For that matter, Peart's grandfather, old Col. Peart, had served in the rebellion '37; or was it 1812? When would the boys be back? They had been expected a month now.

The last day of school for that term, Reuben Moss and Sylvia hauled in hay with Falconer's prancing iron-grays. Minerva Falconer and Molly had taken Mosses' heavy-footed brown clampers and democrat to town.

That evening when Pensee Vale wandered back along the fence row towards the bush picking early raspberries, a dust-cloud rose and drifted far down the road, catching fire as it went. Out of it slowly bodied a dark blot; horses' heads. Hoofs pounded the road, wheels rattled, stopped at the jog.

Two men got out in the dust and climbed the fence after it into the clover field towards the waggon. Two women drove on into the lane.

The hay stopped rustling, while tan-faced, stubble-whiskered Rudge Moss folded his loose-shirted old father in his arms and helped his mother off the low load to kiss her—and flung his homespun coat and vest on the stubble.

At the heads of the iron-grays stood Peart Falconer, and they whinnied mad with recognition of him, though he wore other clothes than they had ever seen, and his face was rougher, like his com-

panion's. Reuben and Sylvia scarcely knew him as they shook hands, and when Reuben wanted to know if "maw" wasn't going to load the rest, and turned to get his fork, Rudge had it buried past the handle-strap in a jag of hay as big as a small jampile, and Peart swung off the rump of the nigh gray over the front ladder of the rack.

Some time that evening when the clover fields breathed like cattle, and the dew drenched the burdocks and beaded down into the pipes of the young corn, Pensee Vale and Peart Falconer heard the whip-poor-will call back by the old shanty as they went up the concession.

Did they recall what had passed? If so it was but to read out of it and the blessed dream of that summer evening, the first chapter of what was yet to come. Their lives were young, and in Peart Falconer passion with all its selfish work was subdued to that rarer sentiment which wills to sacrifice self for another and cherishes most the fine truth of one pure, reluctant woman's heart. Nor was Pensee Vale's vision

of life less holy, but more, than when she first came to Mums trembling on the verge of a mystery. She feared it then, but loved it now with reverence. For this great passion of ours is sanctified neither by indulgence nor its opposite. Its contemplation bewilders; but, like wisdom, let us hope she "is justified of her children."

Again, one evening when Pensee Vale was away on her vacation, Rudge Moss and Molly crossed the cornfield to the old shanty. They inspected it well inside and out.

"Do for a summer-kitchen, won't it, Rudge?" asked Molly.

"Boss!" responded Rudge. "Say, Moll, which way's the win'?"

"'Bout south, I guess," said Molly.

"Then I'm goana set a fire in the jam," deduced Rudge. "It's dry now."

Two sticks of punk with sparks half up, a big smoke with two people in it, and the old slashing, once Caleb Tooze's, now Reuben's and Rudge's by purchase from the widow Falconer, began to get red. After a while it blazed. But never a spark got into the clapboard roof of the "summer-kitchen."

THE END.

BRITISH IMPERIAL CURRENCY.

SOMETIME about the middle of July, 1899, the big steamship *Garronne* arrived at Vancouver, B.C., with \$3,000,000.00 worth, in round figures, of nuggets and gold dust from Dawson on the Yukon, good British gold, from good Canadian soil.

The next day \$2,500,000.00 of this same gold went by train from Vancouver, in Canada, to Seattle, in the United States, to be refined and minted there. Of course the inference to be drawn from this transaction would naturally be that the gold belonged to citizens of the United States of America, and that its passage through this part of Canada was the result of the accident of its owners coming or sending it this way; but such was not the case at all. As a matter of fact nearly

the whole of the \$2,500,000.00 belonged either to Canadian banks or English banks doing business in Canada.

To people unacquainted with the working of the Canadian Currency Act this entry and exit of Canadian gold must seem curious, not to say phenomenal, and they must naturally ask, if they give it a thought, "Why does all this Canadian gold go to the United States of America, instead of going to England or staying in Canada?" Well, if you will allow me I will try and explain. If it stayed in Canada it would only be merchandise, not available in its crude state for currency. As we have no mint in Canada to turn our gold into coin, we can neither set it in circulation as coin, or make it available as bank security to issue notes against.

But if we had a mint in Canada, we would not be allowed to coin "American eagles," which same "American eagles," by our patriotic Currency Act are the sole standard upon which our Canadian currency is based; so the reason our gold goes out of Canada is that we have to send our native gold to a foreign country to be minted into foreign coins, to be re-imported for domestic use as currency. Of course this is an astonishing anomaly, but it is only one of the natural workings of our Currency Act.

If we sent our gold to England, it would be minted into sovereigns, £1 : 0 : 0 sterling pieces; these, by this same patriotic Currency Act, are worth \$4.86 2-3 of Canadian currency, and the banks do not want them at that price. If any one is unlucky or imprudent enough to bring good British coined gold into Canada, the banks will allow him anywhere from \$4.80 to \$4.85 for his sovereign, according to the tightness of the place they happen to catch him in, while they are obliged by law to allow every one \$5.00 for an American half-eagle. In fact, the cause of the movement of Canadian gold across the border is that Yankee gold coins pass at their face value everywhere in Canada, while British gold coins are at a discount. This is another of the natural workings of our Canadian Currency Act.

Now, as a matter of fact, neither we nor they have a decimal currency at all. In the "States" the "eagle" got spread all over the country, but was too lofty for practical use, the dime got mixed up with the quarters and half dollars, and was only a ten cent piece after all, and the decimal currency business proved itself to be an utter failure. The currency of both countries is simply one of dollars and cents, the whole calculations are made in cents; and the point divides the hundreds, or dollars, from the hundredths, or cents, the currency then is a "cential" currency pure and simple.

Seeing then that a dollar is nothing more than one hundred of the smallest coins, why should we not so amend

our Currency Act so as to make the English pound stand for five hundred cents or, as we call it, "five dollars?" If we did, nobody would be hurt, no shock would be felt, and all our subsidiary coins would fit in with sterling money, instead of being apparently, although not intrinsically, worth more.

We could then establish a mint and strike off gold coins for £2, equal \$10.00, and £1 equal \$5.00, having both denominations milled on them, also silver coins equal to four shillings, or \$1.00. We would then not only be independent of our neighbours to the south of us, but we would be the pioneers in adopting the coming "Imperial Currency of Greater Britain."

All the British Government has to do is to abolish the "cartwheel" penny, and call the half-penny a cent, and say that 25 instead of 24 of them shall go to a shilling, and then all the coins of the realm will be adapted to this great cential currency, our coins with the two denominations on them will find their way to Great Britain, and it will not be long before the English people will be keeping their books and accounts in half-pence instead of three denominations involving endless calculations in bringing pence into pounds.

The standard of all British currency should be the gold sovereign of England, representing 500 cents or half-pence, or the golden "Empress" of Greater Britain, two pounds, \$10.00, equal to 1,000 half-pence or 1,000 cents. This \$10, or £2 : 0 : 0 coin, which I have named an "Empress," if adopted, would be current at its face value throughout the British Empire, and would become the standard Imperial coin from which the relative values of all others would be estimated.

The matter is entirely in our hands. As Canadians and Imperialists, let us set the example, let us be the first to adopt the Great British Imperial currency, and then let us watch the "other fellows" follow suit. Then see our good Canadian gold and silver stay in our own country, and be refined and minted into our own British coins, for the Imperial currency of Greater Britain.

W. Myers Gray.

CURRENT EVENTS ABROAD.

TWO questions, above others, have engaged attention during the past month. The one is the dispute in South Africa, and the other is the retrial of Dreyfus. In the South African question Canadians are especially interested. In the first place, it is a British question, in which our fellow-subjects are concerned, and in which the Imperial policy of the British Government and its attitude toward its subjects are being put to the test; and, in the second place, by the action of our own Parliament in endorsing the demand for reform, we have taken upon ourselves a certain moral responsibility for the outcome. At the time of writing the real crisis seems to have been reached. War appears to be inevitable. Is the British Government right or wrong in the course it has taken? Has it been actuated by worthy or unworthy motives? Has it been unwarrantably aggressive toward a weaker people, who have a natural desire for independence? Or, on the other hand, has it been too tardy and neglectful in performing its duty toward British subjects? Whatever be the issue, these questions require to be answered. They are momentous questions, for they touch the principles of Empire.

It will aid in determining whether Britain is right, to enquire first whether the Transvaal is right?

Is it right to violate formal international agreements? The Transvaal has been acting, in one way or other, contrary to the Conventions of 1881 and 1884 ever since they were signed. The British Government has been in a state of constant protest, and three times previous to this year had to back up its protests with preparations for war in order to induce the Transvaal to fulfil its obligations. At the present time the dynamite monopoly, the Aliens' Expulsion Law and

the Press Law are distinct violations of the Conventions. Again, is it right to treat the Uitlanders as the Boers have done? The Boers are seeking complete self-government, and yet they deny even elementary self-government to three times their number of educated and industrious men, who contribute nine-tenths of the taxes and have raised the Transvaal from poverty to wealth. In addition to depriving them of rights which the world agrees belong to civilized men, the Boers have inflicted many positive injuries upon them, which are set forth in the petition of the Uitlanders to the Queen. These Uitlanders have as good a legal right to be in the country as the Boers themselves, for the Conventions which gave the Boers the rights they have, provided also that there should be freedom of entry and residence for the men of other races. It is not necessary to enlarge upon this aspect of the question. No one denies, not even the thoughtful Boers themselves, that the Uitlanders have been treated contrary to promises, and contrary to what are regarded as the natural rights of man in society.

But there is one great defence set up for the Boers, that the end justifies the means. They desire complete independence. This natural desire finds a response in every heart and is the cause of whatever sympathy is felt for the Boers. There is a disposition to assume that any effort to obtain independence is justifiable. But is this true? No human problem can be decided in the abstract. Actual conditions must be regarded. From the standpoint of existing conditions, the Boers cannot establish a right to the complete independence they seek, and, in the second place, it is impossible for them. It would take more than available space to fully establish these two propositions. The first conclusion is reached by compar-

ing the Boer ideal and principles with the British, and asking which is the better for South Africa, for the world at large, and ultimately for the Boers themselves. Upon such large grounds must the question of right be determined. Complete independence is impossible for them, because Britain is, as a matter of fact, the paramount power. No striking out of the word suzerainty in a formal convention could alter the fact in the slightest. South Africa is a necessary stone in the Imperial temple, and as long as Britain is an Imperial nation she must and will remain paramount there. Situated as they are, the Boers can never be allowed to give effect to foreign treaties or to do anything else which endangers the just interests of Britain, no matter how their status may be defined. In such matters it cannot be right to contend against inevitable conditions. A great future, far richer in possibilities than the one they cherish, is before them, if they will but accept the logic of facts. Contumacy, in such circumstances, is neither wise nor right.

It does not necessarily follow, of course, that Britain is right because the Boers are not. Both may be wrong. It cannot be denied that the British Government and British agents have committed many blunders in South Africa since 1806. The rooted hostility of the Boers is not entirely inexplicable on historical grounds. But taking the period since the Conventions were signed, we believe Britain's record has been fair and honourable. If we accept, as we must, the declaration that she had no part in the Jameson Raid, she has kept both the letter and the spirit of the Conventions. She has been more patient and generous than she would have been toward a wholly independent State. Her right to interfere is based on the necessities



THEORY AND PRACTICE.

THE LITTLE FOLKS: "I wonder why these doctors don't take their own medicine."—From the *Journal* Minneapolis.

of her Imperial policy, and on her duty toward her subjects. Britain took and held South Africa because it is the most important half-way house on the open route to India, Australia, and the Far East. She has, therefore, all the right to be there which the needs of a great and beneficent Empire can give. In addition, she has now the rights resulting from the importance of South Africa to the rest of her African policy. The whole law of human progress gives the sanction to these rights, and to those by which she has spread northward, far beyond the Transvaal. Until she becomes so unsound or so unprogressive that another nation is fitter for her task, she is justified in proceeding with it. To do so she must have peace in South Africa. But peace is impossible unless the two white races live in harmony; and this harmony is impossible so long as the Boers treat the British as inferior beings. It is necessary, also, that the two races should co-operate in a friendly way to prevent the natives, who out-

number them as four to one, from seizing the opportunity to revolt. Then, every nation is under obligation to protect its own citizens, no matter where they may be. This is a duty recognized by international law. Britain would forfeit her right to exist as a nation if she did not fulfil this duty, and she would forfeit also the confidence and loyalty of her citizens, and her Empire would break asunder. Still further, she has the right to see that the terms of all contracts made with her are kept, provided they are not unjust, which the Conventions with the Transvaal certainly are not. In insisting on these rights she has erred, if at all, on the side of generosity towards the Boers and neglect of her own subjects. We believe history will decide that Britain's course has not only been justifiable on grounds of

statesmanship and morality, but has also been creditable to the motives and to the moderation of the greatest Empire the world has seen.

After being subjected for nearly five years to treatment which amounted to almost continual torture, Dreyfus was brought back to France to be re-tried, the Court of Cassation having decided that he had been convicted illegally and on insufficient evidence. The progress of the case before the new court-martial at Rennes was followed with intense interest by the whole civilized world. When, on September 9, he was found guilty and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, there was such an outburst of indignant protestation in the countries outside of France as is probably without a parallel. The reason is not far to seek. His guilt was not proved. In a British country no man would have been committed for trial, even, on such evidence. The sympathies of the world had been aroused by the tale of his sufferings and by the heroic efforts by which a revision of his case had been won. The manner in which Dreyfus had borne his awful punishment and his steadfast loyalty had appealed to the higher feelings; so, when the verdict was eventually determined by other considerations than the laws of evidence, the indignation burst forth. His subsequent pardon has relieved somewhat the feelings, but has not lessened the condemnation of the system responsible for such an outrage of the principles of justice and charity.

The cartoons here reproduced illustrate a good-natured, if not very complimentary, view of Canada's position on the Alaskan boundary question. It is at least a slight improvement on the attitude of many editors, and some correspondents of British papers, who displayed considerable animosity in their attempt to



SAYS JONATHAN TO JOHN: "It takes two to make a quarrel."—From the *Journal* (New York).

prejudice
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against Can-
ada. The
cartoons, at
least, have
the saving
grace of hu-
mour. But
we hope to
see a still
greater
change in at-
titude on the
part of our
neighbours.
Canada is in
earnest, and
Canadians of
all parties
believe that
the stand

Canada has taken is essentially fair and reasonable. We ask for arbitration of the whole question in dispute, and the United States insists on certain reservations, on grounds we cannot admit to be sufficient, for we have strong counter-claims on all points. Many rumours have been circulated during the month, but there has apparently been little change in the situation since Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Mr. Fairbanks made their statements shortly after the Commission adjourned.

It is now nearly eight months since the first shot was fired in the campaign against the Filipinos, but their conquest is far from complete. The rainy season has put a stop to any considerable aggressive operations by the United States troops and has led to a withdrawing of outposts; so that the actual territory now occupied is confined to the immediate environs of Manila. It is not a satisfactory record for eight months' work. Under similar conditions Britain would have proceeded in a different way. She would have been content at first with occupying the territory around Manila and would have set up there a complete civil organization, would have improved the roads and encouraged commerce. She



IF THE SMALL PERSON IS NOT RESTRAINED THE EAGLE MAY LOSE HIS TEMPER.
—From the *Herald* (New York).

would also have begun at once to enlist some regiments of natives. By these means she would give an object lesson of the benefits of her rule and would at the same time draw off into the army the more restless spirits. The effects of this method would spread as fast as an army corps could force its way, and the result would be more permanent. Her control could then be gradually and surely extended with comparatively little bloodshed. Mr. McKinley and his advisers have pursued a different course. They are full of determination to force matters as soon as the wet season is over. General Otis will be supplied with an army of 60,000 men by the first of December. More interesting to foreign observers, however, than the details of the campaign, are its effects on the United States itself. So radical a departure from traditional policy is certain to be strongly resisted. The new Imperial policy will be the chief issue in the elections of 1900. Already the campaign has begun in some States in connection with the election of Governors. The indications at present are that the issues between the Democrats and Republicans will be, in order of importance, Imperialism, the Trusts and the Silver Question.

W. Sanford Evans.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

IT is doubtful if any economist or other writer has in recent current literature presented the case of the capitalist in so favourable a light as does Professor Shortt in the leading article of this issue. His thoughtful, logical and judicial investigation of the position of the millionaire cannot fail to commend itself to every thoughtful reader. Nor is the Professor wholly blind to the readiness with which people condemn the large aggregation of capital in the hands of individuals or corporations, and the contradictory and equal readiness with which they invest in the schemes which have monied men as their sponsors. In Canada, at the present moment, there are many opportunities of witnessing the eagerness with which people buy stock in large undertakings fathered by men of undoubted wealth. Fortunately for Canadians most of these schemes have excellent prospects of success. But I feel safe in saying that Canadians have during the past three years invested fully a million dollars in mining companies which are destined to be failures. Yet even this statement must be modified by saying that the Canadians who may be classed as millionaires are not found at the head of these companies to so great an extent as the wily politician and the scheming lawyer. Close observation has led some to believe that we, in this country, have more to fear in the way of selfishness and wild-cat schemes from the politician and the professional company-boomer than from the capitalist of acknowledged standing.

✻

But there is another side to this question. Is the capitalist to be guided in his work of floating great enterprises by naked business rules, or must he also

carry his moral and religious principles into his business? This question is raised in a new book, which has just made its appearance.*

The author makes a minister of the gospel speak as follows :

"There are some men who say religion has no place in politics, that you cannot mix business and religion, that the only way to do is to let religion work in its place and politics and business work in their place. Then there is no trouble and everything goes along lovely. Remember, that is what the politicians and men of the world want. They do not want the moral element introduced into their selfish schemes for making money, or hating their enemy, or rising to power over the ruins of the weaker. But this is the very essence of Christianity, that it stamps every act and every profession and every detail of Government with the command, 'Do all to the glory of God.'"

Certainly, the capitalists of America, the millionaires whom Professor Shortt defends so ably, have not been markedly irreligious men. In Canada they have been and are now usually men of well-known religious standing. But it is difficult in all cases to see where they have carried the principle of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man into their business. Some of them have made their money in honest enterprise, in undertakings which have benefited the nation, increased the national wealth, and that without working harm to weaker fellow-labourers. But others of them have crushed dozens of their rivals with every forward step. This latter class of capitalists has shown a strong belief in a deity which says : "My law is that the fittest shall survive; let the weak be trodden under foot."

So we come back to the burden of Professor Shortt's article, that it is the character of the man that must be con-

* "John King's Question Class," by Charles M. Sheldon. See p. 57.

sidered, not the amount of wealth which he controls. Tried in this way, I fear there are several Canadian millionaires who would not be included when some one rises to say: "Blessed are the millionaires."

✱

It has been stated above that Canadians have invested, during the recent boom in mineral properties, fully a million of dollars for which they will never get a cent in return. This statement needs explanation. Most of the companies into which this money was paid were predestined to failure. In some cases, the persons who floated the company took all the realized cash and left the company stranded. In other cases, the properties acquired had not been developed, and there was no reasonable ground for belief that the company had a chance to make money out of the locations. Respectable but easy-conscienced businessmen and politicians took directorships in these companies in the foolish hope that what was not well planned might turn out advantageously. On the strength of these names, small investors bought dollar shares at a price running all the way from five to fifteen cents. And now these investors cannot find out anything about their companies.

An example of this kind of business is shown in a recent letter from the London, England, correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*. The Klondike Reefs Transportation Company issued a prospectus about two years ago and secured \$85,000 of paid-up capital. Now the shareholders cannot find the directors, who were men of straw and have disappeared. The first directors had been replaced and had thus shifted their responsibility. Letters from shareholders to the secretary were returned from the dead-letter office.

A friend tells me the story of his investment in a company whose president is a leading politician and an ex-cabinet minister. He desired to sell his stock and consulted the president who advised him to hold for an immediate advance. Thinking everything was going well, he decided to buy a few

more shares. When he had bought more and came to make the transfer, he found he had secured some of the sanguine president's stock—stock which the president had probably been given for the use of his name.

Surely our leading citizens understand that such conduct seriously affects every Canadian investment. If we create distrust among ourselves and among foreign investors, we will soon have our country tumbling about our ears like a house of cards. The investor should also learn that it is not safe to invest in a mining property unless he has seen it with his own eyes. Investing on any other basis resembles gambling.

✱

Charles Lewis Shaw's pictures of Parliament Hill in this and the two previous issues are perhaps the best that have ever been painted of our political life. His mastery of sarcasm and his shrewd insight have enabled him to press home to the Canadian people some new truths—or some old truths in new form. In this issue he analyzes the machine, showing its origin, its working, and its effect on our political life. Public opinion is against the machine, but public opinion will require to be much more in earnest and much more sincere than it is at present before it will effect much reform in our present politicians—than whom Canada never possessed a more insincere aggregation.

✱

Manitoba and the Northwest Territories have added nearly 50,000 to their population during 1899. By a magnificent yield and an increased acreage the grain crop has been increased nearly fifty per cent. The influx of new settlers during the present year points to a great increase in the crop of 1900 as compared even with the great harvest of 1899. The progress is enormous. In the city of Winnipeg, there are now in course of erection about thirteen large wholesale warehouses. The new railway from Winnipeg to Port Arthur will cost us a pretty penny, but it will be needed be-

fore it is finished if the present development continues.

The young men in Eastern Canada who have small chances should move west. Those who do this will find it necessary to undergo hardships and some trying delays perhaps, but they will eventually be successful men. During the month of August, the Canadian Pacific Railway carried from Eastern to Western Canada seventeen special trainloads of harvesters, 10,400 men, and most of them secured work at \$40 a month and board. The country that needs men in lots of that size is the place for the young man who desires to grow up with the country. The young chap who must wear immaculate cuffs and collars and have office hours of about nine to four would be as well at home, for it is pleasanter starving where you can get a lunch for 10 cents, than where meals are worth 25 to 50 cents each.

✱

The United States people are most generous. Their anxiety for the welfare of Captain Dreyfus and Mrs. Maybrick speaks well for the tender conscience of the great Republic, much better than its treatment of the Indians, the negroes and the Filipinos. The other day, a British seaman at Gibraltar lost an arm while ramming home a charge in a gun to be fired in honour of the great and only Dewey. The compassionate United States sailors and marines—the officers couldn't have been included—raised \$150 and presented it to him.

Such generosity reminds me of a story I heard in British Columbia the other day. The National Press Association of the United States, four hundred strong, was passing over the Canadian Pacific Railway by special train. A bush fire running close to the track had burned one of the high bridges over a British Columbian stream. The watchman at the bridge swam eight hundred yards through this swift-running glacier-fed stream and flagged the train. He did his duty and saved four hundred lives. With the characteristic large-heartedness of the peo-

ple of the United States the four hundred journalists made a collection and presented the hero with the magnificent fortune of eighteen dollars and seventy cents.

✱

The people of Canada have known for some time how shallow is the public mind of the United States. When these loud-talking neighbours of ours began to gush over an Anglo-Saxon understanding, the people of Canada smiled. Now that these same neighbours are trying to avoid arbitrating the disputed boundary between Alaska and Canada, now that they are murdering the Filipinos as fast as they can, now that they have no particular need for Great Britain's backing, they are talking of Britain's brutality towards the Boers. But still we smile. Great Britain does not need advice from men who slaughter negroes at home and abroad as a daily occupation. We do not underestimate the greatness of the United States, nor the inherent wisdom of the power behind its public actions; but neither do we underestimate our claim to sit on this part of the continent without any crowding, nor the claim of Great Britain to remain the sole arbiter of her own affairs.

✱

When the United States authorities began to send its sick soldiers home from Manila, they crowded 1,200 men into a ship which should have carried but 800. These overcrowded, ill-treated white citizens of the Republic had to ask the British authorities at Hong-Kong for assistance. As the transport flew the British flag, the authorities were able to interfere in the interest of humanity.

Now, if the case had been reversed, and if wounded British soldiers were coming home on a vessel flying a United States flag—but, no, the supposition is ludicrous. Great Britain doesn't neglect her soldiers like that; she is great enough to be humane. To fight once under the Union Jack is to secure forever the protection and assistance of the Government which that flag represents.

John A. Cooper.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE GREAT COMPANY.*

SOME thinkers in England are lamenting the literary tastes of the time and are recalling the London of Elizabeth which supported fifty dramatic poets and yet had only one-tenth of the present population of that great literary centre. The thinkers find plenty of books, but few good ones; plenty of verse but few intellectual poems; great armaments but no national drama. A writer to *The Outlook* ends his lament with this sentiment:

"Blink the facts as we may, that class of the population whose intellectual food was in Athens Æschylus, in Rome Virgil, in Persia Firdausi, and in old England Shakespeare, in modern England fattens on 'Snippets' and the cheap magazines, and this is the net result of thirty years' education in the Industrial Era. My dear British ratepayer, have you reflected on the extravagance of this £10,000,000 a year spent on your elementary schools?"

In Canada much the same state of things exists. The people will not buy Canadian books and Canadian publications of merit; but they do appreciate the sentimental fiction and the cheap magazines of New York and London. Yet, I leave the protest here, until I see what Robert Barr has to say in the two articles which are announced for the November and December issues of this magazine. Let us hope Barr will not be too truthful.

I was led into these remarks by won-

dering how many copies of "The Great Company," by Beckles Willson would find their way into Canadian homes. Here is a work which is truly great. The romance of the Hudson's Bay Company is unequalled in the annals of modern history and contains much for the citizen of the Canada of to-day. Beckles Willson has chosen the greatest theme offering itself for literary exploitation and has written a volume which must give him a permanent place among Canadian authors.

The early work of this great company was performed by one who was born in France and emigrated to Canada when sixteen years of age, being one of the fifty-two *émigrés* who sailed with the heroic Maissoneuve from Rochelle in 1641. He learned the system of barter with the Indians and the weaknesses of the French methods of dealing with the fur-trade. In 1659, we find him in company with his brother-in-law striking out into the interior, through the great forest wildernesses to Lake Superior, and then southwest into the land of the Tobacco Indians. From here these two intrepid *coureurs de bois* passed northward to winter with the Sioux in what is now the State of Minnesota. Here they first learned of that immense body of water which the English had already named Hudson's Bay and which was to be for these two adventurers the scene of those exploits which have made their names historic. The greater of these two traders was Groseilliers (so named from his "gooseberry" estate) and his brother-in-law was Pierre Radisson.

During the next five years, Groseil-

*The Great Company, being a History of the Honorable Company of Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay, by Beckles Willson, with an introduction by Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

liers made several trips from Quebec to Lake Superior, plying a trade which the authorities did not much approve of, and collecting information about the Hudson Bay region. But the authorities finally succeeded in making him uncomfortable, and he decided to offer his services to the English in Boston. He desired assistance to take an expedition overland to Hudson's Bay, The Sea of the North as the Canadians called it. Failing to secure this, he tried to get a ship to reach it by way of the Atlantic Ocean. However, the Bostonians lacked capital, and Groseilliers then sailed for Europe to lay his scheme before the French court. He was accompanied on this journey by Radisson, who had come from Canada to Boston for the purpose.

The French court failed him and he was loath to try the English again. His enthusiasm and determination, however, eventually bore him to the English court with an introduction to Prince Rupert from the English ambassador at Paris. In June, 1667, he met the dashing courtier and was promised assistance. A year later he set sail from London on the *Nonsuch*, a ketch of fifty tons, bound for Hudson's Bay—the first voyage under the auspices of the man who was afterwards the first presiding officer of "The Governor and Company of Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay." The voyage was successful, a fort was built and a cargo of furs returned next year to London. Then Prince Rupert secured a charter and regular trading was begun. The exact date of the charter was May 2nd, 1670, and the grantees named in it were Prince Rupert and seventeen nobles and gentlemen. There was given, to them and their heirs, the power of holding and alienating lands, the sole right of trade in Hudson's Strait, and the territories upon the coasts of the same waters. They were made administrators of justice and practical rulers of the region, although neither party to the patent was aware of the enormous territory included.

Thus began the great work of the

H.B.C., the significance of which is well pointed out by Lord Strathcona in his admirable introduction to this book. He says:

"The history of the Company during the two centuries of its existence must bring out prominently several matters which are apt now to be lightly remembered. I refer to the immense area of country—more than half as large as Europe—over which its control eventually extended, the explorations conducted under its auspices, the successful endeavours, in spite of strenuous opposition, to retain its hold upon what it regarded as its territory, its friendly relations with the Indians and finally the manner in which its work prepared the way for the incorporation of the 'illimitable wilderness' within the Dominion.

"It is not too much to say that the fur-traders were the pioneers of civilization in the far west. They undertook the most fatiguing journeys with the greatest pluck and fortitude; they explored the country and kept it in trust for Great Britain."

The book contains over five hundred large pages, and is profusely illustrated by reproductions of old maps, drawings and photographs. The special drawings by Arthur Heming are very suitable, as Mr. Heming's knowledge of the fur-trade, and of Northwest life, is unequalled by that of any other living artist. Mr. Willson has performed his huge task with much skill, yet the book is not without its faults. Here and there, an indefiniteness presents itself which shows haste, and this impression is deepened when one notices occasional carelessness in condensation and in sentence-construction. Probably the weakest piece of writing in the book is the preface—apparently written when Mr. Willson had arrived at the end of his work, nervous and exhausted. In the first page of the book the author speaks of "The Restoration of the *Stewarts* to the English Throne," and then follows this up with a sentence worthy of a Canadian backwoods weekly newspaper. On p. 27 may be found "coureurs des bois," and on pp. 52 and 87 "coureurs de bois" (plural), and "coureur de bois" (singular). For the correct spelling of this term, the reader must be referred to the discussion in the editor's department of last month. But in spite of little errors

and minor weaknesses of this kind, the book is really a praise-worthy production.



A GEOLOGIST'S MEMOIRS.

Canada promises to be a great mining country and the young man of to-day who devotes his attention to mineralogy and geology will have a chance of playing an important part in the development of this important industry. To-day mining offers more prizes to men with theoretical and practical knowledge thereof than do law, medicine or any other of the well-known professions.

For many years the Geological Survey has been one of the departments of government at Ottawa, and the work done by it has contributed in considerable measure to the position which Canada occupies to-day as a mineral producing country. A sidelight on what the work of the Geological Survey has been is to be found in a book recently issued by a man who has been connected with it since 1859. This volume, which is entitled "*Reminiscences among the Rocks*,"* by Thomas Chesmer Weston, is simply a biography, but one which embodies some Canadian history. Mr. Watson was initiated into the department under the late Sir William Logan, and worked with such men as Sir William Dawson, Dr. T. Sterry Hunt and Dr. Robert Bell. He was engaged with Sir William Dawson in some work connected with that great scientist investigations of the eozone, and claims to have been the first to notice the organic structure of this supposed animal in the microscopic sections of the earliest specimens. These came from Côte St. Pierre, in the Province of Quebec. Mr. Weston's experiences in various localities are very interesting and, more than that, are very valuable to any person wishing to know something of Canada's geology and ethnology. To be sure the knowledge is well mixed up with personal recitals, but even that may be a sort of

softening of knowledge and facts which will make them more attractive.



HISTORICAL SOCIETIES.

The historical societies still continue their unselfish and important work. The Ontario Historical Society has issued "the first volume of what, it is hoped, will be a long list of valuable records and papers." This contains the marriage and baptismal records kept by the Rev. John Langhorn, the first minister west of Kingston authorized to solemnize marriages. These run from 1787 to 1813. It also contains the register of Rev. Robert McDowall, the first regularly sent Presbyterian missionary into Upper Canada, as well as other similar matter well worth preservation.

The New Brunswick Historical has issued its No. 4, and contains the second instalment of the *Journal* of Captain William Owen, R.N., during his residence on Campobello, 1770-1, a continuation of the James White papers relating to events which occurred on the St. John River before the Province of New Brunswick was created; the Pennfield Records, and an article by Rev. W. O. Raymond on incidents in the early history of eastern and northern New Brunswick.

The Nova Scotia Historical Society claims attention with Volume X. of its collections, which is wholly occupied by an article on "*The Slave in Canada*," by T. Watson Smith. The author says in his preface: "This paper is an attempt to supply a missing chapter in Canadian history—a sombre and unattractive chapter it may be, but necessary, nevertheless, to the completeness of our records. . . . In the collection of these facts not a little difficulty has been encountered. Our historians have almost wholly ignored the existence of slavery in Canada. A few references to it are all that can be found in Kingsford's ten volumes; Haliburton devotes a little more than a half-page to it; Murdoch contents himself with the reproduction of a few slave advertisements; Clement dismisses it

* Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Rutter.

with a single sentence." Yet Dr. Smith finds material enough for a 40,000 word paper—a most interesting and entertaining paper.

SHELDON'S BOOKS.

It is very difficult to give an estimate of Charles M. Sheldon's works. A careful reading of "John King's Question Class"* shows it to be neither a novel nor a popular presentation of religious views, but rather a combination of both. The man is resourceful and clever, but he is not literary. He is bright and earnest, but is neither philosophical nor artistic. He does not produce what is commonly known as a "purpose novel," but tells a story and puts his "purpose work" in here and there. At times his cleverness is of the cheap order and his remarks of the popular, United-States-preacher order. But as his book is not to be classed as literature in its narrow sense, it does not require extended notice in these pages.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

A truly wonderful book on the temperance question has just been issued in England. It is entitled "The Temperance Problem and Social Reform†" and is the work of Joseph Rowntree and Arthur Sherwell, both writers who have been before the public with other books. It opens by stating that the temperance movement began in 1826, and that "no other social propaganda of the century has called forth so much unselfish effort, or enlisted so numerous a body of workers." The work has had its results, for it is not the fashion now for a man in either Great Britain or Canada to get drunk. In this country, barn-raising, logging bees and threshings are no longer accompanied by considerable whiskey drinking; commercial travellers are not now compelled to drink with every customer; bargains are not necessarily consummated with a drink in the near-

est bar-room; and it is not the custom for the guests at a banquet to do honour to their host by drinking themselves under the table. Yet the per capita consumption of alcohol in the United Kingdom is greater than it was in 1840. In Canada there is a similar experience, for the 1897 Year Book states that the consumption of spirits and malt liquor increased a little over eleven million gallons in 1868 to over twenty million of gallons in 1897, an increase of about 82 per cent. while the increase in population was not more than 80 per cent. It may be, that if the figures were closely looked into, it would be found that drinking in Canada is not in the increase; but, per capita, there is certainly no decrease worthy of the name.

The subject is a most interesting one and also most important. Any person wishing to know the experiences of the various countries of the world in prohibition and regulation will find this book a mine of information. The matter is well arranged and the statistics exceedingly well handled.

CANADIAN POETRY.

The honour of bringing together the largest collection of volumes of Canadian (English) verse has, by common consent, been awarded to Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture, Toronto. After years of patient and persistent search, Mr. James secured an almost complete set, comprising some four hundred volumes and pamphlets; then, with uncommon generosity, he presented the collection to the library of Victoria University. In addition to all this work and this liberality on behalf of Canadian literature, he has compiled and had published "A Bibliography of Canadian Poetry (English)" which includes the titles of all his own collection, and of all other books of the same class in the Toronto Public, the Ontario Legislative, the Ontario Educational, and the Dominion Parliamentary Libraries. This neat little volume of seventy pages is printed for Victoria University Library by William Briggs, Toronto.

* Toronto: The W. J. Gage Co.

† London: Hodder & Stoughton. Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society. Cloth, 626 pp., \$1.75.

DAVE KING OF NEW DENVER.

THE newest literary genius in British Columbia is Dave King, or, in full, David W. King. He appreciates a good story as would appear from the following in the *New Denver Ledger* of August 31st :

A PRIMITIVE ANCHOR.

Dave King, the versatile poet and litterateur, relates an incident which occurred the other day while he was at Nakusp. Standing on the long railway wharf, Dave was an interested spectator of the incoming of a small steamer, the captain of which decided to anchor rather than tie up at the wharf. When the proper moment arrived, the captain called out : "T'row over de hank !" The "hank" in question was a sack full of rocks, which, upon striking the water, burst the threads and sank, but left the sack floating. Seeing this, one of the deckhands answered : "Captain, de hank she no sink !" The captain then noticed a pole lying on the bow of the boat, and immediately responded : "Tak de pole an' shove de hank down !"

But Dave King is also a poet. Here is one of his gems taken from the same paper—a gem which will be much appreciated by those who know the West as it is :

THE WRECK OF THE JACK POT.

(With sundry and divers apologies, low salaams, prostrations, etc., etc., to the author of "The Wreck of the Julie Plante.")

On one dark night on New Denver,
She snow and rain and blow—
De boys she say, "Le's play some draw."
"All right," I say, "she go !"

Now I was play dat gam before
An' know, you bet your neck,
All 'bout de raise before de draw—
But dat was down Quebec.

Wan man was nice dress, Unat Stat,
(I find it out since den

She work at "short card" for de biz—
I don't know what dat ben.)

De bar-keep man she get in too,
'An' prospector named Sleek—
By gos ! if I hav gun dat tam
I mak dat feller seek.

Anoder man from town Sandon,
She lak to play de gam—
Was what you say de "sure ting," boy,
But I not care for dam.

I'm what you call rich man dat time,
I own de Merci Dame.
(She's right near town) I guess you know
Dat was a tam good claim.

When we start in I did not have
So very much monee,
But after while—by gos ! my fren—
You ought to hav seen me !

We hav' de drink mos' every han'
I'm tak'n straight whiskee.
De boy, she's hav' de lemonad—
Pooh ! Dat's too weak for me !

I raise de bet and mak de bluff,
(Mos' every tam she go),—
You see dat gam you tink I'm swift
An' oder feller slow.

Well, long 'bout two, t'ree, four de clock
(De mon she's mos' all mine),
One feller say, "Oh, curse de luck,
We play jack pot dis tam."

Well, I not know Jack Pot ver well,
(She's sheef boss at Receau),
But I not care who play de gam
So long's I get de dough.

When dey explain I see de chance
To pull off de gran coup—
Jus' fifteen minutes from dat tam,
By gos ! I'm in de sou'.

De man from Unat Stat, she deal,
An' Sleek, she cut de card—
If I could see dat feller now,
Sacré ! I hit him hard.

I get t'ree king, I say, "She's ope!"
 —Bar-keeps trow de up han'—
 But Sleek, she's raise me fifty dol'—
 Saint Jean! I hear de ban.'

De man from Unat Stat, she stay
 An' raise Sleek fifty back;
 Dat cos' me hundred, but I'm gam
 Dere's where I mak mistak.

We draw de card—Merci! Merci!!
 Dame Fortune, how you sing!
 I got de whole world by de tail—
 By gos! I got four king!

But, den, my monee she's all up;
 De boy, she's bet de check—
 Hooray! I bet de Merci Dame!
 I'm in for brak der neck.

Dere's call all round, I sign de pap,
 My claim 'gains' whole tam place—
 De man from Unat Stat, she smile—
 Mon Dieu! she's got four ace!

Dat morning very early, I guess,
 —'Bout half-pas' two, t'ree, four,
 Dere was a fight in New Denver—
 I not live dere no more.

But now I got anoder claim,
 You see, she's right up dere;
 I call dat claim Jack Pot—for why?
 Dat claim she is not square.

* * * * *

Come all you man what hunt for stake
 Wid beeg pack on de neck,
 Don' try wid man from Unat Stat
 For buck de cold, cold deck.

On some dark night on New Denver,
 She snow and rain and blow;
 De boys she say, "Le's play some draw,"
 You say "Good-night, I go."

David W. King.

ACCOMMODATING.

In one of the hospitals in the South last summer a busy-looking, duty loving woman bustled up to one of the wounded soldiers who lay gazing at the ceiling above his cot. "Can't I do something for you, my poor fellow?" said the woman, imploringly.

The "poor fellow" looked up languidly. The only things he really wanted just at that time was his discharge and a box of cigars. When he saw the strained and anxious look on

the good woman's face, however, he felt sorry for her, and with perfect *sang froid* he replied: "Why, yes; you can wash my face if you want to."

"I'd be only too glad to," gasped the visitor, eagerly.

"All right," said the cavalier, gallantly, "go ahead. It's been washed twenty-one times already to-day, but I don't mind going through it again if it'll make you any happier."*



TRUE IRISH WIT.

Michael Joseph Barry, the poet, was appointed a police magistrate in Dublin. An Irish-American was brought before him charged with suspicious conduct, and the constable swore, among other things, that he was wearing a "Republican" hat. "Does Your Honour know what that means?" inquired the prisoner's lawyer of the court. "I presume," said Barry, "that it means a hat without a crown."*



CHARACTER NOT GOOD.

In some rural districts of England there are held annually hiring fairs, where farmers and others attend to engage servants. At one held in Gloucestershire last autumn a farmer opened negotiations with a lad who seemed snitable for his purpose. Various questions having been asked and answered, the farmer enquired at last:

"Hast got a character from thy last place?"

"No," replied the boy; "but my old gaffer be about somewhere, and I can get he to write I one."

"Very well," was the reply, "thee get it and meet I here again at four o'clock."

The time came, so did the farmer and the boy.

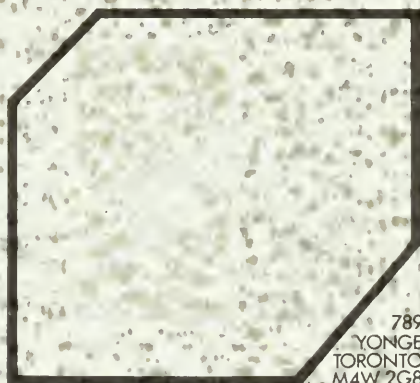
"Hast got thy character?" was the query. The answer came short and sharp:

"No; but I ha' got thine, and I bean't a-coming."*

*From *Current Literature*.

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